THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

THE

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OF

TOM JONES,

A

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq;

— Mores hominum multorum vidit —

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THE END.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK VI.

Containing about three weeks.

CHAP. I.

Of Love.

IN our laſt book we have been obliged to deal pretty much with the paſſion of love; and, in our ſucceeding book, ſhall be forced to handle this ſubject ſtill more largely. It may not, therefore, in this place, be improper to apply ourſelves to the examination of that modern doctrine, by which certain philoſophers, among many other wonderful diſcoveries, pretend to have found out, that there is no ſuch paſſion in the human breaſt.

Whether theſe philoſophers be the ſame with that ſurpriſing ſect, who are honourably mentioned by the late Dr. Swift; as having, by the mere force of genius alone, without the leaſt aſſiſtance of any

kind of learning, or even reading, diſcovered that profound and invaluable ſecret, that there is no god: or whether they are not rather the ſame with thoſe who, ſome years ſince, very much alarmed the world, by ſhewing that there were no ſuch things as virtue or goodneſs really exiſting in human nature, and who deduced our beſt actions from pride; I will not here preſume to determine. In reality, I am inclined to ſuſpect, that all theſe ſeveral finders of truth are the very identical men, who are by others called the finders of gold. The method uſed in both theſe ſearches after truth, and after gold, being indeed one and the ſame, viz. the ſearching, rummaging, and examining into a naſty place; indeed, in the former inſtances, into the naſtieſt of all places, a bad mind.

But though in this particular, and perhaps in their ſucceſs, the truth-finder, and the gold-finder, may very properly be compared together; yet in modeſty, ſurely, there can be no compariſon between the two; for who ever heard of a gold-finder that had the impudence or folly to aſſert, from the ill ſucceſs of his ſearch, that there was no ſuch thing as gold in the world? Whereas the truth-finder, having raked out that jakes, his own mind, and being there capable of tracing no ray of divinity, nor any thing virtuous, or good, or lovely, or loving, very fairly, honeſtly, and logically concludes, that no ſuch things exiſt in the whole creation.

To avoid, however, all contention, if poſſible, with theſe philoſophers, if they will be called ſo; and to ſhew our own diſpoſition to accommodate matters peaceably between us, we ſhall here make them ſome conceſſions, which may poſſibly put an end to the diſpute.

Firſt, we will grant that many minds, and perhaps thoſe of the philoſophers, are entirely free from the leaſt traces of ſuch a paſſion.

Secondly, that what is commonly called love, namely, the deſire of ſatisfying a voracious appetite with a certain quantity of delicate white human fleſh, is by no means that paſſion for which I here contend. This is indeed more properly hunger; and as no glutton is aſhamed to apply the word love to his appetite, and to ſay he loves ſuch and ſuch diſhes; ſo may the lover of this kind, with equal propriety, ſay, he hungers after ſuch and ſuch women.

Thirdly, I will grant, which, I believe, will be a moſt acceptable conceſſion, that this love for which I am an advocate, though it ſatisfies itſelf in a much more delicate manner, doth nevertheleſs ſeek its own ſatisfaction as much as the groſſeſt of all our appetites.

And, laſtly, that this love, when it operates towards one of a different ſex, is very apt, towards its complete gratification, to call in the aid of that hunger which I have mentioned above; and

which it is ſo far from abating, that it heightens all its delights to a degree ſcarce imaginable by thoſe who have never been ſuſceptible of any other emotions, than what have proceeded from appetite alone.

In return to all theſe conceſſions, I deſire of the philoſophers to grant, that there is in ſome (I believe in many) human breaſts, a kind and benevolent diſpoſition, which is gratified by contributing to the happineſs of others. That in this gratification alone, as in friendſhip, in parental and filial affection, as indeed in general philanthropy, there is a great and exquiſite delight. That if we will not call ſuch diſpoſition love, we have no name for it. That, though the pleaſures ariſing from ſuch pure love, may be heightened and ſweetened by the aſſiſtance of amorous deſires, yet the former can ſubſiſt alone, nor are they deſtroyed by the intervention of the latter. Laſtly, that eſteem and gratitude are the proper motives to love, as youth and beauty are to deſire; and therefore, though ſuch deſire may naturally ceaſe, when age or ſickneſs overtakes its object; yet theſe can have no effect on love, nor ever ſhake or remove from a good mind, that ſenſation or paſſion which hath gratitude and eſteem for its baſis.

To deny the exiſtence of a paſſion of which we often ſee manifeſt inſtances, ſeems to be very

ſtrange and abſurd; and can indeed proceed only from that ſelf-admonition which we have mentioned above: but how unfair is this? Doth the man who recognizes in his own heart no traces of avarice or ambition, conclude therefore, that there are no ſuch paſſions in human nature? Why will we not modeſtly obſerve the ſame rule in judging of the good, as well as the evil, of others? Or why, in any caſe, will we, as Shakeſpear phraſes it, put the world in our own perſon?

Predominant vanity is, I am afraid, too much concerned here. This is one inſtance of that adulation which we beſtow on our own minds, and this almoſt univerſally. For there is ſcarce any man, how much ſoever he may deſpiſe the character of a flatterer, but will condeſcend in the meaneſt manner to flatter himſelf.

To thoſe, therefore, I apply for the truth of the above obſervations, whoſe own minds can bear teſtimony to what I have advanced.

Examine your heart, my good reader, and reſolve whether you do believe theſe matters with me. If you do, you may now proceed to their exemplification in the following pages; if you do not, you have, I aſſure you, already read more than you have underſtood; and it would be wiſer to purſue your buſineſs, or your pleaſures, (ſuch as they are) than to throw away any more of your time in reading what you can

neither taſte nor comprehend. To treat of the effects of love to you, muſt be as abſurd as to diſcourſe on colours to a man born blind; ſince poſſibly your idea of love may be as abſurd as that which we are told ſuch blind man once entertained of the colour ſcarlet: that colour ſeemed to him to be very much like the ſound of a trumpet; and love probably may, in your opinion, very greatly reſemble a diſh of ſoup, or a ſir-loin of roaſt-beef.

CHAP. II.

The character of Mrs. Weſtern. Her great learning and knowledge of the world, and an inſtance of the deep penetration which ſhe derived from thoſe advantages.

THE reader hath ſeen Mr. Weſtern, his ſiſter, and daughter, with young Jones, and the parſon, going together to Mr. Weſtern's houſe, where the greater part of the company ſpent the evening with much joy and feſtivity. Sophia was indeed the only grave perſon: for as to Jones, though love had now gotten entire poſſeſſion of his heart, yet the pleaſing reflection on Mr. Allworthy's recovery, and the preſence of his miſtreſs, joined to ſome tender looks which ſhe now and then could not refrain from giving him, ſo elevated our

hero, that he joined the mirth of the other three, who were perhaps as good-humoured people as any in the world.

Sophia retained the ſame gravity of countenance the next morning at breakfaſt; whence ſhe retired likewiſe earlier than uſual, leaving her father and aunt together. The 'ſquire took no notice of this change in his daughter's diſpoſition. To ſay the truth, though he was ſomewhat of a politician, and had been twice a candidate in the country-intereſt at an election, he was a man of no great obſervation. His ſiſter was a lady of a different turn. She had lived about the court, and had ſeen the world. Hence ſhe had acquired all that knowledge which the ſaid world uſually communicates; and was a perfect miſtreſs of manners, cuſtoms, ceremonies, and faſhions; nor did her erudition ſtop here. She had conſiderably improved her mind by ſtudy; ſhe had not only read all the modern plays, operas, oratorios, poems, and romances, in all which ſhe was a critic; but had gone through Rapin's Hiſtory of England, Echard's Roman Hiſtory, and many French *Mémoires pour ſervir à l'Hiſtoire*; to theſe ſhe had added moſt of the political pamphlets and journals, publiſhed within the laſt twenty years. From which ſhe had attained a very competent ſkill in politics, and could diſcourſe very learnedly on the affairs of Europe. She was moreover

excellently well ſkilled in the doctrine of amour, and knew better than any body who and who were together: a knowledge which ſhe the more eaſily attained, as her purſuit of it was never diverted by any affairs of her own: for either ſhe had no inclinations, or they had never been ſolicited; which laſt is indeed very probable: for her maſculine perſon, which was near ſix foot high, added to her manner and learning, poſſibly prevented the other ſex from regarding her, notwithſtanding her petticoats, in the light of a woman. However, as ſhe had conſidered the matter ſcientifically, ſhe perfectly well knew, though ſhe had never practiſed them, all the arts which fine ladies uſe when they deſire to give encouragement, or to conceal liking, with all the long appendage of ſmiles, ogles, glances, &c. as they are at preſent practiſed in the beau monde. To ſum the whole, no ſpecies of diſguiſe or affectation had eſcaped her notice; but as to the plain ſimple workings of honeſt nature, as ſhe had never ſeen any ſuch, ſhe could know but little of them.

By means of this wonderful ſagacity, Mrs. Weſtern had now, as ſhe thought, made a diſcovery of ſomething in the mind of Sophia. The firſt hint of this ſhe took from the behaviour of the young lady in the field of battle; and the ſuſpicion which ſhe then conceived, was greatly corroborated by ſome obſervations which ſhe

had made that evening and the next morning. However, being greatly cautious to avoid being found in a miſtake, ſhe carried the ſecret a whole fortnight in her boſom, giving only ſome oblique hints, by ſimperings, winks, nods, and now and then dropping an obſcure word, which indeed ſufficiently alarmed Sophia, but did not at all affect her brother:

Being at length, however, thoroughly ſatisfied of the truth of her obſervation, ſhe took an opportunity, one morning, when ſhe was alone with her brother, to interrupt one of his whiſtles in the following manner:

Pray, brother, have you not obſerved ſomething very extraordinary in my niece lately? No, not I, anſwered Weſtern. Is any thing the matter with the girl? I think there is, replies ſhe, and ſomething of much conſequence too. Why ſhe doth not complain of any thing, cries Weſtern, and ſhe hath had the ſmall pox. Brother, returned ſhe, girls are liable to other diſtempers beſides the ſmall pox, and ſometimes poſſibly to much worſe. Here Mr. Weſtern interrupted her with much earneſtneſs, and begged her, if any thing ailed his daughter, to acquaint him immediately, adding, ſhe knew he loved her more than his own ſoul, and that he would ſend to the world's end for the beſt phyſician to her. Nay, nay, anſwered ſhe, ſmiling, the diſtemper is not ſo terrible; but I believe, brother,

you are convinced I know the world, and I promiſe you I was never more deceived in my life, if my niece be not moſt deſperately in love. How, in love! cries Weſtern, in a paſſion, in love without acquainting me! I'll diſinherit her, I'll turn her out of doors, ſtark-naked, without a farthing. Is all my kindneſs vor 'ur, and vondneſs o'ur come to this, to fall in love without aſking me leave! But you will not, anſwered Mrs. Weſtern, turn this daughter, whom you love better than your own ſoul, out of doors, before you know whether you ſhall approve her choice. Suppoſe ſhe ſhould have fixed on the very perſon whom you yourſelf would wiſh, I hope you would not be angry then. No, no, cries Weſtern, that would make a difference. If ſhe marries the man I would ha' her, ſhe may love whom ſhe pleaſes; I ſhan't trouble my head about that. That is ſpoken, anſwered the ſiſter, like a ſenſible man; but I believe the very perſon ſhe hath choſen, would be the very perſon you would chuſe for her. I will diſclaim all knowledge of the world if it is not ſo; and I believe, brother, you will allow I have ſome. Why, lookee, ſiſter, ſaid Weſtern, I do believe you have as much as any woman; and to be ſure thoſe are women's matters. You know I don't love to hear you talk about politics; they belong to us, and petticoats ſhould not meddle: but come, who is the man? Marry! ſaid ſhe, you may find him out yourſelf,

if you pleaſe. You who are ſo great a politician, can be at no great loſs The judgment which can penetrate into the cabinets of princes, and diſcover the ſecret ſprings which move the great ſtate-wheels in all the political machines of Europe, muſt ſurely, with very little difficulty, find out what paſſes in the rude uninformed mind of a girl. Siſter, cries the 'ſquire, I have often warned you not to talk the court gibberiſh to me. I tell you, I don't underſtand the lingo; but I can read a journal, or the London Evening-Poſt. Perhaps indeed, there may be now and tan a verſe which I can't make much of, becauſe half the letters are left out; yet I know vety well what is meant by that, and that our affairs don't go ſo well as they ſhould do, becauſe of bribery and corruption. I pity your country-ignorance from my heart, 'cries the lady. Do you? anſwered Weſtern, and I pity your town-learning; I had rather be any thing than a courtier, and a preſbyterian, and a Hanoverian too, as ſome people, I believe, are. If you mean me, anſwered ſhe, you know I am a woman, brother; and it ſignifies nothing what I am. Beſides — I do know you are a woman, cries the 'ſquire, and it's well for thee, that art one; if hadſt been a man, I promiſe thee I had lent thee a flick long ago. Ay, there, ſaid ſhe, in that flick lies all your fancied ſuperiority. Your bodies, and not your brains, are ſtronger than ours. Believe me, it is well for you

that you are able to beat us; or, ſuch is the ſuperiority of our underſtanding, we ſhould make all of you what the brave, and wiſe, and witty, and polite are already, — our ſlaves. I am glad I know your mind, anſwered the 'ſquire, but we'll talk more of this matter another time. At preſent, do tell me what man is it you mean about my daughter? Hold a moment, ſaid ſhe, while I digeſt that ſovereign contempt I have for your ſex; or elſe I ought to be angry too with you. There — I have made a ſhift to gulp it down. And now, good politic Sir, what think you of Mr. Blifil? Did ſhe not faint away on ſeeing him lie breathleſs on the ground? Did ſhe not, after he was recovered, turn pale again the moment we came up to that part of the field where he ſtood? And pray what elſe ſhould be the occaſion of all her melancholy that night at ſupper, the next morning, and indeed ever ſince? Fore George! cries the 'ſquire, now you mind me on't, I remember it all. It is certainly ſo, and I am glad on't, with all my heart. I knew Sophy was a good girl, and would not fall in love to make me angry. I was never more rejoiced in my life: for nothing can lie ſo handy together as our two eſtates. I had this matter in my head ſome time ago; for certainly the two eſtates are in a manner joined together in matrimony already, and it would be a thouſand pities to part them. It is true indeed, there be larger eſtates in

the kingdom, but not in this county, and I had rather bate ſomething, than marry my daughter among ſtrangers and foreigners. Beſides moſt o' zuch great eſtates be in the hands of lords, and I hate the very name of *themmun*. Well, but, ſiſter, what would you adviſe me to do? for I tell you women know theſe matters better than we do. O! your humble ſervant, Sir, anſwered the lady, we are obliged to you for allowing us a capacity in any thing. Since you are pleaſed then, moſt politic Sir, to aſk my advice, I think you may propoſe the match to Allworthy yourſelf. There is no indecorum in the propoſal's coming from the parent of either ſide. King Alcinoüs, in Mr. Pope's Odyſſey, offers his daughter to Ulyſſes. I need not caution ſo politic a perſon not to ſay that your daughter is in love; that would indeed be againſt all rules. Well, ſaid the 'ſquire, I will propoſe it; but I ſhall certainly lend un a flick, if he ſhould refuſe me. Fear not, cries Mrs. Weſtern, the match is too advantageous to be refuſed. I don't know that, anſwered the 'ſquire, Allworthy is a queer b — ch, and money hath no effect o' un. Brother, ſaid the lady, your politics aſtoniſh me. Are you really to be impoſed on by profeſſions? Do you think Mr. Allworthy hath more contempt for money than other men, becauſe he profeſſes more? Such credulity would better become one of us weak women, than that wiſe ſex which heaven hath formed

for politicians. Indeed, brother, you would make a fine plenipo to negotiate with the French. They would ſoon perſuade you, that they take towns out of mere defenſive principles. Siſter, anſwered the 'ſquire, with much ſcorn, let your friends at court anſwer for the towns taken; as you are a woman, I ſhall lay no blame upon you: for I ſuppoſe they are wiſer than to truſt women with ſecrets. He accompanied this with ſo ſarcaſtical a laugh, that Mrs. Weſtern could bear no longer. She had been all this time fretted in a tender part, (for ſhe was indeed very deeply ſkilled in theſe matters, and very violent in them) and therefore burſt forth in a rage, declared her brother to be both a clown and a blockhead, and that ſhe would ſtay no longer in his houſe.

The 'ſquire, though perhaps he had never read Machiavel, was, however, in many points, a perfect politician. He ſtrongly held all thoſe wiſe tenets, which are ſo well inculcated in that Politico-Peripatetic ſchool of Exchange-alley. He knew the juſt value and only uſe of money, viz. to lay it up. He was likewiſe well ſkilled in the exact value of reverſions, expectations, &c. and had often conſidered the amount of his ſiſter's fortune, and the chance he or his poſterity had of inheriting it. This he was infinitely too wiſe to ſacrifice to a trifling reſentment. When he found, therefore, he had carried matters too far, he began to think

of reconciling them; which was no very difficult taſk, as the lady had great affection for her brother, and ſtill greater for her niece; and though too ſuſceptible of an affront offered to her ſkill in politics, on which ſhe much valued herſelf, was a woman of a very extraordinary good and ſweet diſpoſition.

Having firſt, therefore, laid violent hands on the horſes, for whoſe eſcape from the ſtable no place but the window was left open; he next applied himſelf to his ſiſter, ſoftened and ſoothed her, by unſaying all he had ſaid, and by aſſertions directly contrary to thoſe which had incenſed her. Laſtly, he ſummoned the eloquence of Sophia to his aſſiſtance, who, beſides a moſt graceful and winning addreſs, had the advantage of being heard with great favour and partiality by her aunt.

The reſult of the whole was a kind ſmile from Mrs. Weſtern, who ſaid: Brother, you are abſolutely a perfect Croat; but as thoſe have their uſe in the army of the Empreſs Queen, ſo you likewiſe have ſome good in you. I will therefore once more ſign a treaty of peace with you, and ſee that you do not infringe it on your ſide; at leaſt, as you are ſo excellent a politician, I may expect you will keep your leagues, like the French, till your intereſt calls upon you to break them.

CHAP. III.

Containing two defiances to the critics.

THE 'ſquire having ſettled matters with his ſiſter, as we have ſeen in the laſt chapter, was ſo greatly impatient to communicate the propoſal to Allworthy, that Mrs. Weſtern had the utmoſt difficulty to prevent him from viſiting that gentleman in his ſickneſs, for this purpoſe.

Mr. Allworthy had been engaged to dine with Mr. Weſtern at the time when he was taken ill. He was, therefore, no ſooner diſcharged out of the cuſtody of phyſic, but he thought (as was uſual with him on all occaſions, both the higheſt and the loweſt) of fulfilling his engagement.

In the interval between the time of the dialogue in the laſt chapter, and this day of public entertainment, Sophia had, from certain obſcure hints thrown out by her aunt, collected ſome apprehenſion that the ſagacious lady ſuſpected her paſſion for Jones. She now reſolved to take this opportunity of wiping out all ſuch ſuſpicion, and for that purpoſe to put an entire conſtraint on her behaviour.

Firſt, ſhe endeavoured to conceal a throbbing melancholy heart with the utmoſt ſprightlineſs in her countenance, and the higheſt gaiety in her manner. Secondly, ſhe addreſſed her whole diſcourſe

to

to Mr. Blifil, and took not the leaſt notice of poor Jones the whole day.

The 'ſquire was ſo delighted with this conduct of his daughter, that he ſcarce eat any dinner, and ſpent almoſt his whole time in watching opportunities of conveying ſigns of his approbation by winks and nods to his ſiſter; who was not at firſt altogether ſo pleaſed with what ſhe ſaw as was her brother.

In ſhort, Sophia ſo greatly over-acted her part, that her aunt was at firſt ſtaggered, and began to ſuſpect ſome affectation in her niece; but as ſhe was herſelf a woman of great art, ſo ſhe ſoon attributed this to extreme art in Sophia. She remembered the many hints ſhe had given her niece concerning her being in love, and imagined the young lady had taken this way to rally her out of her opinion, by an over-acted civility; a notion that was greatly corroborated by the exceſſive gaiety with which the whole was accompanied. We cannot here avoid remarking that this conjecture would have been better founded, had Sophia lived ten years in the air of Groſvenor-ſquare, where young ladies do learn a wonderful knack of rallying and playing with that paſſion, which is a mighty ſerious thing in woods and groves an hundred miles diſtant from London.

To ſay the truth, in diſcovering the deceit of others, it matters much that our own art be wound up, if I may uſe the expreſſion, in the ſame key

with theirs: for very artful men ſometimes miſcarry by fancying others wiſer, or, in other words, greater knaves than they really are. As this obſervation is pretty deep, I will illuſtrate it with the following ſhort ſtory. Three countrymen were purſuing a Wiltſhire thief through Brentford. The ſimpleſt of them ſeeing the Wiltſhire houſe written under a ſign, adviſed his companions to enter it, for there moſt probably they would find their countryman. The ſecond, who was wiſer, laughed at this ſimplicity; but the third, who was wiſer ſtill, anſwered: Let us go in, however, for he may think we ſhould not ſuſpect him of going amongſt his own countrymen. They accordingly went in and ſearched the houſe, and by that means miſſed overtaking the thief, who was, at that time, but a little way before them; and who, as they all knew, but had never once reflected, could not read.

The reader will pardon a digreſſion in which ſo invaluable a ſecret is communicated, ſince every gameſter will agree how neceſſary it is to know exactly the play of another, in order to countermine him. This will, moreover, afford a reaſon why the wiſer man, as is often ſeen, is the bubble of the weaker, and why many ſimple and innocent characters are ſo generally miſunderſtood, and miſrepreſented; but what is moſt material, this will account for the deceit which Sophia put on her politic aunt.

Dinner being ended, and the company retired into the garden, Mr. Weſtern, who was thoroughly convinced of the certainty of what his ſiſter had told him, took Mr. Allworthy aſide, and very bluntly propoſed a match between Sophia and young Mr. Blifil.

Mr. Allworthy was not one of thoſe men, whoſe hearts flutter at any unexpected and ſudden tidings of worldly profit. His mind was, indeed, tempered with that philoſophy which becomes a man and a chriſtian. He affected no abſolute ſuperiority to all pleaſure and pain, to all joy and grief; but was not at the ſame time to be diſcompoſed and ruffled by every accidental blaſt, by every ſmile or frown of fortune. He received, therefore, Mr. Weſtern's propoſal without any viſible emotion, or without any alteration of countenance. He ſaid, the alliance was ſuch as he ſincerely wiſhed; then launched forth into a very juſt encomium on the young lady's merit; acknowledged the offer to be advantageous in point of fortune; and after thanking Mr. Weſtern for the good opinion he had profeſſed of his nephew, concluded, that if the young people liked each other, he ſhould be very deſirous to complete the affair.

Mr. Weſtern was a little diſappointed at Mr. Allworthy's anſwer; which was not ſo warm as he expected. He treated the doubt whether the young people might like one another, with great contempt;

ſaying, that parents were the beſt judges of proper matches for their children; that, for his part, he ſhould inſiſt on the moſt reſigned obedience from his daughter; and if any young fellow could refuſe ſuch a bedfellow, he was his humble ſervant, and hoped there was no harm done.

Allworthy endeavoured to ſoften this reſentment by many elogiums on Sophia; declaring, he had no doubt but that Mr. Blifil would very gladly receive the offer; but all was ineffectual, he could obtain no other anſwer from the 'ſquire but — I ſay no more — I humbly hope there's no harm done — that's all. Which words he repeated at leaſt a hundred times before they parted.

Allworthy was too well acquainted with his neighbour to be offended at this behaviour; and though he was ſo averſe to the rigour which ſome parents exerciſe on their children in the article of marriage, that he had reſolved never to force his nephew's inclinations, he was nevertheleſs much pleaſed with the proſpect of this union: for the whole country reſounded the praiſes of Sophia, and he had himſelf greatly admired the uncommon endowments of both her mind and perſon. To which, I believe, we may add, the conſideration of her vaſt fortune, which, though he was too ſober to be intoxicated with it, he was too ſenſible to deſpiſe.

And here, in defiance of all the barking critics

in the world, I muſt and will introduce a digreſſion concerning true wiſdom, of which Mr. Allworthy was in reality as great a pattern as he was of goodneſs.

True wiſdom then, notwithſtanding all which Mr. Hogarth's poor poet may have writ againſt riches, and in ſpight of all which any rich, well-fed divine may have preached againſt pleaſure, conſiſts not in the contempt of either of theſe. A man may have as much wiſdom in the poſſeſſion of an affluent fortune, as any beggar in the ſtreets; or may enjoy a handſome wife or a hearty friend, and ſtill remain as wiſe as any ſour popiſh-recluſe, who buries all his ſocial faculties, and ſtarves his belly while he well laſhes his back.

To ſay truth, the wiſeſt man is the likelieſt to poſſeſs all worldly bleſſings in an eminent degree: for as that moderation which wiſdom preſcribes, is the ſureſt way to uſeful wealth; ſo can it alone qualify us to taſte many pleaſures. The wiſe man gratifies every appetite and every paſſion, while the fool ſacrifices all the reſt to pall and ſatiate one.

It may be objected, that very wiſe men have been notoriouſly avaricious. I anſwer: Not wiſe in that inſtance. It may likewiſe be ſaid, that the wiſeſt men have been, in their youth, immoderately fond of pleaſure. I anſwer: They were not wiſe then.

Wiſdom, in ſhort, whoſe leſſons have been repreſented as ſo hard to learn by thoſe who never were at her ſchool, only teaches us to extend a ſimple maxim univerſally known, and followed even in the loweſt life, a little farther than that life carries it. And this is, Not to buy at too dear a price.

Now, whoever takes this maxim abroad with him into the grand market of the world, and conſtantly applies it to honours, to riches, to pleaſures, and to every other commodity which that market affords, is, I will venture to affirm, a wiſe man; and muſt be ſo acknowledged in the worldly ſenſe of the word: for he makes the beſt of bargains; ſince in reality he purchaſes every thing at the price only of a little trouble, and carries home all the good things I have mentioned, while he keeps his health, his innocence, and his reputation, the common prices which are paid for them by others, entire and to himſelf.

From this moderation, likewiſe, he learns two other leſſons, which complete his character. Firſt, never to be intoxicated when he hath made the beſt bargain, nor dejected when the market is empty, or when its commodities are too dear for his purchaſe.

But I muſt remember on what ſubject I am writing, and not treſpaſs too far on the patience of a good-natured critic. Here therefore I put an end to the chapter.

CHAP. IV.

Containing ſundry curious matters.

AS ſoon as Mr. Allworthy returned home, he took Mr. Blifil apart, and after ſome preface, communicated to him the propoſal which had been made by Mr. Weſtern, and, at the ſame time, informed him how agreeable this match would be to himſelf.

The charms of Sophia had not made the leaſt impreſſion on Blifil; not that his heart was pre-engaged; neither was he totally inſenſible of beauty, or had any averſion to women; but his appetites were, by nature, ſo moderate, that he was able, by philoſophy or by ſtudy, or by ſome other method, eaſily to ſubdue them; and as to that paſſion which we have treated of in the firſt chapter of this book, he had not the leaſt tincture of it in his whole compoſition.

But though he was ſo entirely free from that mixed paſſion, of which we there treated, and of which the virtues and beauty of Sophia formed ſo notable an object; yet was he altogether as well furniſhed with ſome other paſſions, that promiſed themſelves very full gratification in the young lady's fortune. Such were avarice and ambition, which divided the dominion of his mind between

them. He had more than once conſidered the poſſeſſion of this fortune as a very deſirable thing, and had entertained ſome diſtant views concerning it: but his own youth and that of the young lady, and indeed principally a reflection that Mr. Weſtern might marry again, and have more children, had reſtrained him from too haſty or eager a purſuit.

This laſt and moſt material objection was now in great meaſure removed, as the propoſal came from Mr. Weſtern himſelf. Blifil, therefore, after a very ſhort heſitation, anſwered Mr. Allworthy, that matrimony was a ſubject on which he had not yet thought; but that he was ſo ſenſible of his friendly and fatherly care, that he ſhould in all things ſubmit himſelf to his pleaſure.

Allworthy was naturally a man of ſpirit, and his preſent gravity aroſe from true wiſdom and philoſophy, not from any original phlegm in his diſpoſition: for he had poſſeſſed much fire in his youth, and had married a beautiful woman for love. He was not, therefore, greatly pleaſed with this cold anſwer of his nephew; nor could he help launching forth into the praiſes of Sophia, and expreſſing ſome wonder that the heart of a young man could be impregnable to the force of ſuch charms, unleſs it was guarded by ſome prior affection.

Blifil aſſured him, he had no ſuch guard; and then proceeded to diſcourſe ſo wiſely and religiouſly

on love and marriage, that he would have ſtopt the mouth of a parent much leſs devoutly inclined than was his uncle. In the end, the good man was ſatisfied, that his nephew, far from having any objections to Sophia, had that eſteem for her, which in ſober and virtuous minds is the ſure foundation of friendſhip and love. And as he doubted not but the lover would, in a little time, become altogether as agreeable to his miſtreſs, he foreſaw great happineſs ariſing to all parties by ſo proper and deſirable an union. With Mr. Blifil's conſent, therefore, he wrote the next morning to Mr. Weſtern, acquainting him that his nephew had very thankfully and gladly received the propoſal, and would be ready to wait on the young lady, whenever ſhe ſhould be pleaſed to accept his viſit.

Weſtern was much pleaſed with this letter, and immediately returned an anſwer; in which, without having mentioned a word to his daughter, he appointed that very afternoon for opening the ſcene of courtſhip.

As ſoon as he had diſpatched the meſſenger, he went in queſt of his ſiſter, whom he found reading and expounding the gazette to parſon Supple. To this expoſition he was obliged to attend near a quarter of an hour, though with great violence to his natural impetuoſity, before he was ſuffered to ſpeak. At length, however, he found an opportunity of acquainting the lady,

that he had buſineſs of great conſequence to impart to her; to which ſhe anſwered: Brother, I am entirely at your ſervice. Things look ſo well in the north that I was never in a better humour.

The parſon then withdrawing, Mr. Weſtern acquainted her with all which had paſſed, and deſired her to communicate the affair to Sophia, which ſhe readily and chearfully undertook; though perhaps her brother was a little obliged to that agreeable northern aſpect which had ſo delighted her, that he heard no comment on his proceedings: for they were certainly ſomewhat too haſty and violent.

CHAP. V.

In which is related what paſſed between Sophia and her aunt.

SOPHIA was in her chamber reading, when her aunt came in. The moment ſhe ſaw Mrs. Weſtern, ſhe ſhut the book with ſo much eagerneſs, that the good lady could not forbear aſking her, what book that was which ſhe ſeemed ſo much afraid of ſhewing? Upon my word, Madam, anſwered Sophia, it is a book which I am neither aſhamed, nor afraid to own I have read. It is the production of a young lady of faſhion, whoſe good underſtanding, I think, doth honour to her ſex, and whoſe good heart is an honour to human nature. Mrs. Weſtern

then took up the book, and immediately after threw it down, ſaying: Yes, the author is of a very good family; but ſhe is not much among people one knows. I have never read it; for the beſt judges ſay, there is not much in it. I dare not, Madam, ſet up my own opinion, ſays Sophia, againſt the beſt judges; but there appears to me a great deal of human nature in it; and in many parts, ſo much true tenderneſs and delicacy, that it hath coſt me many a tear. Ay, and do you love to cry then? ſays the aunt. I love a tender ſenſation, anſwered the niece, and would pay the price of a tear for it at any time. Well, but ſhew me, ſaid the aunt, what was you reading when I came in; there was ſomething very tender in that, I believe, and very loving too. You bluſh, my dear Sophia. Ah! child, you ſhould read books, which would teach you a little hypocriſy, which would inſtruct you how to hide your thoughts a little better. I hope, Madam, anſwered Sophia, I have no thoughts which I ought to be aſhamed of diſcovering. Aſhamed! no, cries the aunt, I don't think you have any thoughts which you ought to be aſhamed of; and yet, child, you bluſhed juſt now when I mentioned the word loving. Dear Sophy, be aſſured you have not one thought which I am not well acquainted with; as well, child, as the French are with our motions, long before we put them in execution. Did you think, child, becauſe you have been able

to impoſe upon your father, that you could impoſe upon me? Do you imagine I did not know the reaſon of your over-acting all that friendſhip for Mr. Blifil yeſterday? I have ſeen a little too much of the world, to be ſo deceived. Nay, nay, do not bluſh again. I tell you it is a paſſion you need not be aſhamed of. It is a paſſion I myſelf approve, and have already brought your father into the approbation of it. Indeed, I ſolely conſider your inclination; for I would always have that gratified, if poſſible, though one may ſacrifice higher proſpects. Come, I have news which will delight your very ſoul. Make me your confident, and I will undertake you ſhall be happy to the very extent of your wiſhes. La! Madam, ſays Sophia, looking more fooliſhly than ever ſhe did in her life, I know not what to ſay. Why, Madam, ſhould you ſuſpect? — Nay, no diſhoneſty, returned Mrs. Weſtern. Conſider, you are ſpeaking to one of your own ſex, to an aunt, and I hope you are convinced you ſpeak to a friend. Conſider, you are only revealing to me what I know already, and what I plainly ſaw yeſterday through that moſt artful of all diſguiſes, which you had put on, and which muſt have deceived any one who had not perfectly known the world. Laſtly, conſider it is a paſſion which I highly approve. La! Madam, ſays Sophia, you come upon one unawares, and on a ſudden. To be ſure, Madam, I am not blind, — and certainly, if it

be a fault to ſee all human perfections aſſembled together — But is it poſſible my father and you, Madam, can ſee with my eyes? I tell you, anſwered the aunt, we do entirely approve; and this very afternoon your father hath appointed for you to receive your lover. My father! — this afternoon! cries Sophia, with the blood ſtarting from her face. —Yes, child, ſaid the aunt, this afternoon. You know the impetuoſity of my brother's temper. I acquainted him with the paſſion which I firſt diſcovered in you that evening when you fainted away in the field. I ſaw it in your fainting. I ſaw it immediately upon your recovery. I ſaw it that evening at ſupper, and the next morning at breakfaſt: (you know, child, I have ſeen the world.) Well, I no ſooner acquainted my brother, but he immediately wanted to propoſe it to Allworthy. He propoſed it yeſterday, Allworthy conſented, (as to be ſure he muſt with joy) and this afternoon, I tell you, you are to put on all your beſt airs. This afternoon! cries Sophia. Dear aunt, you frighten me out of my ſenſes. O, my dear! ſaid the aunt, you will ſoon come to yourſelf again; for he is a charming young fellow, that's the truth on't. Nay, I will own, ſays Sophia, I know none with ſuch perfections. So brave, and yet ſo gentle; ſo witty, yet ſo unoffenſive; ſo humane, ſo civil, ſo genteel, ſo handſome! What ſignifies his being baſe-born, when compared with ſuch qualifications as theſe? Baſe-born! what do

you mean? ſaid the aunt, Mr. Blifil baſe-born! Sophia turned inſtantly pale at this name, and faintly repeated it. Upon which the aunt cried: Mr. Blifil, ay Mr. Blifil; of whom elſe have we been talking? Good heavens! anſwered Sophia, ready to ſink, of Mr. Jones I thought; I am ſure I know no other who deſerves — I proteſt, cries the aunt, you frighten me in your turn. Is it Mr. Jones, and not Mr. Blifil, who is the object of your affection? Mr. Blifil! repeated Sophia. Sure it is impoſſible you can be in earneſt; if you are, I am the moſt miſerable woman alive. Mrs. Weſtern now ſtood a few moments ſilent, while ſparks of fiery rage flaſhed from her eyes. At length, collecting all her force of voice, ſhe thundered forth in the following inarticulate ſounds:

And is it poſſible you can think of diſgracing your family by allying yourſelf to a vile baſtard? Can the blood of the Weſterns ſubmit to ſuch contamination! If you have not ſenſe ſufficient to reſtrain ſuch monſtrous inclinations, I thought the pride of our family would have prevented you from giving the leaſt encouragement to ſo baſe an affection; much leſs did I imagine you would ever have had the aſſurance to own it to my face.

Madam, anſwered Sophia, trembling, what I have ſaid, you have extorted from me. I do not remember to have ever mentioned the name of Mr. Jones, with approbation, to any one before; nor

ſhould I now, had I not conceived he had your approbation. Whatever were my thoughts of that poor unhappy young man, I intended to have carried them with me to my grave — To that grave where only now, I find, I am to ſeek repoſe. — Here ſhe ſunk down in her chair, drowned in her tears, and, in all the moving ſilence of unutterable grief, preſented a ſpectacle which muſt have affected almoſt the hardeſt heart.

All this tender ſorrow, however, raiſed no compaſſion in her aunt. On the contrary, ſhe now fell into the moſt violent rage. — And I would rather, ſhe cried, in a moſt vehement voice, follow you to your grave, than I would ſee you diſgrace yourſelf and your family by ſuch a match. O heavens! could I have ever ſuſpected that I ſhould live to hear a niece of mine declare a paſſion for ſuch a fellow? You are the firſt,—yes, Miſs Weſtern, you are the firſt of your name who ever entertained ſo groveling a thought. A family ſo noted for the prudence of its women! — Here ſhe run on a full quarter of an hour, till having exhauſted her breath rather than her rage, ſhe concluded with threatening to go immediately and acquaint her brother.

Sophia then threw herſelf at her feet, and laying hold of her hands, begged her, with tears, to conceal what ſhe had drawn from her; urging the violence of her father's temper, and proteſting that no

inclinations of hers ſhould ever prevail with her to do any thing which might offend him.

Mrs. Weſtern ſtood a moment looking at her, and then having recollected herſelf, ſaid, that on one conſideration only ſhe would keep the ſecret from her brother; and this was, that Sophia ſhould promiſe to entertain Mr. Blifil that very afternoon as her lover, and to regard him as the perſon who was to be her huſband.

Poor Sophia was too much in her aunt's power to deny her any thing poſitively: ſhe was obliged to promiſe, that ſhe would ſee Mr. Blifil, and be as civil to him as poſſible; but begged her aunt, that the match might not be hurried on. She ſaid, Mr. Blifil was by no means agreeable to her, and ſhe hoped her father would be prevailed on not to make her the moſt wretched of women.

Mrs. Weſtern aſſured her, that the match was entirely agreed upon, and that nothing could or ſhould prevent it. I muſt own, ſaid ſhe, I looked on it as a matter of indifference; nay, perhaps, had ſome ſcruples about it before, which were actually got over by my thinking it highly agreeable to your own inclinations; but now I regard it as the moſt eligible thing in the world; nor ſhall there be, if I can prevent it, a moment of time loſt on the occaſion.

Sophia replied: Delay at leaſt, Madam, I may expect from both your goodneſs and my father's.

Sure

Sure you will give me time to endeavour to get the better of ſo ſtrong a diſinclination as I have at preſent to this perſon.

The aunt anſwered, ſhe knew too much of the world to be ſo deceived; that as ſhe was ſenſible another man had her affections, ſhe ſhould perſuade Mr. Weſtern to haſten the match as much as poſſible. It would be bad politics indeed, added ſhe, to protract a ſiege when the enemy's army is at hand, and in danger of relieving it. No, no, Sophy, ſaid ſhe, as I am convinced you have a violent paſſion, which you can never ſatisfy with honour, I will do all I can to put your honour out of the care of your family; for when you are married, thoſe matters will belong only to the conſideration of your huſband. I hope, child, you will always have prudence enough to act as becomes you; but if you ſhould not, marriage hath ſaved many a woman from ruin.

Sophia well underſtood what her aunt meant; but did not think proper to make her an anſwer. However, ſhe took a reſolution to ſee Mr. Blifil, and to behave to him as civilly as ſhe could: for on that condition only ſhe obtained a promiſe from her aunt to keep ſecret the liking which her ill fortune, rather than any ſcheme of Mrs. Weſtern, had unhappily drawn from her.

CHAP. VI.

Containing a dialogue between Sophia and Mrs. Honour, which may a little relieve thoſe tender affections, which the foregoing ſcene may have raiſed in the mind of a good-natured reader.

MRS. Weſtern having obtained that promiſe from her niece, which we have ſeen in the laſt chapter, withdrew; and preſently after arrived Mrs. Honour. She was at work in a neighbouring apartment, and had been ſummoned to the key-hole by ſome vociferation in the preceding dialogue, where ſhe had continued during the remaining part of it. At her entry into the room, ſhe found Sophia ſtanding motionleſs, with the tears trickling from her eyes. Upon which ſhe immediately ordered a proper quantity of tears into her own eyes, and then began: O gemini! my dear lady, what is the matter? Nothing, cries Sophia. Nothing! O dear Ma'am! anſwers Mrs. Honour, you muſt not tell me that, when your la'ſhip is in this taking, and when there hath been ſuch a preamble between your la'ſhip and Ma'am Weſtern. Don't teaze me, cries Sophia, I tell you nothing is the matter. Good heavens! why was I born! Nay, Ma'am, ſays Mr. Honour, you ſhall never perſuade me, that your la'ſhip can lament yourſelf ſo for nothing. To be

ſure, I am but a ſervant; but to be ſure, I have been always faithful to your la'ſhip, and to be ſure, I would ſerve your la'ſhip with my life. My dear Honour, ſays Sophia, 'tis not in thy power to be of any ſervice to me. I am irretrievably undone. Heaven forbid! anſwered the waiting-woman; but if I can't be of any ſervice to you, pray, tell me, Ma'am, it will be ſome comfort to me to know: pray, dear Ma'am, tell me what's the matter. My father, cries Sophia, is going to marry me to a man I both deſpiſe and hate. O, dear Ma'am! anſwered the other, who is this wicked man? for to be ſure he is very bad, or your la'ſhip would not deſpiſe him. His name is poiſon to my tongue, replied Sophia, thou wilt know it too ſoon. Indeed, to confeſs the truth, ſhe knew it already, and therefore was not very inquiſitive as to that point. She then proceeded thus: I don't pretend to give your la'ſhip advice, whereof your la'ſhip knows much better than I can pretend to, being but a ſervant; but, i-fackins! no father in England ſhould marry me againſt my conſent. And to be ſure, the 'ſquire is ſo good, that if he did but know your la'ſhip deſpiſes and hates the young man, to be ſure he would not deſire you to marry him. And if your la'ſhip would but give me leave to tell my maſter ſo—To be ſure, it would be more properer to come from your own mouth; but as your la'ſhip doth not care to foul your tongue with his naſty name — You are miſtaken,

Honour, ſays Sophia, my father was determined before he ever thought fit to mention it to me. More ſhame for him, cries Honour, you are to go to bed to him, and not maſter. And thof a man may be a very proper man, yet every woman mayn't think him handſome alike. I am ſure my maſter would never act in this manner of his own head. I wiſh ſome people would trouble themſelves only with what belongs to them; they would not, I believe, like to be ſerved ſo, if it was their own caſe; for thof I am a maid, I can eaſily believe as how all men are not equally agreeable. And what ſignifies your la'ſhip having ſo great a fortune, if you can't pleaſe yourſelf with the man you think moſt handſomeſt? Well, I ſay nothing, but to be ſure it is pity ſome folks had not been better born; nay, as for that matter, I ſhould not mind it myſelf; but then there is not ſo much money, and what of that? Your la'ſhip hath money enough for both; and where can your la'ſhip beſtow your fortune better? For to be ſure every one muſt allow, that he is the moſt handſomeſt, charmingeſt, fineſt, talleſt, propereſt man in the world. What do you mean by running on in this manner to me? cries Sophia, with a very grave countenance. Have I ever given any encouragement for theſe liberties? Nay, Ma'am, I aſk pardon; I meant no harm, anſwered ſhe; but to be ſure the poor gentleman hath run in my head ever ſince I ſaw him this morning. — To be

ſure, if your la'ſhip had but ſeen him juſt now, you muſt have pitied him. Poor gentleman! I wiſhes ſome misfortune hath not happened to him: for he hath been walking about with his arms acroſs, and looking ſo melancholy all this morning; I vow and proteſt it made me almoſt cry to ſee him. To ſee whom? ſays Sophia. Poor Mr. Jones, anſwered Honour. See him! Why, where did you ſee him? cries Sophia. By the canal, Ma'am, ſays Honour. There he hath been walking all this morning, and at laſt there he laid himſelf down; I believe he lies there ſtill. To be ſure, if it had not been for my modeſty, being a maid, as I am, I ſhould have gone and ſpoke to him. Do, Ma'am, let me go and ſee, only for a fancy, whether he is there ſtill. Pugh! ſays Sophia, There! no, no, what ſhould he do there? He is gone before this time to be ſure. Beſides, why — what — why ſhould you go to ſee? — Beſides, I want you for ſomething elſe. Go, fetch me my hat and gloves. I ſhall walk with my aunt in the grove before dinner. Honour did immediately as ſhe was bid, and Sophia put her hat on; when looking in the glaſs, ſhe fancied the ribbon with which her hat was tied, did not become her, and ſo ſent her maid back again for a ribbon of a different colour; and then giving Mrs. Honour repeated charges not to leave her work on any account, as ſhe ſaid it was in violent haſte, and muſt be finiſhed that

very day; ſhe muttered ſomething more about going to the grove, and then ſallied out the contrary way, and walked as faſt as her tender trembling limbs could carry her, directly towards the canal.

Jones had been there, as Mrs. Honour had told her: he had indeed ſpent two hours there that morning in melancholy contemplation on his Sophia, and had gone out from the garden at one door, the moment ſhe entered it at another. So that thoſe unlucky minutes which had been ſpent in changing the ribbons, had prevented the lovers from meeting at this time: a moſt unfortunate accident, from which my fair readers will not fail to draw a very wholeſome leſſon. And here I ſtrictly forbid all male critics to intermeddle with a circumſtance, which I have recounted only for the ſake of the ladies, and upon which they only are at liberty to comment.

CHAP. VII.

A picture of formal courtſhip in miniature, as it always ought to be drawn, and a ſcene of a tenderer kind painted at full length.

IT was well remarked by one, (and perhaps by more) that misfortunes do not come ſingle. This wiſe maxim was now verified by Sophia, who was not only diſappointed of ſeeing the man ſhe loved;

but had the vexation of being obliged to dreſs herſelf out, in order to receive a viſit from the man ſhe hated.

That afternoon, Mr. Weſtern, for the firſt time, acquainted his daughter with his intention; telling her, he knew very well that ſhe had heard it before from her aunt. Sophia looked very grave upon this, not could ſhe prevent a few pearls from ſtealing into her eyes. Come, come, ſays Weſtern, none of your maideniſh airs: I know all; I aſſure you, ſiſter hath told me all.

Is it poſſible, ſays Sophia, that my aunt can have betrayed me already? Ay, ay, ſays Weſtern, betrayed you! ay. Why, you betrayed yourſelf yeſterday at dinner. You ſhewed your fancy very plainly, I think. But you young girls never know what you would be at. So you cry becauſe I am going to marry you to the man you are in love with. Your mother, I remember, whimpered and whined juſt in the ſame manner; but it was all over within twenty-four hours after we were married: Mr. Blifil is a briſk young man, and will ſoon put an end to your ſqueamiſhneſs. Come, chear up, chear up, I expect un every minute.

Sophia was now convinced that her aunt had behaved honourably to her; and ſhe determined to go through that diſagreeable afternoon with as much reſolution as poſſible, and without giving the leaſt ſuſpicion in the world to her father.

M. Blifil ſoon arrived; and Mr. Weſtern ſoon after withdrawing, left the young couple together.

Here a long ſilence of near a quarter of an hour enſued: for the gentleman who was to begin the converſation had all that unbecoming modeſty which conſiſts in baſhfulneſs. He often attempted to ſpeak, and often ſuppreſſed his words juſt at the very point of utterance. At laſt out they broke in a torrent of far-fetched and high-ſtrained compliments, which were anſwered on her ſide, by downcaſt looks, half bows, and civil monoſyllables. Blifil, from his inexperience in the ways of women, and from his conceit of himſelf, took this behaviour for a modeſt aſſent to his courtſhip; and when, to ſhorten a ſcene which ſhe could no longer ſupport, Sophia roſe up and left the room, he imputed that too, merely to baſhfulneſs, and comforted himſelf that he ſhould ſoon have enough of her company.

He was indeed perfectly well ſatisfied with his proſpect of ſucceſs; for as to that entire and abſolute poſſeſſion of the heart of his miſtreſs, which romantic lovers require, the very idea of it never entered his head.

Her fortune and her perſon were the ſole objects of his wiſhes, of which he made no doubt ſoon to obtain the abſolute property; as Mr. Weſtern's mind was ſo earneſtly bent on the match; and as he well knew the ſtrict obedience which Sophia

was always ready to pay to her father's will, and the greater ſtill which her father would exact, if there was occaſion. This authority, therefore, together with the charms which he fancied in his own perſon and converſation, could not fail, he thought, of ſucceeding with a young lady whoſe inclinations were, he doubted not, entirely diſengaged.

Of Jones he certainly had not even the leaſt jealouſy; and I have often thought it wonderful that he had not. Perhaps he imagined the character which Jones bore all over the country, (how juſtly let the reader determine) of being one of the wildeſt fellows in England, might render him odious to a lady of the moſt exemplary modeſty. Perhaps his ſuſpicions might be laid aſleep by the behaviour of Sophia, and of Jones himſelf, when they were all in company together. Laſtly, and indeed principally, he was well aſſured there was not another ſelf in the caſe. He fancied that he knew Jones to the bottom, and had in reality a great contempt for his underſtanding, for not being more attached to his own intereſt. He had no apprehenſion that Jones was in love with Sophia; and as for any lucrative motives, he imagined they would ſway very little with ſo ſilly a fellow. Blifil, moreover, thought the affair of Molly Seagrim ſtill went on, and indeed believed it would end in marriage: for Jones really loved him from his childhood, and had kept no ſecret from him, 'till his behaviour

on the ſickneſs of Mr. Allworthy had entirely alienated his heart; and it was by means of the quarrel which had enſued on this occaſion, and which was not yet reconciled, that Mr. Blifil knew nothing of the alteration which had happened in the affection which Jones had formerly borne towards Molly.

From theſe reaſons, therefore, Mr. Blifil ſaw no bar to his ſucceſs with Sophia. He concluded, her behaviour was like that of all other young ladies on a firſt viſit from a lover, and it had indeed entirely anſwered his expectations.

Mr. Weſtern took care to way-lay the lover at his exit from his miſtreſs. He found him ſo elevated with his ſucceſs, ſo enamoured with his daughter, and ſo ſatisfied with her reception of him, that the old gentleman began to caper and dance about his hall, and by many other antic actions, to expreſs the extravagance of his joy; for he had not the leaſt command over any of his paſſions; and that which had at any time the aſcendant in his mind, hurried him to the wildeſt exceſſes.

As ſoon as Blifil was departed, which was not till after many hearty kiſſes and embraces beſtowed on him by Weſtern, the good 'ſquire went inſtantly in queſt of his daughter, whom he no ſooner found, than he poured forth the moſt extravagant raptures, bidding her chuſe what clothes and jewels ſhe pleaſed; and declaring, that he had no other uſe

for fortune but to make her happy. He then careſſed her again and again with the utmoſt profuſion of fondneſs, called her by the moſt endearing names, and proteſted ſhe was his only joy on earth.

Sophia perceiving her father in this fit of affection, which ſhe did not abſolutely know the reaſon of, (for fits of fondneſs were not unuſual to him, though this was rather more violent than ordinary) thought ſhe ſhould never have a better opportunity of diſcloſing herſelf than at preſent; as far at leaſt, as regarded Mr. Blifil; and ſhe too well foreſaw the neceſſity which ſhe ſhould ſoon be under of coming to a full explanation. After having thanked the 'ſquire, therefore, for all his profeſſions of kindneſs, ſhe added, with a look full of inexpreſſible ſoftneſs: And is it poſſible my papa can be ſo good to place all his joy in his Sophy's happineſs? which Weſtern having confirmed by a great oath, and a kiſs; ſhe then laid hold of his hand, and falling on her knees, after many warm and paſſionate declarations of affection and duty, ſhe begged him, not to make her the moſt miſerable creature on earth, by forcing her to marry a man whom ſhe deteſted. This I entreat of you, dear Sir, ſaid ſhe, for your ſake, as well as my own, ſince you are ſo very kind to tell me your happineſs depends on mine. How! what! ſays Weſtern, ſtaring wildly. O Sir, continued ſhe, not only your poor Sophy's happineſs, her very life, her being depends upon your granting her

requeſt. I cannot live with Mr. Blifil. To force me into this marriage would be killing me. You can't live with Mr. Blifil! ſays Weſtern. No, upon my ſoul, I can't, anſwered Sophia. Then die and be d — n'd, cries he, ſpurning her from him. Oh! Sir, cries Sophia, catching hold of the ſkirts of his coat, take pity on me, I beſeech you. Don't look, and ſay ſuch cruel — Can you be unmoved while you ſee your Sophy in this dreadful condition? Can the beſt of fathers break my heart? Will he kill me by the moſt painful, cruel, lingering death? Pooh! pooh! cries the 'ſquire, all ſtuff and nonſenſe, all maideniſh tricks. Kill you indeed! Will marriage kill you? — Oh! Sir, anſwered Sophia, ſuch a marriage is worſe than death. — He is not even indifferent, I hate and deteſt him. — If you deteſt un never ſo much, cries Weſtern, you ſhall ha'un. This he bound by an oath too ſhocking to repeat, and after many violent aſſeverations, concluded in theſe words: I am reſolved upon the match, and unleſs you conſent to it, I will not give you a groat, not a ſingle farthing; no, though I ſaw you expiring with famine in the ſtreet, I would not relieve you with a morſel of bread. This is my fixed reſolution, and ſo I leave you to conſider on it. He then broke from her with ſuch violence, that her face daſhed againſt the floor, and he burſt directly out of the room, leaving poor Sophia proſtrate on the ground.

When Weſtern came into the hall, he there found Jones; who ſeeing his friend looking wild, pale, and almoſt breathleſs, could not forbear enquiring the reaſon of all theſe melancholy appearances. Upon which the 'ſquire immediately acquainted him with the whole matter, concluding with bitter denunciations againſt Sophia, and very pathetic lamentations of the miſery of all fathers who are ſo unfortunate to have daughters.

Jones, to whom all the reſolutions which had been taken in favour of Blifil were yet a ſecret, was at firſt almoſt ſtruck dead with this relation; but recovering his ſpirits a little, mere deſpair, as he afterwards ſaid, inſpired him to mention a matter to Mr. Weſtern, which ſeemed to require more impudence than a human forehead was ever gifted with. He deſired leave to go to Sophia, that he might endeavour to obtain her concurrence with her father's inclinations.

If the 'ſquire had been as quick-ſighted, as he was remarkable for the contrary, paſſion might at preſent very well have blinded him. He thanked Jones for offering to undertake the office, and ſaid: Go, go, prithee, try what canſt do; and then ſwore many execrable oaths that he would turn her out of doors unleſs ſhe conſented to the match.

CHAP. VIII.

The meeting between Jones and Sophia.

JONES departed inſtantly in queſt of Sophia, whom he found juſt riſen from the ground where her father had left her, with the tears trickling from her eyes, and the blood running from her lips. He preſently ran to her, and with a voice full at once of tenderneſs and terrour, cried: O my Sophia, what means this dreadful ſight! — She looked ſoftly at him for a moment before ſhe ſpoke, and then ſaid: Mr. Jones, for heaven's ſake, how came you here? — Leave me, I beſeech you, this moment. Do not, ſays he, impoſe ſo harſh a command upon me — my heart bleeds faſter than thoſe lips. O Sophia, how eaſily could I drain my veins to preſerve one drop of that dear blood! I have too many obligations to you already, anſwered ſhe, for ſure you meant them ſuch. — Here ſhe looked at him tenderly almoſt a minute, and then burſting into an agony, cried: — O Mr. Jones! — why did you ſave my life? — my death would have been happier for us both. — Happier for us both! cried he, could racks or wheels kill me ſo painfully as Sophia's! — I cannot bear the dreadful ſound — Do I live but for her? — Both his voice and look were full of inexpreſſible tenderneſs when

he ſpoke theſe words, and at the ſame time he laid gently hold on her hand, which ſhe did not withdraw from him; to ſay the truth, ſhe hardly knew what ſhe did or ſuffered. A few moments now paſſed in ſilence between theſe lovers, while his eyes were eagerly fixed on Sophia, and hers declining towards the ground; at laſt ſhe recovered ſtrength enough to deſire him again to leave her; for that her certain ruin would be the conſequence of their being found together; adding: — O Mr. Jones! you know not, you know not what hath paſſed this cruel afternoon. I know all, my Sophia, anſwered he; your cruel father hath told me all, and he himſelf hath ſent me hither to you. My father ſent you to me! replied ſhe, ſure you dream. Would to heaven, cries he, it was but a dream. O Sophia, your father hath ſent me to you, to be an advocate for my odious rival, to ſolicit you in his favour — I took any means to get acceſs to you. — O ſpeak to me, Sophia, comfort my bleeding heart. Sure no one ever loved, ever doated like me. Do not unkindly with-hold this dear, this ſoft, this gentle hand — One moment, perhaps, tears you for ever from me — Nothing leſs than this cruel occaſion, could, I believe, have ever conquered the reſpect and awe, with which you have inſpired me. She ſtood a moment ſilent, and covered with confuſion, then lifting up her eyes gently towards him, ſhe cried: What would Mr. Jones have me ſay? O do but

promiſe, cries he, that you will never give yourſelf to Blifil. Name not, anſwered ſhe, the deteſted ſound. Be aſſured I never will give him what it is in my power to with-hold from him. Now then, cries he, while you are ſo perfectly kind, go a little farther, and add that I may hope. — Alas! ſays ſhe, Mr. Jones, whither will you drive me? What hope have I to beſtow? You know my father's intentions. — But I know, anſwered he, your compliance with them cannot be compelled. What, ſays ſhe, muſt be the dreadful conſequence of my diſobedience? My own ruin is my leaſt concern. I cannot bear the thoughts of being the cauſe of my father's miſery. He is himſelf the cauſe, cries Jones, by exacting a power over you, which nature hath not given him. Think on the miſery which I am to ſuffer, if I am to loſe you, and ſee on which ſide pity will turn the balance. Think of it! replied ſhe, can you imagine I do not feel the ruin which I muſt bring on you, ſhould I comply with your deſire? — It is that thought which gives me reſolution to bid you fly from me for ever, and avoid your own deſtruction. I fear no deſtruction, cries he, but the loſs of Sophia; if you would ſave me from the moſt bitter agonies, recal that cruel ſentence — Indeed, I can never part with you, indeed I cannot.

The lovers now ſtood both ſilent and trembling, Sophia being unable to withdraw her hand from Jones, and he almoſt as unable to hold it; when the

ſcene,

ſcene, which I believe ſome of my readers will think had laſted long enough, was interrupted by one of ſo different a nature, that we ſhall reſerve the relation of it for a different chapter.

CHAP. IX.

Being of a much more tempeſtuous kind than the former.

BEFORE we proceed with what now happened to our lovers, it may be proper to recount what had paſt in the hall, during their tender interview.

Soon after Jones had left Mr. Weſtern in the manner above-mentioned, his ſiſter came to him; and was preſently informed of all that had paſt between her brother and Sophia, relating to Blifil.

This behaviour in her niece, the good lady conſtrued to be an abſolute breach of the condition, on which ſhe had engaged to keep her love for Mr. Jones a ſecret. She conſidered herſelf, therefore, at full liberty to reveal all ſhe knew to the 'ſquire, which ſhe immediately did in the moſt explicit terms, and without any ceremony or preface.

The idea of a marriage between Jones and his daughter, had never once entered into the 'ſquire's head, either in the warmeſt minutes of his affection towards that young man, or from ſuſpicion, or on

any other occaſion. He did indeed conſider a parity of fortune and circumſtances, to be phyſically as neceſſary an ingredient in marriage, as difference of ſexes, or any other eſſential; and had no more apprehenſion of his daughter's falling in love with a poor man, than with any animal of a different ſpecies.

He became, therefore, like one thunder-ſtruck at his ſiſter's relation. He was, at firſt, incapable of making any anſwer, having been almoſt deprived of his breath by the violence of the ſurpriſe. This, however, ſoon returned, and, as is uſual in other caſes after an intermiſſion, with redoubled force and fury.

The firſt uſe he made of the power of ſpeech, after his recovery from the ſudden effects of his aſtoniſhment, was to diſcharge a round volley of oaths and imprecations. After which he proceeded haſtily to the apartment, where he expected to find the lovers, and murmured, or indeed, rather roared forth intentions of revenge every ſtep he went.

As when two doves, or two wood-pigeons, or as when Strephon and Phyllis (for that comes neareſt to the mark) are retired into ſome pleaſant ſolitary grove, to enjoy the delightful converſation of love; that baſhful boy who cannot ſpeak in public, and is never a good companion to more than two at a time: here while every object is ſerene, ſhould hoarſe thunder burſt ſuddenly through the ſhattered

clouds, and rumbling roll along the ſky, the frightened maid ſtarts from the moſſy bank or verdant turf; the pale livery of death ſucceeds the red regimentals in which love had before dreſt her cheeks; fear ſhakes her whole frame, and her lover ſcarce ſupports her trembling, tottering limbs.

Or, as when the two gentlemen, ſtrangers to the wonderous wit of the place, are cracking a bottle together at ſome inn or tavern at Saliſbury, if the great Dowdy who acts the part of a mad man, as well as ſome of his ſetters-on do that of a fool, ſhould rattle his chains, and dreadfully hum forth the grumbling catch along the gallery; the frighted ſtrangers ſtand aghaſt, ſcared at the horrid ſound, they ſeek ſome place of ſhelter from the approaching danger, and if the well-barred windows did admit their exit, would venture their necks to eſcape the threatening fury now coming upon them.

So trembled poor Sophia, ſo turned ſhe pale at the noiſe of her father, who in a voice moſt dreadful to hear, came on ſwearing, curſing, and vowing the deſtruction of Jones. To ſay the truth, I believe the youth himſelf would, from ſome very prudent conſiderations, have preferred another place of abode at this time, had his terror on Sophia's account given him liberty to reflect a moment on what any otherways concerned himſelf, than as his love made him partake whatever affected her.

And now the 'ſquire having burſt open the door,

beheld an object which instantly suspended all his fury against Jones; this was the ghastly appearance of Sophia, who had fainted away in her lover's arms. This tragical sight Mr. Western no sooner beheld, than all his rage forsook him; he roared for help with his utmost violence; ran first to his daughter, then back to the door, calling for water, and then back again to Sophia, never considering in whose arms she then was, nor perhaps once recollecting that there was such a person in the world as Jones: for, indeed, I believe, the present circumstances of his daughter were now the sole consideration which employed his thoughts.

Mrs. Western and a great number of servants soon came to the assistance of Sophia, with water, cordials, and every thing necessary on those occasions. These were applied with such success, that Sophia in a very few minutes began to recover, and all the symptoms of life to return. Upon which she was presently led off by her own maid and Mrs. Western; nor did that good lady depart without leaving some wholesome admonitions with her brother, on the dreadful effects of his passion, or, as she pleased to call it, madness.

The 'squire, perhaps, did not understand this good advice, as it was delivered in obscure hints, shrugs, and notes of admiration; at least, if he did understand it, he profited very little by it: for no sooner was he cured of his immediate fears for his

daughter, than he relapſed into his former frenzy, which muſt have produced an immediate battle with Jones, had not parſon Supple, who was a very ſtrong man, been preſent, and by mere force reſtrained the 'ſquire from acts of hoſtility.

The moment Sophia was departed, Jones advanced in a very ſuppliant manner to Mr. Weſtern, whom the parſon held in his arms, and begged him to be pacified; for that, while he continued in ſuch a paſſion, it would be impoſſible to give him any ſatisfaction.

I wull have ſatisfaction o'thee, anſwered the 'ſquire, ſo doff thy clothes. At unt half a man, and I'll lick thee as well as waſt ever licked in thy life. He then beſpattered the youth with abundance of that language, which paſſes between country-gentlemen who embrace oppoſite ſides of the queſtion; with frequent applications to him to ſalute that part, which is generally introduced into all controverſies, that ariſe among the lower orders of the Engliſh gentry, at horſe-races, cock-matches, and other public places. Alluſions to this part are likewiſe often made for the ſake of the jeſt. And here, I believe, the wit is generally miſunderſtood. In reality, it lies in deſiring another to kiſs your a—for having juſt before threatened to kick his: for I have obſerved very accurately, that no one ever deſires you to kick that which belongs to himſelf, nor offers to kiſs this part in another.

It may likewiſe ſeem ſurpriſing, that in the many thouſand kind invitations of this ſort, which every one who hath converſed with country-gentlemen, muſt have heard, no one, I believe, hath ever ſeen a ſingle inſtance where the deſire has been complied with. A great inſtance of their want of politeneſs: for in town, nothing can be more common than for the fineſt gentleman to perform this ceremony every day to their ſuperiors, without having that favour once requeſted of them.

To all ſuch wit, Jones very calmly anſwered: Sir, this uſage may, perhaps, cancel every other obligation you have conferred on me; but there is one you can never cancel; nor will I be provoked by your abuſe, to lift my hand againſt the father of Sophia.

At theſe words the 'ſquire grew ſtill more outrageous than before; ſo that the parſon begged Jones to retire, ſaying: You, behold, Sir, how he waxeth wroth at your abode here; therefore, let me pray you not to tarry any longer. His anger is too much kindled for you to commune with him at preſent. You had better, therefore, conclude your viſit, and refer what matters you have to urge in your behalf, to ſome other opportunity.

Jones accepted this advice with thanks, and immediately departed. The 'ſquire now regained the liberty of his hands, and ſo much temper as to expreſs ſome ſatisfaction in the reſtraint which had been laid upon him; declaring, that he ſhould

certainly have beat his brains out; and adding, it would have vexed one confoundedly to have been hanged for ſuch a raſcal.

The parſon now began to triumph in the ſucceſs of his peace-making endeavours, and proceeded to read a lecture againſt anger, which might, perhaps, rather have tended to raiſe than to quiet that paſſion in ſome haſty minds. This lecture he enriched with many valuable quotations from the antients, particularly from Seneca; who hath, indeed, ſo well handled this paſſion, that none but a very angry man can read him without great pleaſure and profit. The doctor concluded his harangue with the famous ſtory of Alexander and Clitus; but as I find that entered in my common place under title drunkenneſs, I ſhall not inſert it here.

The 'ſquire took no notice of this ſtory, nor perhaps of any thing he ſaid: for he interrupted him before he had finiſhed, by calling for a tankard of beer; obſerving (which is, perhaps, as true as any obſervation on this fever of the mind) that anger makes a man dry.

No ſooner had the 'ſquire ſwallowed a large draught, than he renewed the diſcourſe on Jones, and declared a reſolution of going the next morning early to acquaint Mr. Allworthy. His friend would have diſſuaded him from this, from the mere motive of good-nature; but his diſſuaſion had no other effect, than to produce a large volley of oaths and

curſes, which greatly ſhocked the pious ears of Supple; but he did not dare to remonſtrate againſt a privilege, which the 'ſquire claimed as a free-born Engliſhman. To ſay truth, the parſon ſubmitted to pleaſe his palate at the ſquire's table, at the expence of ſuffering now and then this violence to his ears. He contented himſelf with thinking he did not promote this evil practice, and that the 'ſquire would not ſwear an oath the leſs, if he never entered within his gates. However, though he was not guilty of ill manners by rebuking a gentleman in his own houſe, he paid him off obliquely in the pulpit; which had not, indeed, the good effect of working a reformation in the 'ſquire himſelf; yet it ſo far operated on his conſcience, that he put the laws very ſeverely in execution againſt others, and the magiſtrate was the only perſon in the pariſh who could ſwear with impunity.

CHAP. X.

In which Mr. Weſtern viſits Mr. Allworthy.

MR. Allworthy was now retired from breakfaſt with his nephew, well ſatisfied with the report of the young gentleman's ſucceſsful viſit to Sophia, (for he greatly deſired the match, more on account of the young lady's character than of her riches)

when Mr. Weſtern broke abruptly in upon them, and without any ceremony began as follows:

There, you have done a fine piece of work truly. You have brought up your baſtard to a fine purpoſe; not that I believe you have had any hand in it neither, that is, as a man may ſay, deſignedly; but there is a fine kettle of fiſh made on't up at our houſe. What can be the matter, Mr. Weſtern? ſaid Allworthy. O matter enow of all conſcience; my daughter has fallen in love with your baſtard, that's all; but I won't gee her a hapenny, not the twentieth part of a braſs varden. I always thought what would become o' breeding up a baſtard like a gentleman, and letting un come about to volk's houſes. It's well vor un I could not get at un, I'd a lick'd un, I'd a ſpoil'd his caterwauling, I'd a taught the ſon of a whore to meddle with the meat of his maſter. He ſhan't ever have a morſel of meat of mine, or a varden to buy it. If ſhe will ha un, one ſmock ſhall be her portion. I'll ſooner gee my eſteate to the zinking fund, that it may be ſent to Hannover to corrupt our nation with. I am heartily ſorry, cries Allworthy. Pox o' your ſorrow, ſays Weſtern, it will do me abundance of good, when I have loſt my only child, my poor Sophy, that was the joy of my heart, and all the hope and comfort of my age; but I am reſolved I will turn her out o' doors: ſhe ſhall beg and ſtarve, and rot in the ſtreets. Not one hapenny, not a hapenny

ſhall ſhe ha o' mine. The ſon of a bitch was always good at finding a hare ſitting; and be rotted to'n, I little thought what puſs he was looking after; but it ſhall be the worſt he ever vound in his life. She ſhall be no better than carrion; the ſkin o'er is all he ſhall ha, and zu you may tell un. I am in amazement, cries Allworthy, at what you tell me, after what paſſed between my nephew and the young lady no longer ago than yeſterday. Yes, Sir, anſwered Weſtern, it was after what paſſed between your nephew and ſhe that the whole matter came out. Mr. Blifil there was no ſooner gone than the ſon of a whore came lurching about the houſe. Little did I think, when I uſed to love him for a ſportſman, that he was all the while a poaching after my daughter. Why, truly, ſays Allworthy, I could wiſh you had not given him ſo many opportunities with her; and you will do me the juſtice to acknowledge, that I have always been averſe to his ſtaying ſo much at your houſe, though I own I had no ſuſpicion of this kind. Why, Zounds! cries Weſtern, who could have thought it? What the devil had ſhe to do wi'n? He did not come there a courting to her; he came there a hunting with me. But was it poſſible, ſays Allworthy, that you ſhould never diſcern any ſymptoms of love between them, when you have ſeen them ſo often together? Never in my life, as I hope to be ſaved, cries Weſtern. I never ſo

much as zeed him kiſs her in all my life; and ſo far from courting her, he uſed rather to be more ſilent when ſhe was in company than at any other time: and as for the girl, ſhe was always leſs civil to'n than to any young man that came to the houſe. As to that matter, I am not more eaſy to be deceived than another; I would not have you think I am, neighbour. Allworthy could ſcarce refrain laughter at this; but he reſolved to do a violence to himſelf: for he perfectly well knew mankind, and had too much good breeding and good-nature to offend the 'ſquire in his preſent circumſtances. He then aſked Weſtern, what he would have him do upon the occaſion? To which the other anſwered, that he would have him keep the raſcal away from his houſe, and that he would go and lock up the wench; for he was reſolved to make her marry Mr. Blifil in ſpite of her teeth. He then ſhook Blifil by the hand, and ſwore, he would have no other ſon-in-law. Preſently after which he took his leave, ſaying, his houſe was in ſuch diſorder, that it was neceſſary for him to make haſte home, to take care his daughter did not give him the ſlip; and as for Jones, he ſwore, if he caught him at his houſe, he would qualify him to run for the gelding's plate.

When Allworthy and Blifil were again left together, a long ſilence enſued between them; all which interval the young gentleman filled up with

ſighs, which proceeded partly from diſappointment, but more from hatred : for the ſucceſs of Jones was much more grievous to him, than the loſs of Sophia.

At length his uncle aſked him, what he was determined to do ; and he anſwered in the following words : Alas ! Sir, can it be a queſtion what ſtep a lover will take, when reaſon and paſſion point different ways ? I am afraid it is too certain he will, in that dilemma, always follow the latter. Reaſon dictates to me to quit all thoughts of a woman who places her affections on another ; my paſſion bids me hope ſhe may, in time, change her inclinations in my favour. Here, however, I conceive an objection may be raiſed, which, if it could not fully be anſwered, would totally deter me from any farther purſuit. I mean the injuſtice of endeavouring to ſupplant another in a heart, of which he ſeems already in poſſeſſion : but the determined reſolution of Mr. Weſtern ſhews, that in this caſe, I ſhall, by ſo doing, promote the happineſs of every party ; not only that of the parent, who will thus be preſerved from the higheſt degree of miſery, but of both the others, who muſt be undone by this match. The lady, I am ſure, will be undone in every ſenſe ; for, beſides the loſs of moſt part of her own fortune, ſhe will be not only married to a beggar, but the little fortune which her father cannot with-hold

from her, will be ſquandered on that wench, with whom I know he yet converſes. — Nay, that is a trifle: for I know him to be one of the worſt men in the world: for had my dear uncle known what I have hitherto endeavoured to conceal, he muſt have long ſince abandoned ſo profligate a wretch. How! ſaid Allworthy, hath he done any thing worſe than I already know? Tell me, I beſeech you. No, replied Blifil, it is now paſt, and perhaps he may have repented of it. I command you on your duty, ſaid Allworthy, to tell me what you mean. You know, Sir, ſays Blifil, I never diſobeyed you; but I am ſorry I mentioned it, ſince it may now look like revenge; whereas, I thank heaven, no ſuch motive ever entered my heart; and if you oblige me to diſcover it, I muſt be his petitioner to you for forgiveneſs. I will have no conditions, anſwered Allworthy: I think I have ſhewn tenderneſs enough towards him, and more, perhaps, than you ought to thank me for. More, indeed, I fear, than he deſerved, cries Blifil; for in the very day of your utmoſt danger, when myſelf and all the family were in tears, he filled the houſe with riot and debauchery. He drank, and ſung, and roared; and when I gave him a gentle hint of the indecency of his actions, he fell into a violent paſſion, ſwore many oaths, called me a raſcal, and ſtruck me. How! cries Allworthy, did he dare to ſtrike you? I am ſure

cries Blifil, I have forgiven him that long ago. I wiſh I could ſo eaſily forget his ingratitude to the beſt of benefactors; and yet, even that, I hope, you will forgive him, ſince he muſt have certainly been poſſeſſed with the devil: for that very evening, as Mr. Thwackum and myſelf were taking the air in the fields, and exulting in the good ſymptoms which then firſt began to diſcover themſelves, we unluckily ſaw him engaged with a wench in a manner not fit to be mentioned. Mr. Thwackum, with more boldneſs than prudence, advanced to rebuke him, when (I am ſorry to ſay it) he fell upon the worthy man, and beat him ſo outrageouſly, that I wiſh he may have yet recovered the bruiſes. Nor was I without my ſhare of the effects of his malice, while I endeavoured to protect my tutor: but that I have long forgiven; nay, I prevailed with Mr. Thwackum to forgive him too, and not to inform you of a ſecret which I feared might be fatal to him. And now, Sir, ſince I have unadviſedly dropped a hint of this matter, and your commands have obliged me to diſcover the whole, let me intercede with you for him. O child, ſaid Allworthy, I know not whether I ſhould blame or applaud your goodneſs in concealing ſuch villainy a moment: but where is Mr. Thwackum? Not that I want any confirmation of what you ſay; but I will examine all the evidence of this matter, to juſtify to the world the example

I am reſolved to make of ſuch a monſter.

Mr. Thwackum was now ſent for, and preſently appeared. He corroborated every circumſtance which the other had depoſed; nay, he produced the record upon his breaſt, where the hand-writing of Mr. Jones remained very legible in black and blue. He concluded with declaring to Mr. Allworthy, that he ſhould have long ſince informed him of this matter, had not Mr. Blifil, by the moſt earneſt interpoſitions, prevented him. He is, ſays he, an excellent youth; though ſuch forgiveneſs of enemies is carrying the matter too far.

In reality, Blifil had taken ſome pains to prevail with the parſon, and to prevent the diſcovery at that time; for which he had many reaſons. He knew that the minds of men are apt to be ſoftened and relaxed from their uſual ſeverity by ſickneſs. Beſides, he imagined that if the ſtory was told when the fact was ſo recent, and the phyſician about the houſe, who might have unravelled the real truth, he ſhould never be able to give it the malicious turn which he intended. Again, he reſolved to hoard up this buſineſs, till the indiſcretion of Jones ſhould afford ſome additional complaints; for he thought the joint weight of many facts falling upon him together, would be the moſt likely to cruſh him; and he watched therefore ſome ſuch opportunity as that, with which fortune had now kindly preſented him. Laſtly, by prevailing with Mr. Thwackum to

conceal the matter for a time, he knew he ſhould confirm an opinion of his friendſhip to Jones, which he had greatly laboured to eſtabliſh in Mr. Allworthy.

CHAP. XI.

A ſhort chapter; but which contains ſufficient matters to affect the good-natured reader.

IT was Mr. Allworthy's cuſtom never to puniſh any one, not even to turn away a ſervant, in a paſſion. He reſolved, therefore, to delay paſſing ſentence on Jones till the afternoon.

The poor young man attended at dinner, as uſual; but his heart was too much loaded to ſuffer him to eat. His grief too was a good deal aggravated by the unkind looks of Mr. Allworthy; whence he concluded that Weſtern had diſcovered the whole affair between him and Sophia: but as to Mr. Blifil's ſtory, he had not the leaſt apprehenſion; for of much the greater part he was entirely innocent; and for the reſidue, as he had forgiven and forgotten it himſelf, ſo he ſuſpected no remembrance on the other ſide. When dinner was over, and the ſervants departed, Mr. Allworthy began to harangue. He ſet forth, in a long ſpeech, the many iniquities of which Jones had been guilty, particularly thoſe which this day had brought to light;

light; and concluded, by telling him, that unleſs he could clear himſelf of the charge, he was reſolved to baniſh him from his ſight for ever.

Many diſadvantages attended poor Jones in making his defence; nay, indeed, he hardly knew his accuſation: for as Mr. Allworthy, in recounting the drunkenneſs, &c. while he lay ill, out of modeſty, ſunk every thing that related particularly to himſelf, which indeed principally conſtituted the crime, Jones could not deny the charge. His heart was, beſides, almoſt broken already; and his ſpirits were ſo ſunk, that he could ſay nothing for himſelf; but acknowledged the whole, and, like a criminal in deſpair, threw himſelf upon mercy; concluding, that though he muſt own himſelf guilty of many follies and inadvertencies, he hoped he had done nothing to deſerve what would be to him the greateſt puniſhment in the world.

Allworthy anſwered, that he had forgiven him too often already, in compaſſion to his youth, and in hopes of his amendment; that he now found he was an abandoned reprobate, and ſuch as it would be criminal in any one to ſupport and encourage. Nay, ſaid Mr. Allworthy to him, your audacious attempt to ſteal away the young lady, calls upon me to juſtify my own character in puniſhing you. The world, who have already cenſured the regard I have ſhewn for you, may think, with ſome colour at leaſt of juſtice, that I connive at ſo baſe and

barbarous an action: an action of which you muſt have known my abhorrence; and which, had you had any concern for my eaſe and honour, as well as for my friendſhip, you would never have thought of undertaking. Fie upon it, young man! Indeed there is ſcarce any puniſhment equal to your crimes, and I can ſcarce think myſelf juſtifiable in what I am now going to beſtow on you. However, as I have educated you like a child of my own, I will not turn you naked into the world. When you open this paper, therefore, you will find ſomething which may enable you, with induſtry, to get an honeſt livelihood; but if you employ it to worſe purpoſes, I ſhall not think myſelf obliged to ſupply you farther, being reſolved, from this day forward, to converſe no more with you on any account. I cannot avoid ſaying, there is no part of your conduct which I reſent more than your ill treatment of that good young man, (meaning Blifil) who hath behaved with ſo much tenderneſs and honour towards you.

Theſe laſt words were a doſe almoſt too bitter to be ſwallowed. A flood of tears now guſhed from the eyes of Jones, and every faculty of ſpeech and motion ſeemed to have deſerted him. It was ſome time before he was able to obey Allworthy's peremptory commands of departing; which he at length did, having firſt kiſſed his hands with a paſſion difficult to be affected, and as difficult to be deſcribed.

The reader muſt be very weak, if, when he conſiders the light in which Jones then appeared to Mr. Allworthy, he ſhould blame the rigour of his ſentence. And yet all the neighbourhood, either from this weakneſs, or from ſome worſe motive, condemned this juſtice and ſeverity as the higheſt cruelty. Nay, the very perſons who had before cenſured the good man for the kindneſs and tenderneſs ſhewn to a baſtard (his own, according to the general opinion) now cried out as loudly againſt turning his own child out of doors. The women eſpecially were unanimous in taking the part of Jones, and raiſed more ſtories on the occaſion than I have room, in this chapter, to ſet down.

One thing muſt not be omitted, that in their cenſures on this occaſion, none ever mentioned the ſum contained in the paper which Allworthy gave Jones, which was no leſs than five hundred pounds; but all agreed that he was ſent away pennyleſs, and ſome ſaid, naked, from the houſe of his inhuman father.

CHAP. XII.

Containing Love-Letters, &c.

JONES was commanded to leave the houſe immediately, and told, that his clothes and every thing elſe ſhould be ſent to him whitherſoever he ſhould order them.

He accordingly ſet out, and walked above a mile, not regarding, and indeed ſcarce knowing whither he went. At length, a little brook obſtructing his paſſage, he threw himſelf down by the ſide of it; nor could he help muttering, with ſome little indignation: Sure my father will not deny me this place to reſt in.

Here he preſently fell into the moſt violent agonies, tearing his hair from his head, and uſing moſt other actions which generally accompany fits of madneſs, rage, and deſpair.

When he had in this manner vented the firſt emotions of paſſion, he began to come a little to himſelf. His grief now took another turn, and diſcharged itſelf in a gentler way, till he became at laſt cool enough to reaſon with his paſſion, and to conſider what ſteps were proper to be taken in his deplorable condition.

And now the great doubt was, how to act with regard to Sophia. The thoughts of leaving her, almoſt rent his heart aſunder; but the conſideration of reducing her to ruin and beggary, ſtill racked him, if poſſible, more; and if the violent deſire of poſſeſſing her perſon, could have induced him to liſten one moment to this alternative, ſtill he was by no means certain of her reſolution to indulge his wiſhes at ſo high an expence. The reſentment of Mr. Allworthy, and the injury he muſt do to his quiet, argued ſtrongly againſt this latter; and

laſtly, the apparent impoſſibility of his ſucceſs, even if he would ſacrifice all theſe conſiderations to it, came to his aſſiſtance; and thus honour at laſt, backed with deſpair, with tender gratitude to his benefactor, and with real love to his miſtreſs, got the better of burning deſire, and he reſolved rather to quit Sophia, than to purſue her to her ruin.

It is difficult for any who have not felt it, to conceive the glowing warmth which filled his breaſt, on the firſt contemplation of this victory over his paſſion. Pride flattered him ſo agreeably, that his mind perhaps enjoyed perfect happineſs; but this was only momentary. Sophia ſoon returned to his imagination, and allayed the joy of his triumph with no leſs bitter pangs, than a good-natured general muſt feel, when he ſurveys the bleeding heaps, at the price of whoſe blood he hath purchaſed his laurels; for thouſands of tender ideas lay murdered before our conqueror.

Being reſolved, however, to purſue the paths of this giant honour, as the gigantic poet Lee calls it, he determined to write a farewel letter to Sophia; and accordingly proceeded to a houſe not far off, where being furniſhed with proper materials, he wrote as follows.

MADAM,

When you reflect on the ſituation in which I write, I am ſure your good-nature will pardon any inconſiſtency or abſurdity which my letter contains; for every thing here flows from a heart ſo full, that no language can expreſs its dictates.

I have reſolved, Madam, to obey your commands, in flying for ever from your dear, your lovely ſight. Cruel indeed thoſe commands are; but it is a cruelty which proceeds from fortune, not from my Sophia. Fortune hath made it neceſſary, neceſſary to your preſervation, to forget there ever was ſuch a wretch as I am.

Believe me, I would not hint all my ſufferings to you, if I imagined they could poſſibly eſcape your ears. I know the goodneſs and tenderneſs of your heart, and would avoid giving you any of thoſe pains which you always feel for the miſerable. O let nothing, which you ſhall hear of my hard fortune, cauſe a moment's concern! for after the loſs of you, every thing is to me a trifle.

O Sophia! it is hard to leave you; it is harder ſtill to deſire you to forget me; yet the ſincereſt love obliges me to both. Pardon my conceiving that any remembrance of me can give you diſquiet; but if I am ſo glorioufly wretched, ſacrifice me

every way to your relief. Think I never loved you; or think truly how little I deſerve you; and learn to ſcorn me for a preſumption which can never be too ſeverely puniſhed. — I am unable to ſay more. — May guardian angels protect you for ever!

He was now ſearching his pockets for his wax, but found none, nor indeed any thing elſe, therein; for in truth he had, in his frantic diſpoſition, toſſed every thing from him, and among the reſt, his pocket-book, which he had received from Mr. Allworthy, which he had never opened, and which now firſt occurred to his memory.

The houſe ſupplied him with a wafer for his preſent purpoſe, with which having ſealed his letter, he returned haſtily towards the brook ſide, in order to ſearch for the things which he had there loſt. In his way he met his old friend Black George, who heartily condoled with him on his misfortune: for this had already reached his ears, and indeed thoſe of all the neighbourhood.

Jones acquainted the game-keeper with his loſs, and he as readily went back with him to the brook, where they ſearched every tuft of graſs in the meadow, as well where Jones had not been, as where he had been; but all to no purpoſe, for they found nothing: for indeed, though the things were then in the meadow, they omitted to ſearch the

only place where they were depoſited; to wit, in the pockets of the ſaid George: for he had juſt before found them, and being luckily apprized of their value, had very carefully put them up for his own uſe.

The game-keeper having exerted as much diligence in queſt of the loſt goods, as if he had hoped to find them, deſired Mr. Jones to recollect if he had been in no other place; for ſure, ſaid he, if you had loſt them here ſo lately, the things muſt have been here ſtill; for this is a very unlikely place for any one to paſs by; and indeed it was by great accident that he himſelf had paſſed through that field, in order to lay wires for hares, with which he was to ſupply a poulterer at Bath the next morning.

Jones now gave over all hopes of recovering his loſs, and almoſt all thoughts concerning it, and turning to Black George aſked him earneſtly, if he would do him the greateſt favour in the world?

George anſwered with ſome heſitation: Sir, you know you may command me whatever is in my power, and I heartily wiſh it was in my power to do you any ſervice. In fact, the queſtion ſtaggered him; for he had, by ſelling game, amaſſed a pretty good ſum of money in Mr. Weſtern's ſervice, and was afraid that Jones wanted to borrow ſome ſmall matter of him; but he was preſently relieved from his anxiety, by being deſired to convey a letter to Sophia, which with great pleaſure he promiſed to

do. And indeed, I believe there are few favours which he would not have gladly conferred on Mr. Jones; for he bore as much gratitude towards him as he could, and was as honeſt as men who love money better than any other thing in the univerſe, generally are.

Mrs. Honour was agreed by both to be the proper means by which this letter ſhould paſs to Sophia. They then ſeparated; the game-keeper returned home to Mr. Weſtern's, and Jones walked to an alehouſe at half a mile's diſtance, to wait for his meſſenger's return.

George no ſooner came home to his maſter's houſe, than he met with Mrs. Honour; to whom, having firſt ſounded her with a few previous queſtions, he delivered the letter for her miſtreſs, and received at the ſame time another from her for Mr. Jones; which Honour told him ſhe had carried all that day in her boſom, and began to deſpair of finding any means of delivering it.

The game-keeper returned haſtily and joyfully to Jones, who having received Sophia's letter from him, inſtantly withdrew, and eagerly breaking it open, read as follows:

SIR,

It is impoſſible to expreſs what I have felt ſince I ſaw you. Your ſubmitting, on my account, to ſuch

cruel inſults from my father, lays me under an obligation I ſhall ever own. As you know his temper, I beg you will, for my ſake, avoid him. I wiſh I had any comfort to ſend you; but believe this, that nothing but the laſt violence ſhall ever give my hand or heart where you would be ſorry to ſee them beſtowed.

Jones read this letter a hundred times over, and kiſſed it a hundred times as often. His paſſion now brought all tender deſires back into his mind. He repented that he had writ to Sophia in the manner we have ſeen above; but he repented more that he had made uſe of the interval of his meſſenger's abſence to write and diſpatch a letter to Mr. Allworthy, in which he had faithfully promiſed and bound himſelf to quit all thoughts of his love. However, when his cool reflections returned, he plainly perceived that his caſe was neither mended nor altered by Sophia's billet, unleſs to give him ſome little glimpſe of hope, from her conſtancy, of ſome favourable accident hereafter. He, therefore, reſumed his reſolution, and taking leave of Black George, ſet forward to a town about five miles diſtant, whither he had deſired Mr. Allworthy, unleſs he pleaſed to revoke his ſentence, to ſend his things after him.

CHAP. XIII.

The behaviour of Sophia on the preſent occaſion; which none of her ſex will blame, who are capable of behaving in the ſame manner. And the diſcuſſion of a knotty point in the court of conſcience.

SOPHIA had paſſed the laſt twenty four hours in no very deſirable manner. During a large part of them ſhe had been entertained by her aunt, with lectures of prudence, recommending to her the example of the polite world, where love (ſo the good lady ſaid) is at preſent entirely laughed at, and where women conſider matrimony, as men do offices of public truſt, only as the means of making their fortunes, and of advancing themſelves in the world. In commenting on which text, Mrs. Weſtern had diſplayed her eloquence during ſeveral hours.

Theſe ſagacious lectures, though little ſuited either to the taſte or inclination of Sophia, were, however, leſs irkſome to her than her own thoughts, that formed the entertainment of the night, during which ſhe never once cloſed her eyes.

But though ſhe could neither ſleep nor reſt in her bed; yet, having no avocation from it, ſhe was found there by her father at his return from Allworthy's, which was not till paſt ten o'clock in the morning. He went directly up to her apartment, opened the

door, and ſeeing ſhe was not up, — cried: — Oh! you are ſafe then, and I am reſolved to keep you ſo. He then locked the door, and delivered the key to Honour, having firſt given her the ſtricteſt charge, with great promiſes of rewards for her fidelity, and moſt dreadful menaces of puniſhment, in caſe ſhe ſhould betray her truſt.

Honour's orders were not to ſuffer her miſtreſs to come out of her room without the authority of the 'ſquire himſelf, and to admit none to her but him and her aunt; but ſhe was herſelf to attend her with whatever Sophia pleaſed, except only pen, ink, and paper, of which ſhe was forbidden the uſe.

The 'ſquire ordered his daughter to dreſs herſelf and attend him at dinner; which ſhe obeyed; and having ſat the uſual time, was again conducted to her priſon.

In the evening, the gaoler Honour brought her the letter which ſhe received from the game-keeper. Sophia read it very attentively twice or thrice over, and then threw herſelf upon the bed, and burſt into a flood of tears. Mrs. Honour expreſſed great aſtoniſhment at this behaviour in her miſtreſs; nor could ſhe forbear very eagerly begging to know the cauſe of this paſſion. Sophia made her no anſwer for ſome time, and then ſtarting ſuddenly up, caught her maid by the hand, and cried: O Honour! I am undone. Marry forbid! cries Honour. I wiſh the letter had been burnt before I had brought

it to your la'ſhip. I'm ſure I thought it would have comforted your la'ſhip, or I would have ſeen it at the devil before I would have touched it. Honour, ſays Sophia, you are a good girl, and it is in vain to attempt concealing longer my weakneſs from you; I have thrown away my heart on a man who hath forſaken me. And is Mr. Jones, anſwered the maid, ſuch a perfidy man? He hath taken his leave of me, ſays Sophia, for ever, in that letter. Nay, he hath deſired me to forget him. Could he have deſired that, if he had loved me? Could he have borne ſuch a thought? Could he have written ſuch a word? No certainly, Ma'am, cries Honour, and to be ſure, if the beſt man in England was to deſire me to forget him, I'd take him at his word. Marry come up! I am ſure your la'ſhip hath done him too much honour ever to think on him. A young lady who may take her choice of all the young men in the country. — And to be ſure, if I may be ſo preſumptious as to offer my poor opinion, there is young Mr. Blifil, who beſides that he is come of honeſt parents, and will be one of the greateſt 'ſquires all hereabouts, he is to be ſure, in my poor opinion, a more handſomer, and a more politer man by half; and beſides, he is a young gentleman of a ſober character, and who may defy any of the neighbours to ſay black is his eye: he follows no dirty trollops, nor can any baſtards be laid at his door. Forget him, indeed! I thank heaven I myſelf

am not ſo much at my laſt prayers, as to ſuffer any man to bid me forget him twice. If the beſt he that wears a head, was for to go for to offer to ſay ſuch an affronting word to me, I would never give him my company afterwards, if there was another young man in the kingdom. And as I was ſaying, to be ſure, there is young Mr. Blifil — Name not his deteſted name, cries Sophia. Nay, Ma'am, ſays Honour, if your la'ſhip doth not like him, there be more jolly handſome young men that would court your la'ſhip, if they had but the leaſt encouragement. I don't believe there is arrow young gentleman in this county, or in the next to it, that, if your la'ſhip but was to look as if you had a mind to him, would not come about to make his offers directly. What a wretch doſt thou imagine me, cries Sophia, by affronting my ears with ſuch ſtuff? I deteſt all mankind. Nay, to be ſure, Ma'am, anſwered Honour, your la'ſhip hath had enough to give you a ſurfeit of them. To be uſed ill by ſuch a poor beggarly baſtardly fellow! Hold your blaſphemous tongue, cries Sophia, how dare you mention his name with diſreſpect before me? He uſe me ill! No, his poor bleeding heart ſuffered more when he writ the cruel words, than mine from reading them. O! he is all heroic virtue, and angelic goodneſs. I am aſhamed of the weakneſs of my own paſſion, for blaming what I ought to admire. — O Honour! it is my good only which he conſults.

To my intereſt he ſacrifices both himſelf and me. — The apprehenſion of ruining me, hath driven him to deſpair. I am very glad, ſays Honour, to hear your la'ſhip take that into your conſideration: for to be ſure it muſt be nothing leſs than ruin, to give your mind to one that is turned out of doors, and is not worth a farthing in the world. Turned out of doors! cries Sophia haſtily, how! what doſt thou mean? Why, to be ſure, Ma'am, my maſter no ſooner told 'ſquire Allworthy about Mr. Jones having offered to make love to your la'ſhip, than the 'ſquire ſtripped him ſtark-naked, and turned him out of doors. Ha! ſays Sophia, I have been the curſed, wretched cauſe of his deſtruction! — Turn'd naked out of doors! Here, Honour, take all the money I have; take the rings from my fingers. — Here my watch, carry him all. — Go, find him immediately. For heaven's ſake, Ma'am, anſwered Mrs. Honour, do but conſider, if my maſter ſhould miſs any of theſe things, I ſhould be made to anſwer for them. Therefore let me beg your la'ſhip not to part with your watch and jewels. Beſides, the money, I think, is enough of all conſcience; and as for that, my maſter can never know any thing of the matter. Here, then, cries Sophia, take every farthing I am worth, find him out immediately, and give it him. Go, go, loſe not a moment.

Mrs. Honour departed according to orders, and

finding Black George below ſtairs, delivered him the purſe which contained ſixteen guineas, being indeed the whole ſtock of Sophia: for though her father was very liberal to her, ſhe was much too generous herſelf to be rich.

Black George having received the purſe, ſet forward towards the alehouſe; but in the way a thought occurred to him, whether he ſhould not detain this money likewiſe. His conſcience, however, immediately ſtarted at this ſuggeſtion, and began to upbraid him with ingratitude to his benefactor. To this his avarice anſwered, that his conſcience ſhould have conſidered the matter before, when he deprived poor Jones of his 500 l; that having quietly acquieſced in what was of ſo much greater importance, it was abſurd, if not downright hypocriſy, to affect any qualms at this trifle. In return to which, conſcience, like a good lawyer, attempted to diſtinguiſh between an abſolute breach of truſt, as here where the goods were delivered, and a bare concealment of what was found, as in the former caſe. Avarice preſently treated this with ridicule, called it a diſtinction without a difference, and abſolutely inſiſted, that when once all pretenſions of honour and virtue were given up in any one inſtance, that there was no precedent for reſorting to them upon a ſecond occaſion. In ſhort, poor conſcience had certainly been defeated in the argument, had not fear ſtept into her aſſiſtance,

and

and very ſtrenuouſly urged, that the real diſtinction between the two actions did not lie in the different degrees of honour, but of ſafety: for that the ſecreting the 500 l. was a matter of very little hazard; whereas the detaining the ſixteen guineas was liable to the utmoſt danger of diſcovery.

By this friendly aid of fear, conſcience obtained a compleat victory in the mind of Black George, and after making him a few compliments on his honeſty, forced him to deliver the money to Jones.

CHAP. XIV.

A ſhort chapter, containing a ſhort dialogue between 'ſquire Weſtern and his ſiſter.

MRS. Weſtern had been engaged abroad all that day. The 'ſquire met her at her return home; and when ſhe enquired after Sophia, he acquainted her, that he had ſecured her ſafe enough. She is locked up in her chamber, cries he, and Honour keeps the key. As his looks were full of prodigious wiſdom and ſagacity when he gave his ſiſter this information, it is probable he expected much applauſe from her for what he had done; but how was he diſappointed! when with a moſt diſdainful aſpect, ſhe cried: Sure, brother, you are the weakeſt of all men. Why will you not confide in me for the management of my niece? Why will you

interpoſe? You have now undone all that I have been ſpending my breath in order to bring about. While I have been endeavouring to fill her mind with maxims of prudence, you have been provoking her to reject them. Engliſh women, brother, I thank heaven, are no ſlaves. We are not to be locked up like the Spaniſh and Italian wives. We have as good a right to liberty as yourſelves. We are to be convinced by reaſon and perſuaſion only, and not governed by force. I have ſeen the world, brother, and know what arguments to make uſe of; and if your folly had not prevented me, ſhould have prevailed with her to form her conduct by thoſe rules of prudence and diſcretion which I formerly taught her. To be ſure, ſaid the 'ſquire, I am always in the wrong. Brother, anſwered the lady, you are not in the wrong, unleſs when you meddle with matters beyond your knowledge. You muſt agree, that I have ſeen moſt of the world; and happy had it been for my niece, if ſhe had not been taken from under my care. It is by living at home with you that ſhe hath learnt romantic notions of love and nonſenſe. You don't imagine, I hope, cries the 'ſquire, that I have taught her any ſuch things. Your ignorance, brother, returned ſhe, as the great Milton ſays, almoſt ſubdues my patience *. D — n Milton! anſwered

* The reader may perhaps ſubdue his own patience, if he ſearches for this in Milton.

the 'ſquire, if he had the impudence to ſay ſo to my face, I'd lend him a dowſe, thof he was never ſo great a man. Patience! an you come to that, ſiſter, I have more occaſion of patience, to be uſed like an overgrown ſchool-boy, as I am by you. Do you think no one hath any underſtanding, unleſs he hath been about at court? Pox! the world is come to a fine paſs indeed, if we are all fools, except a parcel of round-heads and Hanover rats. Pox! I hope the times are a coming that we ſhall make fools of them, and every man ſhall enjoy his own. That's all, ſiſter, and every man ſhall enjoy his own. I hope to zee it, ſiſter, before the Hanover rats have eat up all our corn, and left us nothing but turneps to feed upon. I proteſt, brother, cries ſhe, you are now got beyond my underſtanding. Your jargon of turneps and Hanover rats, is to me perfectly unintelligible. I believe, cries he, you don't care to hear o'em; but the country-intereſt may ſucceed one day or other for all that. I wiſh, anſwered the lady, you would think a little of your daughter's intereſt: for, believe me, ſhe is in greater danger than the nation. Juſt now, ſaid he, you chid me for thinking on her, and would ha' her left to you. And if you will promiſe to interpoſe no more, anſwered ſhe, I will, out of my regard to my niece, undertake the charge. Well, do then, ſaid the 'ſquire, for you know I always agreed, that women are

the propereſt to manage women.

Mrs. Weſtern then departed, muttering ſomething with an air of diſdain, concerning women and the management of the nation. She immediately repaired to Sophia's apartment, who was now, after a day's confinement, releaſed again from her captivity.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK VII.

Containing three days.

CHAP. I.

A comparison between the world and the stage.

THE world hath often been compared to the theatre; and many grave writers, as well as the poets, have considered human life as a great drama, resembling, in almost every particular, those scenical representations, which Thespis is first reported to have invented, and which have been since received with so much approbation and delight in all polite countries.

This thought hath been carried so far, and is become so general, that some words proper to the theatre, and which were at first metaphorically applied to the world, are now indiscriminately and literally spoken of both: thus stage and scene are

by common uſe grown as familiar to us, when we ſpeak of life in general, as when we confine ourſelves to dramatic performances; and when tranſactions behind the curtain are mentioned, St. James's is more likely to occur to our thoughts than Drury-Lane.

It may ſeem eaſy enough to account for all this, by reflecting that the theatrical ſtage is nothing more than a repreſentation, or, as Ariſtotle calls it, an imitation of what really exiſts; and hence, perhaps, we might fairly pay a very high compliment to thoſe, who by their writings or actions have been ſo capable of imitating life, as to have their pictures in a manner confounded with, or miſtaken for, the originals.

But, in reality, we are not ſo fond of paying compliments to theſe people, whom we uſe as children frequently do the inſtruments of their amuſement; and have much more pleaſure in hiſſing and buffeting them, than in admiring their excellence. There are many other reaſons which have induced us to ſee this analogy between the world and the ſtage.

Some have conſidered the larger part of mankind in the light of actors, as perſonating characters no more their own, and to which, in fact, they have no better title, than the player hath to be in earneſt thought the king or emperor whom he repreſents. Thus the hypocrite may be ſaid to be a player;

and indeed the Greeks called them both by one and the ſame name.

The brevity of life hath likewiſe given occaſion to this compariſon. So the immortal Shakeſpear:

——— Life's a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more.

For which hackneyed quotation, I will make the reader amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe, have read. It is taken from a poem called the DEITY, publiſhed about nine years ago, and long ſince buried in oblivion: a proof that good books no more than good men do always ſurvive the bad.

From thee * all human actions take their ſprings,
The riſe of empires and the fall of kings!
See the VAST THEATRE OF TIME diſplay'd,
While o'er the ſcene ſucceeding heroes tread!
With pomp the ſhining images ſucceed,
What leaders triumph, and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence aſſign'd,
Their pride, their paſſions, to thy ends inclin'd:
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms paſs away;
No traces left of all the buſy ſcene,
But that remembrance ſays — THE THINGS HAVE BEEN!

In all theſe, however, and in every other ſimilitude

* The DEITY.

of life to the theatre, the reſemblance hath been always taken from the ſtage only. None, as I remember, have at all conſidered the audience at this great drama.

But as nature often exhibits ſome of her beſt performances to a very full houſe; ſo will the behaviour of her ſpectators no leſs admit the above-mentioned compariſon than that of her actors. In this vaſt theatre of time are ſeated the friend and the critic; here are claps and ſhouts, hiſſes and groans; in ſhort, every thing which was ever ſeen or heard at the Theatre Royal.

Let us examine this in one example: for inſtance, in the behaviour of the great audience on that ſcene which nature was pleaſed to exhibit in the 12th chapter of the preceding book, where ſhe introduced Black George running away with the 500 l. from his friend and benefactor.

Thoſe who ſat in the world's upper gallery, treated that incident, I am well convinced, with their uſual vociferation; and every term of ſcurrilous reproach was moſt probably vented on that occaſion.

If we had deſcended to the next order of ſpectators, we ſhould have found an equal degree of abhorrence, though leſs of noiſe and ſcurrility; yet here the good women gave Black George to the devil, and many of them expected every minute that the cloven-footed gentleman would fetch his own.

The pit, as uſual, was no doubt divided: thoſe who delight in heroic virtue and perfect character, objected to the producing ſuch inſtances of villainy, without puniſhing them very ſeverely for the ſake of example. Some of the author's friends cry'd: — Lookee, gentlemen, the man is a villain; but it is nature for all that. And all the young critics of the age, the clerks, apprentices, &c. called it low, and fell a groaning.

As for the boxes, they behaved with all their accuſtomed politeneſs. Moſt of them were attending to ſomething elſe. Some of thoſe few who regarded the ſcene at all, declared, he was a bad kind of man; while others refuſed to give their opinion, till they had heard that of the beſt judges.

Now we, who are admitted behind the ſcenes of this great theatre of nature, (and no author ought to write any thing beſides dictionaries and ſpelling-books, who hath not this privilege) can cenſure the action, without conceiving any abſolute deteſtation of the perſon, whom, perhaps, nature may not have deſigned to act an ill part in all her dramas: for in this inſtance, life moſt exactly reſembles the ſtage, ſince it is often the ſame perſon who repreſents the villain and the hero; and he who engages your admiration to-day, will probably attract your contempt to-morrow. As Garrick, whom I regard in tragedy to be the greateſt genius the world hath ever produced, ſometimes condeſcends to play the

fool; ſo did Scipio the Great, and Lælius the Wiſe, according to Horace, many years ago: nay, Cicero reports them to have been incredibly childiſh. — Theſe, it is true, played the fool, like my friend Garrick, in jeſt only: but ſeveral eminent characters have, in numberleſs inſtances of their lives, played the fool egregiouſly in earneſt; ſo far as to render it a matter of ſome doubt, whether their wiſdom or folly was predominant; or whether they were better intitled to the applauſe or cenſure, the admiration or contempt, the love or hatred, of mankind.

Thoſe perſons, indeed, who have paſſed any time behind the ſcenes of this great theatre, and are thoroughly acquainted not only with the ſeveral diſguiſes which are there put on, but alſo with the fantaſtic and capricious behaviour of the paſſions, who are the managers and directors of this theatre, (for as to reaſon the patentee, he is known to be a very idle fellow, and ſeldom to exert himſelf) may moſt probably have learned to underſtand the famous *Nil admirari* of Horace, or in the Engliſh phraſe, to ſtare at nothing.

A ſingle bad act no more conſtitutes a villain in life, than a ſingle bad part on the ſtage. The paſſions, like the managers of a playhouſe, often force men upon parts, without conſulting their judgment, and ſometimes without any regard to their talents. Thus the man, as well as the player,

may condemn what he himſelf acts; nay, it is common to ſee vice ſit as aukwardly on ſome men, as the character of Iago would on the honeſt face of Mr. William Mills.

Upon the whole, then, the man of candour and of true underſtanding is never haſty to condemn. He can cenſure an imperfection, or even a vice, without rage againſt the guilty party. In a word, they are the ſame folly, the ſame childiſhneſs, the ſame ill-breeding, and the ſame ill-nature, which raiſe all the clamours and uproars both in life and on the ſtage. The worſt of men generally have the words rogue and villain moſt in their mouths, as the loweſt of all wretches are the apteſt to cry out low in the pit.

CHAP. II.

Containing a converſation which Mr. Jones had with himſelf.

Jones received his effects from Mr. Allworthy's early in the morning, with the following anſwer to his letter.

Sir,

I am commanded by my uncle to acquaint you, that, as he did not proceed to thoſe meaſures he

had taken with you, without the greateſt deliberation, and after the fulleſt evidence of your unworthineſs, ſo will it be always out of your power to cauſe the leaſt alteration in his reſolution. He expreſſes great ſurpriſe at your preſumption in ſaying, you have reſigned all pretentions to a young lady, to whom it is impoſſible you ſhould ever have had any, her birth and fortune having made her ſo infinitely your ſuperior. Laſtly, I am commanded to tell you, that the only inſtance of your compliance with my uncle's inclinations, which he requires, is, your immediately quitting this country. I cannot conclude this without offering you my advice, as a chriſtian, that you would ſeriouſly think of amending your life: that you may be aſſiſted with grace ſo to do, will be always the prayer of

Your humble ſervant,

W. Blifil.

Many contending paſſions were raiſed in our hero's mind by this letter; but the tender prevailed at laſt over the indignant and iraſcible, and a flood of tears came ſeaſonably to his aſſiſtance, and poſſibly prevented his misfortunes from either turning his head, or burſting his heart.

He grew, however, ſoon aſhamed of indulging this remedy; and ſtarting up, he cried: Well then, I will give Mr. Allworthy the only inſtance he requires of my obedience. I will go this moment

— but whither? — Why let fortune direct; ſince there is no other who thinks it of any conſequence what becomes of this wretched perſon, it ſhall be a matter of equal indifference to myſelf. Shall I alone regard what no other? — Ha! have I not reaſon to think there is another? — One whoſe value is above that of the whole world! — I may, I muſt imagine, my Sophia is not indifferent to what becomes of me. Shall I then leave this only friend? — and ſuch a friend? Shall I not ſtay with her? — Where? how can I ſtay with her? Have I any hopes of ever ſeeing her, though ſhe was as deſirous as myſelf, without expoſing her to the wrath of her father? and to what purpoſe? Can I think of ſoliciting ſuch a creature to conſent to her own ruin? Shall I indulge any paſſion of mine at ſuch a price? — Shall I lurk about this country like a thief, with ſuch intentions? — No, I diſdain, I deteſt the thought. Farewel, Sophia; farewel, moſt lovely, moſt beloved — Here paſſion ſtopt his mouth, and found a vent at his eyes.

And now, having taken a reſolution to leave the country, he began to debate with himſelf whither he ſhould go. The world, as Milton phraſes it, lay all before him; and Jones, no more than Adam, had any man to whom he might reſort for comfort or aſſiſtance. All his acquaintance were the acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy, and he had no reaſon to expect any countenance from them, as that gentleman had

withdrawn his favour from him. Men of great and good characters ſhould indeed be very cautious how they diſcard their dependents; for the conſequence to the unhappy ſufferer is being diſcarded by all others.

What courſe of life to purſue, or to what buſineſs to apply himſelf, was a ſecond conſideration; and here the proſpect was all a melancholy void. Every profeſſion, and every trade, required length of time, and what was worſe, money; for matters are ſo conſtituted, that, Nothing out of nothing, is not a truer maxim in phyſics than in politics; and every man who is greatly deſtitute of money, is on that account entirely excluded from all means of acquiring it.

At laſt the ocean, that hoſpitable friend to the wretched, opened her capacious arms to receive him; and he inſtantly reſolved to accept her kind invitation. To expreſs myſelf leſs figuratively, he determined to go to ſea.

This thought indeed no ſooner ſuggeſted itſelf, than he eagerly embraced it; and having preſently hired horſes, he ſet out for Briſtol to put it in execution.

But before we attend him on this expedition, we ſhall reſort a while to Mr. Weſtern's, and ſee what farther happened to the charming Sophia.

CHAP. III.

Containing ſeveral dialogues.

THE morning in which Mr. Jones departed, Mrs. Weſtern ſummoned Sophia into her apartment, and having firſt acquainted her, that ſhe had obtained her liberty of her father, ſhe proceeded to read her a long lecture on the ſubject of matrimony; which ſhe treated not as a romantic ſcheme of happineſs ariſing from love, as it hath been deſcribed by the poets; nor did ſhe mention any of thoſe purpoſes for which we are taught by divines to regard it as inſtituted by ſacred authority; ſhe conſidered it rather as a fund in which prudent women depoſite their fortunes to the beſt advantage, in order to receive a larger intereſt for them than they could have elſewhere.

When Mrs. Weſtern had finiſhed, Sophia anſwered, that ſhe was very incapable of arguing with a lady of her aunt's ſuperior knowledge and experience, eſpecially on a ſubject which ſhe had ſo very little conſidered, as this of matrimony.

Argue with me, child! replied the other, I do not indeed expect it. I ſhould have ſeen the world to very little purpoſe truly, if I am to argue with one of your years. I have taken this trouble, in order to inſtruct you. The antient philoſophers, ſuch as

Socrates, Alcibiades, and others, did not uſe to argue with their ſcholars. You are to conſider me, dear child, as Socrates, not aſking your opinion, but only informing you of mine. From which laſt words the reader may poſſibly imagine, that this lady had read no more of the philoſophy of Socrates, than ſhe had of that of Alcibiades; and indeed we cannot reſolve his curioſity as to this point.

Madam, cries Sophia, I have never preſumed to controvert any opinion of yours; and this ſubject, as I ſaid, I have never yet thought of, and perhaps never may.

Indeed, Sophy, replied the aunt, this diſſimulation with me is very fooliſh. The French ſhall as ſoon perſuade me, that they take foreign towns in defence only of their own country, as you can impoſe on me to believe you have never yet thought ſeriouſly of matrimony. How can you, child, affect to deny that you have conſidered of contracting an alliance, when you ſo well know I am acquainted with the party with whom you deſire to contract it? An alliance as unnatural and contrary to your intereſt, as a ſeparate league with the French would be to the intereſt of the Dutch! But, however, if you have not hitherto conſidered of this matter, I promiſe you it is now high time; for my brother is reſolved immediately to conclude the treaty with Mr. Blifil; and indeed I am a ſort of guarantee in the affair, and have promiſed your concurrence.

Indeed,

Indeed, Madam, cries Sophia, this is the only inſtance in which I muſt diſobey both yourſelf and my father. For this is a match which requires very little conſideration in me to refuſe.

If I was not as great a philoſopher as Socrates himſelf, returned Mrs. Weſtern, you would overcome my patience. What objection can you have to the young gentleman?

A very ſolid objection, in my opinion, ſays Sophia. — I hate him.

Will you never learn a proper uſe of words? anſwered the aunt. Indeed, child, you ſhould conſult Bailey's Dictionary. It is impoſſible you ſhould hate a man from whom you have received no injury. By hatred, therefore, you mean no more than diſlike, which is no ſufficient objection againſt your marrying of him. I have known many couples, who have entirely diſliked each other, lead very comfortable, genteel lives. Believe me, child, I know theſe things better than you. You will allow me, I think, to have ſeen the world, in which I have not an acquaintance who would not rather be thought to diſlike her huſband, than to like him. The contrary is ſuch out of faſhion romantic nonſenſe, that the very imagination of it is ſhocking.

Indeed, Madam, replied Sophia, I ſhall never marry a man I diſlike. If I promiſe my father never to conſent to any marriage contrary to his inclinations, I think I may hope he will never

force me into that ſtate contrary to my own.

Inclinations! cries the aunt, with ſome warmth. Inclinations! I am aſtoniſhed at your aſſurance. A young woman of your age, and unmarried, to talk of inclinations! But whatever your inclinations may be, my brother is reſolved; nay, ſince you talk of inclinations, I ſhall adviſe him to haſten the treaty. Inclinations!

Sophia then flung herſelf upon her knees, and tears began to trickle from her ſhining eyes. She entreated her aunt to have mercy upon her, and not to reſent ſo cruelly her unwillingneſs to make herſelf miſerable; often urging, that ſhe alone was concerned, and that her happineſs only was at ſtake.

As a bailiff, when well authoriſed by his writ, having poſſeſſed himſelf of the perſon of ſome unhappy debtor, views all his tears without concern: in vain the wretched captive attempts to raiſe compaſſion; in vain the tender wife bereft of her companion, the little prattling boy, or frighted girl, are mentioned as inducements to reluctance. The noble bumtrap, blind and deaf to every circumſtance of diſtreſs, greatly ſoars above all the motives to humanity, and into the hands of the gaoler reſolves to deliver his miſerable prey.

Not leſs blind to the tears, or leſs deaf to every entreaty of Sophia, was the politic aunt, nor leſs determined was ſhe to deliver over the trembling maid into the arms of the gaoler Blifil. She anſwered

with great impetuoſity: So far, Madam, from your being concerned alone, your concern is the leaſt, or ſurely the leaſt important. It is the honour of your family which is concerned in this alliance; you are only the inſtrument. Do you conceive, Miſtreſs, that in an intermarriage between kingdoms, as when a daughter of France is married into Spain, the princeſs herſelf is alone conſidered in the match? No, it is a match between two kingdoms, rather than between two perſons. The ſame happens in great families, ſuch as ours. The alliance between the families is the principal matter. You ought to have a greater regard for the honour of your family, than for your own perſon; and if the example of a princeſs cannot inſpire you with theſe noble thoughts, you cannot ſurely complain at being uſed no worſe than all princeſſes are uſed.

I hope, Madam, cries Sophia, with a little elevation of voice, I ſhall never do any thing to diſhonour my family; but as for Mr. Blifil, whatever may be the conſequence, I am reſolved againſt him, and no force ſhall prevail in his favour.

Weſtern, who had been within hearing during the greater part of the preceding dialogue, had now exhauſted all his patience; he therefore entered the room in a violent paſſion, crying: D—n me then if ſhatunt ha'n, d—n me if ſhatunt, that's all — that's all — d—n me if ſhatunt.

Mrs. Weſtern had collected a ſufficient quantity

of wrath for the uſe of Sophia; but ſhe now transferred it all to the 'ſquire. Brother, ſaid ſhe, it is aſtoniſhing that you will interfere in a matter which you had totally left to my negotiation. Regard to my family hath made me take upon myſelf to be the mediating power, in order to rectify thoſe miſtakes in policy which you have committed in your daughter's education. For, brother, it is you, it is your prepoſterous conduct which hath eradicated all the ſeeds that I had formerly ſown in her tender mind. — It is you yourſelf who have taught her diſobedience. — Blood! cries the 'ſquire, foaming at the mouth, you are enough to conquer the patience of the devil! Have I ever taught my daughter diſobedience? — Here ſhe ſtands; ſpeak honeſtly, girl, did ever I bid you be diſobedient to me? Have not I done every thing to humour, and to gratify you, and to make you obedient to me? And very obedient to me ſhe was when a little child, before you took her in hand, and ſpoiled her, by filling her head with a pack of court-notions. — Why, — why, — why, — did I not over-hear you telling her ſhe muſt behave like a princeſs? You have made a Whig of the girl; and how ſhould her father, or any body elſe, expect any obedience from her? Brother, anſwered Mrs. Weſtern, with an air of great diſdain, I cannot expreſs the contempt I have for your politics of all kinds; but I will appeal likewiſe to the young lady herſelf, whether I have

ever taught her any principles of diſobedience. On the contrary, niece, have I not endeavoured to inſpire you with a true idea of the ſeveral relations in which a human creature ſtands in ſociety? Have I not taken infinite pains to ſhew you, that the law of nature hath enjoined a duty on children to their parents? Have I not told you what Plato ſays on that ſubject? A ſubject on which you was ſo notoriouſly ignorant, when you came firſt under my care, that I verily believe you did not know the relation between a daughter and a father. 'Tis a lie, anſwered Weſtern. The girl is no ſuch a fool, as to live to eleven years old, without knowing that ſhe was her father's relation. O more than Gothic ignorance! anſwered the lady. — And as for your manners, brother, I muſt tell you, they deſerve a cane. Why then you may gi'it me, if you think you are able, cries the 'ſquire; nay, I ſuppoſe your niece there will be ready enough to help you. Brother, ſaid Mrs. Weſtern, though I deſpiſe you beyond expreſſion, yet I ſhall endure your inſolence no longer; ſo I deſire my coach may be got ready immediately, for I am reſolved to leave your houſe this very morning. And a good riddance too, anſwered he; I can bear your inſolence no longer, an you come to that. Blood! it is almoſt enough of itſelf, to make my daughter undervalue my ſenſe, when ſhe hears you tell me every minute you deſpiſe me. It is impoſſible, it is impoſſible, cries the aunt, no one can undervalue

ſuch a boor. Boar! anſwered the 'ſquire, I am no boar; no, nor aſs; no, nor rat neither, Madam. Remember that — I am no rat. I am a true Engliſhman, and not of your Hanover breed, that have eat up the nation. Thou art one of thoſe wiſe men, cries ſhe, whoſe nonſenſical principles have undone the nation; by weakening the hands of our government at home, and by diſcouraging our friends, and by encouraging our enemies abroad. Ho! are you come back to your politics? cries the 'ſquire; as for thoſe I deſpiſe them as much as I do a f—t. Which laſt word he accompanied and graced with the very action, which, of all others, was the moſt proper to it. And whether it was this word, or the contempt expreſt for her politics, which moſt affected Mrs. Weſtern, I will not determine; but ſhe flew into the moſt violent rage, uttered phraſes improper to be here related, and inſtantly burſt out of the houſe. Nor did her brother or her niece think proper either to ſtop or to follow her: for the one was ſo much poſſeſſed by concern, and the other by anger, that they were rendered almoſt motionleſs.

The 'ſquire, however, ſent after his ſiſter the ſame holla which attends the departure of a hare, when ſhe is firſt ſtarted before the hounds. He was indeed a great maſter of this kind of vociferation, and had a holla proper for moſt occaſions in life.

Women who, like Mrs. Weſtern, know the world,

and have applied themſelves to philoſophy and politics, would have immediately availed themſelves of the preſent diſpoſition of Mr. Weſtern's mind; by throwing in a few artful compliments to his underſtanding at the expence of his abſent adverſary; but poor Sophia was all ſimplicity. By which word we do not intend to inſinuate to the reader, that ſhe was ſilly, which is generally underſtood as a ſynonimous term with ſimple: for ſhe was indeed a moſt ſenſible girl, and her underſtanding was of the firſt rate; but ſhe wanted all that uſeful art which females convert to ſo many good purpoſes in life, and which, as it rather ariſes from the heart than from the head, is often the property of the ſillieſt of women.

CHAP. IV.

A picture of a country-gentlewoman taken from the life.

MR. Weſtern having finiſhed his holla, and taken a little breath, began to lament, in very pathetic terms, the unfortunate condition of men, who are, ſays he, always whipt in by the humours of ſome d——n'd b——or other. I think I was hard run enough by your mother for one man; but after giving her a dodge, here's another b—— follows me upon the foil; but curſe my jacket if I will be run down in this manner by any o'um.

Sophia never had a ſingle diſpute with her father, till this unlucky affair of Blifil, on any account, except in defence of her mother, whom ſhe had loved moſt tenderly, though ſhe loſt her in the eleventh year of her age. The 'ſquire, to whom that poor woman had been a faithful upper ſervant all the time of their marriage, had returned that behaviour, by making what the world calls a good huſband. He very ſeldom ſwore at her (perhaps not above once a week) and never beat her: ſhe had not the leaſt occaſion for jealouſy, and was perfect miſtreſs of her time; for ſhe was never interrupted by her huſband, who was engaged all the morning in his field-exerciſes, and all the evening with bottle companions. She ſcarce indeed ever ſaw him but at meals; where ſhe had the pleaſure of carving thoſe diſhes which ſhe had before attended at the dreſſing. From theſe meals ſhe retired about five minutes after the other ſervants, having only ſtayed to drink the king over the water. Such were, it ſeems, Mr. Weſtern's orders: for it was a maxim with him, that women ſhould come in with the firſt diſh, and go out after the firſt glaſs. Obedience to theſe orders was perhaps no difficult taſk: for the converſation (if it may be ſo called) was ſeldom ſuch as could entertain a lady. It conſiſted chiefly of hallooing, ſinging, relations of ſporting adventures, b—d—y, and abuſe of women, and of the government.

Theſe, however, were the only ſeaſons when Mr. Weſtern ſaw his wife: for when he repaired to her bed, he was generally ſo drunk that he could not ſee; and in the ſporting ſeaſon he always roſe from her before it was light. Thus was ſhe perfect miſtreſs of her time; and had beſides a coach and four uſually at her command; though unhappily indeed the badneſs of the neighbourhood, and of the roads, made this of little uſe: for none who had ſet much value on their necks, would have paſſed through the one, or who had ſet any value on their hours, would have viſited the other. Now to deal honeſtly with the reader, ſhe did not make all the return expected to ſo much indulgence; for ſhe had been married againſt her will, by a fond father, the match having been rather advantageous on her ſide: for the 'ſquire's eſtate was upwards of 3000 l. a year, and her fortune no more than a bare 8000 l. Hence perhaps ſhe had contracted a little gloomineſs of temper: for ſhe was rather a good ſervant than a good wife; nor had ſhe always the gratitude to return the extraordinary degree of roaring mirth, with which the 'ſquire received her, even with a good-humoured ſmile. She would, moreover, ſometimes interfere with matters which did not concern her, as the violent drinking of her huſband, which in the gentleſt terms ſhe would take ſome of the few opportunities he gave her, of remonſtrating againſt. And once in her life ſhe very earneſtly entreated him to carry her

for two months to London, which he peremptorily denied; nay, was angry with his wife for the requeſt ever after, being well aſſured, that all the huſbands in London are cuckolds.

For this laſt, and many other good reaſons, Weſtern at length heartily hated his wife; and as he never concealed this hatred before her death, ſo he never forgot it afterwards; but when any thing in the leaſt ſoured him, as a bad ſcenting day, or a diſtemper among his hounds, or any other ſuch misfortune, he conſtantly vented his ſpleen by invectives againſt the deceaſed; ſaying: If my wife was alive now, ſhe would be glad of this.

Theſe invectives he was eſpecially deſirous of throwing forth before Sophia: for as he loved her more than he did any other, ſo he was really jealous that ſhe had loved her mother better than him. And this jealouſy Sophia ſeldom failed of heightening on theſe occaſions: for he was not contented with violating her ears with the abuſe of her mother; but endeavoured to force an explicit approbation of all this abuſe, with which deſire he never could prevail upon her by any promiſe or threats to comply.

Hence ſome of my readers will, perhaps, wonder that the 'ſquire had not hated Sophia as much as he had hated her mother: but I muſt inform them, that hatred is not the effect of love, even through the medium of jealouſy. It is, indeed, very poſſible for jealous perſons to kill the objects of their jealouſy,

but not to hate them. Which ſentiment being a pretty hard morſel, and bearing ſomething of the air of a paradox, we ſhall leave the reader to chew the cud upon it to the end of the chapter.

CHAP. V.

The generous behaviour of Sophia towards her aunt.

SOPHIA kept ſilence during the foregoing ſpeech of her father, nor did ſhe once anſwer otherwiſe than with a ſigh; but as he underſtood none of the language, or, as he called it, lingo, of the eyes, ſo he was not ſatisfied without ſome further approbation of his ſentiments; which he now demanded of his daughter; telling her, in the uſual way, he expected ſhe was ready to take the part of every body againſt him, as ſhe had always done that of the b— her mother. Sophia remaining ſtill ſilent, he cried out: What art dumb? Why doſt unt ſpeak? Was not thy mother a d—d b— to me? Anſwer me that. What, I ſuppoſe, you deſpiſe your father too, and don't think him good enough to ſpeak to?

For heaven's ſake, Sir, anſwered Sophia, do not give ſo cruel a turn to my ſilence. I am ſure I would ſooner die than be guilty of any diſreſpect towards you; but how can I venture to ſpeak, when every word muſt either offend my dear papa, or convict me of the blackeſt ingratitude as well as impiety to

the memory of the beſt of mothers? For ſuch, I am certain, my mamma was always to me.

And your aunt, I ſuppoſe, is the beſt of ſiſters too! replied the 'ſquire. Will you be ſo kind as to allow that ſhe is a b——? I may fairly inſiſt upon that, I think.

Indeed, Sir, ſays Sophia, I have great obligations to my aunt. She hath been a ſecond mother to me.

And a ſecond wife to me too, returned Weſtern; ſo you will take her part too! you won't confeſs that ſhe hath acted the part of the vileſt ſiſter in the world?

Upon my word, Sir, cries Sophia, I muſt belie my heart wickedly if I did. I know my aunt and you differ very much in your ways of thinking; but I have heard her a thouſand times expreſs the greateſt affection for you; and I am convinced, ſo far from her being the worſt ſiſter in the world, there are very few who love a brother better.

The Engliſh of all which is, anſwered the 'ſquire, that I am in the wrong. Ay, certainly. Ay, to be ſure, the woman is in the right, and the man in the wrong always.

Pardon me, Sir, cries Sophia, I do not ſay ſo.

What don't you ſay? anſwered the father. You have the impudence to ſay ſhe's in the right; doth it not follow then of courſe that I am in the wrong? And perhaps I am in the wrong to ſuffer ſuch a preſbyterian Hanoverian b— to come into my

houſe. She may 'dite me of a plot for any thing I know, and give my eſteate to the government.

So far, Sir, from injuring you or your eſtate, ſays Sophia, if my aunt had died yeſterday, I am convinced ſhe would have left you her whole fortune.

Whether Sophia intended it or no, I ſhall not preſume to aſſert; but certain it is, theſe laſt words penetrated very deep into the ears of her father, and produced a much more ſenſible effect than all ſhe had ſaid before. He received the ſound with much the ſame action, as a man receives a bullet in his head. He ſtarted, ſtaggered, and turned pale. After which he remained ſilent above a minute, and then began in the following heſitating manner: Yeſterday! ſhe would have left me her eſteate yeſterday! would ſhe? Why yeſterday of all the days in the year? I ſuppoſe if ſhe dies to-morrow, ſhe will leave it to ſomebody elſe, and perhaps out of the vamily. My aunt, Sir, cries Sophia, hath very violent paſſions, and I can't anſwer what ſhe may do under their influence.

You can't! returned the father, and pray who hath been the occaſion of putting her into thoſe violent paſſions? Nay, who hath actually put her into them? Was not you and ſhe hard at it before I came into the room? Beſides, was not all our quarrel about you? I have not quarrelled with ſiſter this many years but upon your account; and now you would throw the whole blame upon me, as thof I ſhould

be the occaſion of her leaving the eſteate out o' the vamily. I could have expected no better, indeed, this is like the return you make to all the reſt of my fondneſs.

I beſeech you then, cries Sophia, upon my knees I beſeech you, if I have been the unhappy occaſion of this difference, that you will endeavour to make it up with my aunt, and not ſuffer her to leave your houſe in this violent rage of anger: ſhe is a very good-natured woman, and a few civil words will ſatisfy her — Let me entreat you, Sir.

So I muſt go and aſk pardon for your fault, muſt I? anſwered Weſtern. You have loſt the hare, and I muſt draw every way to find her again? Indeed, if I was certain — Here he ſtopt, and Sophia throwing in more entreaties, at length prevailed upon him; ſo that after venting two or three bitter ſarcaſtical expreſſions againſt his daughter, he departed as faſt as he could to recover his ſiſter, before her equipage could be gotten ready.

Sophia then returned to her chamber of mourning, where ſhe indulged herſelf (if the phraſe may be allowed me) in all the luxury of tender grief. She read over more than once the letter which ſhe had received from Jones; her muff too was uſed on this occaſion; and ſhe bathed both theſe, as well as herſelf, with her tears. In this ſituation, the friendly Mrs. Honour exerted her utmoſt abilities to comfort her afflicted miſtreſs. She ran over the names of

many young gentlemen; and having greatly commended their parts and perſons, aſſured Sophia, that ſhe might take her choice of any. Theſe methods muſt have certainly been uſed with ſome ſucceſs in diſorders of the like kind, or ſo ſkilful a practitioner as Mrs. Honour would never have ventured to apply them; nay, I have heard that the college of chamber-maids hold them to be as ſovereign remedies as any in the female diſpenſary; but whether it was that Sophia's diſeaſe differed, inwardly, from thoſe caſes with which it agreed in external ſymptoms, I will not aſſert; but, in fact, the good waiting-woman did more harm than good, and at laſt ſo incenſed her miſtreſs (which was no eaſy matter) that with an angry voice ſhe diſmiſſed her from her preſence.

CHAP. VI.

Containing great variety of matter.

THE 'ſquire overtook his ſiſter juſt as ſhe was ſtepping into the coach, and partly by force and partly by ſolicitations, prevailed upon her to order her horſes back into their quarters. He ſucceeded in this attempt without much difficulty: for the lady was, as we have already hinted, of a moſt placable diſpoſition, and greatly loved her brother, though ſhe deſpiſed his parts, or rather his little knowledge of the world.

Poor Sophia, who had firſt ſet on foot this reconciliation, was now made the ſacrifice to it. They both concurred in their cenſures on her conduct; jointly declared war againſt her; and directly proceeded to counſel, how to carry it on in the moſt vigorous manner. For this purpoſe, Mrs. Weſtern propoſed not only an immediate concluſion of the treaty with Allworthy; but as immediately to carry it into execution; ſaying, that there was no other way to ſucceed with her niece but by violent methods, which ſhe was convinced Sophia had not ſufficient reſolution to reſiſt. By violent, ſays ſhe, I mean rather, haſty meaſures: for as to confinement or abſolute force, no ſuch things muſt or can be attempted. Our plan muſt be concerted for a ſurpriſe, and not for a ſtorm.

Theſe matters were reſolved on, when Mr. Blifil came to pay a viſit to his miſtreſs. The 'ſquire no ſooner heard of his arrival, than he ſtept aſide, by his ſiſter's advice, to give his daughter orders for the proper reception of her lover; which he did with the moſt bitter execrations and denunciations of judgment on her refuſal.

The impetuoſity of the 'ſquire bore down all before him; and Sophia, as her aunt very wiſely foreſaw, was not able to reſiſt him. She agreed, therefore, to ſee Blifil, though ſhe had ſcarce ſpirits or ſtrength ſufficient to utter her aſſent. Indeed, to give a peremptory denial to a father whom ſhe ſo tenderly

tenderly loved, was no eaſy taſk. Had this circumſtance been out of the caſe, much leſs reſolution than what ſhe was really miſtreſs of, would, perhaps, have ſerved her; but it is no unuſual thing to aſcribe thoſe actions entirely to fear, which are in a great meaſure produced by love.

In purſuance, therefore, of her father's peremptory command, Sophia now admitted Mr. Blifil's viſit. Scenes, like this, when painted at large, afford, as we have obſerved, very little entertainment to the reader. Here, therefore, we ſhall ſtrictly adhere to a rule of Horace; by which writers are directed to paſs over all thoſe matters, which they deſpair of placing in a ſhining light. A rule, we conceive, of excellent uſe as well to the hiſtorian as to the poet: and which, if followed, muſt, at leaſt, have this good effect, that many a great evil (for ſo all great books are called) would thus be reduced to a ſmall one.

It is poſſible the great art uſed by Blifil at this interview, would have prevailed on Sophia to have made another man in his circumſtances her confident, and to have revealed the whole ſecret of her heart to him; but ſhe had contracted ſo ill an opinion of this young gentleman, that ſhe was reſolved to place no confidence in him: for ſimplicity, when ſet on its guard, is often a match for cunning. Her behaviour to him, therefore, was entirely forced, and indeed ſuch as is generally preſcribed to virgins upon the

ſecond formal viſit from one who is appointed for their huſband.

But though Blifil declared himſelf to the 'ſquire perfectly ſatisfied with his reception; yet that gentleman, who in company with his ſiſter had overheard all, was not ſo well pleaſed. He reſolved, in purſuance of the advice of the ſage lady, to puſh matters as forward as poſſible; and addreſſing himſelf to his intended ſon-in-law in the hunting phraſe, he cry'd, after a loud holla: Follow her, boy, follow her; run in, run in, that's it, honeys. Dead, dead, dead. — Never be baſhful, nor ſtand ſhall I, ſhall I? — Allworthy and I can finiſh all matters between us this afternoon, and let us ha' the wedding to-morrow.

Blifil having conveyed the utmoſt ſatisfaction into his countenance, anſwered: As there is nothing, Sir, in this world, which I ſo eagerly deſire as an alliance with your family, except my union with the moſt amiable and deſerving Sophia, you may eaſily imagine how impatient I muſt be to ſee myſelf in poſſeſſion of my two higheſt wiſhes. If I have not therefore importuned you on this head, you will impute it only to my fear of offending the lady, by endeavouring to hurry on ſo bleſſed an event, faſter than a ſtrict compliance with all the rules of decency and decorum will permit. But if, by your intereſt, Sir, ſhe might be induced to diſpenſe with any formalities —

Formalities? with a pox! anſwered the 'ſquire, Pooh! all ſtuff and nonſenſe. I tell thee, ſhe ſhall ha' thee to-morrow; you will know the world better hereafter, when you come to my age. Women never gee their conſent, man, if they can help it, 'tis not the faſhion. If I had ſtaid for her mother's conſent, I might have been a batchelor to this day. — To her, to her, co to her, that's it, you jolly dog. I tell thee ſhat ha' her to-morrow morning.

Blifil ſuffered himſelf to be overpowered by the forcible rhetoric of the 'ſquire; and it being agreed that Weſtern ſhould cloſe with Allworthy that very afternoon, the lover departed home, having firſt earneſtly begged, that no violence might be offered to the lady by this haſte, in the ſame manner as a popiſh inquiſitor begs the lay-power to do no violence to the heretic, delivered over to it, and againſt whom the church hath paſſed ſentence.

And to ſay truth, Blifil had paſſed ſentence againſt Sophia; for however pleaſed he had declared himſelf to Weſtern, with his reception, he was by no means ſatisfied, unleſs it was that he was ſatisfied of the hatred and ſcorn of his miſtreſs; and this had produced no leſs reciprocal hatred and ſcorn in him. It may, perhaps, be aſked, why then did he not put an immediate end to all further courtſhip? I anſwer, for that very reaſon, as well as for ſeveral others equally good, which we ſhall now proceed to open to the reader.

Though Mr. Blifil was not of the complexion.

of Jones, nor ready to eat every woman he ſaw; yet he was far from being deſtitute of that appetite which is ſaid to be the common property of all animals. With this, he had likewiſe that diſtinguiſhing taſte, which ſerves to direct men in their choice of the object, or food of their ſeveral appetites; and this taught him to conſider Sophia as a moſt delicious morſel, indeed to regard her with the ſame deſires which an ortolan inſpires into the ſoul of an epicure. Now the agonies which affected the mind of Sophia rather augmented than impaired her beauty; for her tears added brightneſs to her eyes, and her breaſts roſe higher with her ſighs. Indeed, no one hath ſeen beauty in its higheſt luſtre, who hath never ſeen it in diſtreſs. Blifil therefore looked on this human ortolan with greater deſire than when he viewed her laſt; nor was his deſire at all leſſened by the averſion which he diſcovered in her to himſelf. On the contrary, this ſerved rather to heighten the pleaſure he propoſed in rifling her charms, as it added triumph to luſt; nay, he had ſome further views, from obtaining the abſolute poſſeſſion of her perſon, which we deteſt too much even to mention; and revenge itſelf was not without its ſhare in the gratifications which he promiſed himſelf. The rivalling poor Jones, and ſupplanting him in her affections, added another ſpur to his purſuit, and promiſed another additional rapture to his enjoyment.

Beſides all theſe views, which to ſome ſcrupulous perſons may ſeem to ſavour too much of malevolence, he had one prospect, which few readers will regard with any great abhorrence. And this was the eſtate of Mr. Weſtern; which was all to be ſettled on his daughter and her iſſue; for ſo extravagant was the affection of that fond parent, that provided his child would but conſent to be miſerable with the huſband he choſe, he cared not at what price he purchaſed him.

For theſe reaſons Mr. Blifil was ſo deſirous of the match, that he intended to deceive Sophia, by pretending love to her; and to deceive her father and his own uncle, by pretending he was beloved by her. In doing this, he availed himſelf of the piety of Thwackum, who held, that if the end propoſed was religious (as ſurely matrimony is) it mattered not how wicked were the means. As, to other occaſions, he uſed to apply the philoſophy of Square, which taught, that the end was immaterial, ſo that the means were fair and conſiſtent with moral rectitude. To ſay truth, there were few occurrences in life on which he could not draw advantage from the precepts of one or other of thoſe great maſters.

Little deceit was indeed neceſſary to be practiſed on Mr. Weſtern; who thought the inclinations of his daughter of as little conſequence, as Blifil himſelf conceived them to be; but as the ſentiments of

Mr. Allworthy were of a very different kind, ſo it was abſolutely neceſſary to impoſe on him. In this, however, Blifil was ſo well aſſiſted by Weſtern, that he ſucceeded without difficulty: for as Mr. Allworthy had been aſſured by her father, that Sophia had a proper affection for Blifil, and that all which he had ſuſpected concerning Jones, was entirely falſe, Blifil had nothing more to do, than to confirm theſe aſſertions; which he did with ſuch equivocations, that he preſerved a ſalvo for his conſcience; and had the ſatisfaction of conveying a lie to his uncle, without the guilt of telling one. When he was examined touching the inclinations of Sophia, by Allworthy, who ſaid, he would, on no account, be acceſſary to forcing a young lady into a marriage contrary to her own will; he anſwered, that the real ſentiments of young ladies were very difficult to be underſtood; that her behaviour to him was full as forward as he wiſhed it, and that if he could believe her father, ſhe had all the affection for him which any lover could deſire. As for Mr. Jones, ſaid he, whom I am loath to call villain, though his behaviour to you, Sir, ſufficiently juſtifies the appellation, his own vanity, or, perhaps, ſome wicked views, might make him boaſt of a falſhood; for if there had been any reality in Miſs Weſtern's love to him, the greatneſs of her fortune would never have ſuffered him to deſert her, as you are well informed he hath. Laſtly, Sir, I promiſe you I

would not myſelf, for any conſideration, no, not for the whole world, conſent to marry this young lady, if I was not perſuaded ſhe had all the paſſion for me which I deſire ſhe ſhould have.

This excellent method of conveying a falſhood with the heart only, without making the tongue guilty of an untruth, by the means of equivocation and impoſture, hath quieted the conſcience of many a notable deceiver; and yet when we conſider that it is Omniſcience on which theſe endeavour to impoſe, it may poſſibly ſeem capable of affording only a very ſuperficial comfort; and that this artful and refined diſtinction between communicating a lie, and telling one, is hardly worth the pains it coſts them.

Allworthy was pretty well ſatisfied with what Mr. Weſtern and Mr. Blifil told him; and the treaty was now, at the end of two days, concluded. Nothing then remained previous to the office of the prieſt, but the office of the lawyers, which threatened to take up ſo much time, that Weſtern offered to bind himſelf by all manner of covenants, rather than defer the happineſs of the young couple. Indeed he was ſo very earneſt and preſſing, that an indifferent perſon might have concluded he was more a principal in this match than he really was: but this eagerneſs was natural to him on all occaſions; and he conducted every ſcheme he undertook in ſuch a manner, as if the ſucceſs of that alone was ſufficient

to conſtitute the whole happineſs of his life.

The joint importunities of both father and ſon-in-law, would very probably have prevailed on Mr. Allworthy, who brooked but ill any delay of giving happineſs to others, had not Sophia herſelf prevented it, and taken meaſures to put a final end to the whole treaty, and to rob both church and law of thoſe taxes which theſe wiſe bodies have thought proper to receive from the propagation of the human ſpecies in a lawful manner. Of which in this next chapter.

CHAP. VII.

A ſtrange reſolution of Sophia, and a more ſtrange ſtratagem of Mrs. Honour.

THOUGH Mrs. Honour was principally attached to her own intereſt, ſhe was not without ſome little attachment to Sophia. To ſay truth, it was very difficult for any one to know that young lady without loving her. She no ſooner, therefore, heard a piece of news, which ſhe imagined to be of great importance to her miſtreſs, than quite forgetting the anger which ſhe had conceived two days before, at her unpleaſant diſmiſſion from Sophia's preſence, ſhe ran haſtily to inform her of this news.

The beginning of her diſcourſe was as abrupt as her entrance into the room. O dear Ma'am! ſays ſhe, what doth your la'ſhip think? To be ſure, I am frightened out of my wits; and yet I thought

it my duty to tell your la'ſhip, though, perhaps, it may make you angry, for we ſervants don't always know what will make our ladies angry; for, to be ſure, every thing is always laid to the charge of a ſervant. When our ladies are out of humour, to be ſure, we muſt be ſcolded; and, to be ſure, I ſhould not wonder if your la'ſhip ſhould be out of humour; nay, it muſt ſurpriſe you certainly, ay, and ſhock you too. ——— Good Honour! let me know it without any longer preface, ſays Sophia; there are few things, I promiſe you, which will ſurpriſe, and fewer which will ſhock me. Dear Ma'am, anſwered Honour, to be ſure, I overheard my maſter talking to parſon Supple about getting a licence this very afternoon; and to be ſure I heard him ſay your la'ſhip ſhould be married to-morrow morning. Sophia turned pale at theſe words, and repeated eagerly, To-morrow morning! ——— Yes, Ma'am, replied the truſty waiting-woman, I will take my oath I heard my maſter ſay ſo. Honour, ſays Sophia, you have both ſurpriſed and ſhocked me to ſuch a degree, that I have ſcarce any breath or ſpirits left. What is to be done in my dreadful ſituation? I wiſh I was able to adviſe your la'ſhip, ſays ſhe. Do adviſe me, cries Sophia, pray, dear Honour, adviſe me. Think what you would attempt if it was your own caſe. Indeed, Ma'am, cries Honour, I wiſh your la'ſhip and I could change ſituations; that is, I mean, without hurting your la'ſhip; for, to be

ſure, I don't wiſh you ſo bad as to be a ſervant; but becauſe that if ſo be it was my caſe, I ſhould find no manner of difficulty in it; for in my poor opinion, young 'ſquire Blifil is a charming, ſweet, handſome man. — Don't mention ſuch ſtuff, cries Sophia. Such ſtuff! repeated Honour, why there — Well, to be ſure, what's one man's meat is another man's poiſon, and the ſame is altogether as true of women. Honour, ſays Sophia, rather than ſubmit to be the wife of that contemptible wretch, I would plunge a dagger into my heart. O lud, Ma'am, anſwered the other, I am ſure you frighten me out of my wits now. Let me beſeech your la'ſhip not to ſuffer ſuch wicked thoughts to come into your head. O lud, to be ſure, I tremble every inch of me. Dear Ma'am, conſider, — that to be denied chriſtian burial, and to have your corpſe buried in the highway, and a ſtake drove through you, as farmer Halfpenny was ſerved at Ox Croſs, and, to be ſure, his ghoſt has walked there ever ſince; for ſeveral people have ſeen him. To be ſure, it can be nothing but the devil which can put ſuch wicked thoughts into the head of any body; for certainly it is leſs wicked to hurt all the world than one's own dear ſelf, and ſo I have heard ſaid by more parſons than one. If your la'ſhip hath ſuch a violent averſion, and hates the young gentleman ſo very bad, that you can't bear to think of going into bed to him; for to be ſure there

may be ſuch antipathies in nature, and one had lieverer touch a toad than the fleſh of ſome people —

Sophia had been too much wrapt in contemplation to pay any great attention to the foregoing excellent diſcourſe of her maid; interrupting her therefore, without making any anſwer to it, ſhe ſaid: Honour, I am come to a reſolution. I am determined to leave my father's houſe this very night; and if you have the friendſhip for me which you have often profeſſed, you will keep me company. That I will, Ma'am, to the world's end, anſwered Honour; but I beg your la'ſhip to conſider the conſequence, before you undertake any raſh action. Where can your la'ſhip poſſibly go? There is, replied Sophia, a lady of quality in London, a relation of mine, who ſpent ſeveral months with my aunt in the country; during all which time ſhe treated me with great kindneſs, and expreſſed ſo much pleaſure in my company, that ſhe earneſtly deſired my aunt to ſuffer me to go with her to London. As ſhe is a woman of very great note, I ſhall eaſily find her out, and I make no doubt of being very well and kindly received by her. I would not have your la'ſhip too confident of that, cries Honour; for the firſt lady I lived with, uſed to invit people very earneſtly to her houſe; but if ſhe heard afterwards they were coming, ſhe uſed to get out of the way. Beſides, though this lady would be

very glad to ſee your la'ſhip, as to be ſure any body would be glad to ſee your la'ſhip; yet when ſhe hears your la'ſhip is run away from my maſter —— You are miſtaken, Honour, ſays Sophia, ſhe looks upon the authority of a father in a much lower light than I do; for ſhe preſſed me violently to go to London with her, and when I refuſed to go without my father's conſent, ſhe laughed me to ſcorn, called me ſilly country girl, and ſaid I ſhould make a pure loving wife, ſince I could be ſo dutiful a daughter. So I have no doubt but ſhe will both receive me, and protect me too, till my father, finding me out of his power, can be brought to ſome reaſon.

Well, but, Ma'am, anſwered Honour, how doth your la'ſhip think of making your eſcape? Where will you get any horſes or conveyance? For, as for your own horſe, as all the ſervants know a little how matters ſtand between my maſter and your la'ſhip, Robin will be hanged before he will ſuffer it to go out of the ſtable without my maſter's expreſs orders. I intend to eſcape, ſaid Sophia, by walking out of the doors when they are open. I thank heaven my legs are very able to carry me. They have ſupported me many a long evening, after a fiddle, with no very agreeable partner; and ſurely they will aſſiſt me in running from ſo deteſtable a partner for life. O heaven! Ma'am, doth your la'ſhip know what you are ſaying? cries

Honour; would you think of walking about the country by night and alone? Not alone, anſwered the lady, you have promiſed to bear me company. Yes to be ſure, cries Honour, I will follow your la'ſhip through the world; but your la'ſhip had almoſt as good be alone; for I ſhall not be able to defend you, if any robbers, or other villains, ſhould meet with you. Nay, I ſhould be in as horrible a fright as your la'ſhip; for, to be certain, they would raviſh us both. Beſides, Ma'am, conſider how cold the nights are now; we ſhall be frozen to death. A good briſk pace, anſwered Sophia, will preſerve us from the cold; and if you cannot defend me from a villain, Honour, I will defend you; for I will take a piſtol with me. There are two always charged in the hall. Dear Ma'am, you frighten me more and more, cries Honour, ſure your la'ſhip would not venture to fire it off! I had rather run any chance, than your la'ſhip ſhould do that. Why ſo? ſays Sophia, ſmiling; would not you, Honour, fire a piſtol at any one who ſhould attack your virtue? To be ſure, Ma'am, cries Honour, one's virtue is a dear thing, eſpecially to us poor ſervants; for it is our livelihood, as a body may ſay; yet I mortally hate fire arms; for ſo many accidents happen by them. Well, well, ſays Sophia, I believe I may enſure your virtue at a very cheap rate, without carrying any arms with us; for I intend to take horſes at the very

firſt town we come to, and we ſhall hardly be attacked in our way thither. Look'ee, Honour, I am reſolved to go, and if you will attend me, I promiſe you I will reward you to the very utmoſt of my power.

This laſt argument had a ſtronger effect on Honour than all the preceding. And ſince ſhe ſaw her miſtreſs ſo determined, ſhe deſiſted from any further diſſuaſions. They then entered into a debate on ways and means of executing their project. Here a very ſtubborn difficulty occurred, and this was the removal of their effects, which was much more eaſily got over by the miſtreſs than by the maid: for when a lady hath once taken a reſolution to run to a lover, or to run from him, all obſtacles are conſidered as trifles. But Honour was inſpired by no ſuch motive; ſhe had no raptures to expect, nor any terrors to ſhun; and beſides the real value of her clothes, in which conſiſted a great part of her fortune, ſhe had a capricious fondneſs for ſeveral gowns, and other things; either becauſe they became her, or becauſe they were given her by ſuch a particular perſon; becauſe ſhe had bought them lately, or becauſe ſhe had had them long; or for ſome other reaſons equally good; ſo that ſhe could not endure the thoughts of leaving the poor things behind her expoſed to the mercy of Weſtern, who, ſhe doubted not, would in his rage make them ſuffer martyrdom.

The ingenious Mrs. Honour having applied all her oratory to diſſuade her miſtreſs from her purpoſe, when ſhe found her poſitively determined, at laſt ſtarted the following expedient to remove her clothes, viz. to get herſelf turned out of doors that very evening. Sophia highly approved this method, but doubted how it might be brought about. Oh! Ma'am, cries Honour, your la'ſhip may truſt that to me: we ſervants very well know how to obtain this favour of our maſters and miſtreſſes; though ſometimes indeed, where they owe us more wages than they can readily pay, they will put up with all our affronts, and will hardly take any warning we can give them; but the 'ſquire is none of thoſe; and ſince your la'ſhip is reſolved upon ſetting out to-night, I warrant I get diſcharged this afternoon. It was then reſolved that ſhe ſhould pack up ſome linen, and a night-gown for Sophia, with her own things; and as for all her other clothes, the young lady abandoned them with no more remorſe than the ſailor feels when he throws over the goods of others, in order to ſave his own life.

CHAP. VIII.

Containing ſcenes of altercation, of no very uncommon kind.

MRS. Honour had ſcarce ſooner parted from her young lady, than ſomething (for I would not, like the old woman in Quevedo, injure the devil by any falſe accuſation, and poſſibly he might have no hand in it) but ſomething, I ſay, ſuggeſted itſelf to her, that by ſacrificing Sophia and all her ſecrets to Mr. Weſtern, ſhe might probably make her fortune. Many conſiderations urged this diſcovery. The fair proſpect of a handſome reward for ſo great and acceptable a ſervice to the 'ſquire, tempted her avarice; and again, the danger of the enterprize ſhe had undertaken; the uncertainty of its ſucceſs; night, cold, robbers, raviſhers, all alarmed her fears. So forcibly did all theſe operate upon her, that ſhe was almoſt determined to go directly to the 'ſquire, and to lay open the whole affair. She was, however, too upright a judge to decree on one ſide, before ſhe had heard the other. And here, firſt, a journey to London appeared very ſtrongly in ſupport of Sophia. She eagerly longed to ſee a place in which ſhe fancied charms ſhort only of thoſe which a raptured ſaint imagines in heaven. In the next place, as ſhe knew Sophia to have much more generoſity than her maſter;

ſo

ſo her fidelity promiſed her a greater reward than ſhe could gain by treachery. She then croſs-examined all the articles which had raiſed her fears on the other ſide, and found, on fairly ſifting the matter, that there was very little in them. And now both ſcales being reduced to a pretty even balance, her love to her miſtreſs being thrown into the ſcale of her integrity, made that rather preponderate, when a circumſtance ſtruck upon her imagination, which might have had a dangerous effect, had its whole weight been fairly put into the other ſcale. This was the length of time which muſt intervene, before Sophia would be able to fulfil her promiſes; for though ſhe was intitled to her mother's fortune, at the death of her father, and to the ſum of 3000 l. left her by an uncle, when ſhe came of age; yet theſe were diſtant days, and many accidents might prevent the intended generoſity of the young lady; whereas the rewards ſhe might expect from Mr. Weſtern were immediate. But while ſhe was purſuing this thought, the good genius of Sophia, or that which preſided over the integrity of Mrs. Honour, or perhaps mere chance, ſent an accident in her way, which at once preſerved her fidelity, and even facilitated the intended buſineſs.

Mrs. Weſtern's maid claimed great ſuperiority over Mrs. Honour, on ſeveral accounts. Firſt, her birth was higher: for her great grandmother by the mother's ſide was a couſin, not far removed,

to an Iriſh peer. Secondly, her wages were greater. And laſtly, ſhe had been at London, and had of conſequence ſeen more of the world. She had always behaved, therefore, to Mrs. Honour, with that reſerve, and had always exacted of her thoſe marks of diſtinction, which every order of females preſerves and requires in converſation with thoſe of an inferior order. Now as Honour did not at all times agree with this doctrine, but would frequently break in upon the reſpect which the other demanded, Mrs. Weſtern's maid was not at all pleaſed with her company: indeed, ſhe earneſtly longed to return home to the houſe of her miſtreſs, where ſhe domineered at will over all the other ſervants. She had been greatly, therefore, diſappointed in the morning, when Mrs. Weſtern had changed her mind on the very point of departure, and had been in what is vulgarly called, a glouting humour ever ſince.

In this humour, which was none of the ſweeteſt, ſhe came into the room where Honour was debating with herſelf, in the manner we have above related. Honour no ſooner ſaw her, than ſhe addreſſed her in the following obliging phraſe: Soh! Ma'am, I find we are to have the pleaſure of your company longer, which I was afraid the quarrel between my maſter and your lady would have robbed us of. I don't know, Madam, anſwered the other, who you mean by we and us. I aſſure you I do not look

on any of the ſervants in this houſe to be proper company for me. I am company, I hope, for their betters every day in the week. I do not ſpeak on your account, Mrs. Honour; for you are a civilized young woman; and when you have ſeen a little more of the world, I ſhould not be aſhamed to walk with you in St. James's Park. Hoity! toity! cries Honour, Ma'am is in her airs, I proteſt. Mrs. Honour, forſooth! ſure, Ma'am, you might call me by my ſir-name; for though my lady calls me Honour, I have a ſir-name as well as other folks. Aſhamed to walk with me, quotha! marry! as good as yourſelf, I hope. Since you make ſuch a return to my civility, ſaid the other, I muſt acquaint you, Mrs. Honour, that you are not ſo good as me. In the country indeed one is obliged to take up with all kind of trumpery; but in town I viſit none but the women of women of quality. Indeed, Mrs. Honour, there is ſome difference, I hope, between you and me. I hope ſo too, anſwered Honour, there is ſome difference in our ages, and — I think, in our perſons. Upon ſpeaking which laſt words, ſhe ſtrutted by Mrs. Weſtern's maid with the moſt provoking air of contempt; turning up her noſe, toſſing her head, and violently bruſhing the hoop of her competitor with her own. The other lady put up one of her moſt malicious ſneers, and ſaid: Creature! you are below my anger; and it is beneath me to give ill words to ſuch an audacious ſaucy trollop; but, huſſy,

I muſt tell you, your breeding ſhews the meanneſs of your birth as well as of your education; and both very properly qualify you to be the mean ſerving woman of a country-girl. Don't abuſe my lady, cries Honour, I won't take that of you; ſhe's as much better than yours as ſhe is younger, and ten thouſand times more handſomer.

Here ill luck, or rather good luck, ſent Mrs. Weſtern to ſee her maid in tears, which began to flow plentifully at her approach; and of which being aſked the reaſon by her miſtreſs, ſhe preſently acquainted her, that her tears were occaſioned by the rude treatment of that creature there, meaning Honour. And, Madam, continued ſhe, I could have deſpiſed all ſhe ſaid to me; but ſhe hath had the audacity to affront your ladyſhip, and to call you ugly — Yes, Madam, ſhe called you ugly old cat, to my face. I could not bear to hear your ladyſhip called ugly. — Why do you repeat her impudence ſo often? ſaid Mrs. Weſtern. And then turning to Mrs. Honour, ſhe aſked her, how ſhe had the aſſurance to mention her name with diſreſpect? Diſreſpect, Ma'am! anſwered Honour, I never mentioned your name at all; I ſaid ſomebody was not as handſome as my miſtreſs, and to be ſure you know that as well as I. Huſſy, replied the lady, I will make ſuch a ſaucy trollop as yourſelf, know that I am not a proper ſubject of your diſcourſe. And if my brother doth not diſcharge you this

moment, I will never ſleep in his houſe again. I will find him out, and have you diſcharged this moment. Diſcharged! cries Honour, and ſuppoſe I am; there are more places in the world than one. Thank heaven, good ſervants need not want places; and if you turn away all who do not think you handſome, you will want ſervants very ſoon; let me tell you that.

Mrs. Weſtern ſpoke, or rather thundered, in anſwer; but as ſhe was hardly articulate, we cannot be very certain of the identical words: we ſhall, therefore, omit inſerting a ſpeech, which, at beſt, would not greatly redound to her honour. She then departed in ſearch of her brother, with a countenance ſo full of rage, that ſhe reſembled one of the furies rather than a human creature.

The two chambermaids being again left alone, began a ſecond bout at altercation, which ſoon produced a combat of a more active kind. In this the victory belonged to the lady of inferior rank, but not without ſome loſs of blood, of hair, and of lawn and muſlin.

CHAP. IX.

The wiſe demeanour of Mr. Weſtern in the character of a magiſtrate. A hint to juſtices of peace, concerning the neceſſary qualifications of a clerk; with extraordinary inſtances of paternal madneſs, and filial affection.

LOGICIANS ſometimes prove too much by an argument, and politicians often over-reach themſelves in a ſcheme. Thus had it like to have happened to Mrs. Honour, who inſtead of recovering the reſt of her clothes, had like to have ſtopped even thoſe ſhe had on her back from eſcaping: for the 'ſquire no ſooner heard of her having abuſed his ſiſter, than he ſwore twenty oaths he would ſend her to Bridewell.

Mrs. Weſtern was a very good-natured woman, and ordinarily of a forgiving temper. She had lately remitted the treſpaſs of a ſtage-coachman, who had over-turned her poſt-chaiſe into a ditch; nay, ſhe had even broken the law in refuſing to proſecute a highwayman who had robbed her, not only of a ſum of money, but of her ear-rings; at the ſame time d — ning her, and ſaying: Such handſome b — s as you, don't want jewels to ſet them off, and be d — ned to you. But now, ſo uncertain are our tempers, and ſo much do we at different

times differ from ourſelves, ſhe would hear of no mitigation; nor could all the affected penitence of Honour, nor all the entreaties of Sophia for her own ſervant, prevail with her to deſiſt from earneſtly deſiring her brother to execute juſticeſhip (for it was indeed a ſyllable more than juſtice) on the wench.

But luckily the clerk had a qualification, which no clerk to a juſtice of peace ought ever to be without, namely, ſome underſtanding in the law of this realm. He therefore whiſpered in the ear of the juſtice, that he would exceed his authority by committing the girl to Bridewell, as there had been no attempt to break the peace: For I am afraid, Sir, ſays he, you cannot legally commit any one to Bridewell only for ill-breeding.

In matters of high importance, particularly in caſes relating to the game, the juſtice was not always attentive to theſe admonitions of his clerk: for, indeed, in executing the laws under that head, many juſtices of peace ſuppoſe they have a large diſcretionary power: by virtue of which, under the notion of ſearching for, and taking away, engines for the deſtruction of the game, they often commit treſpaſſes, and ſometimes felony, at their pleaſure.

But this offence was not of quite ſo high a nature, not ſo dangerous to the ſociety. Here, therefore, the juſtice behaved with ſome attention to the advice of his clerk: for, in fact, he had already had

two informations exhibited againſt him in the King's-bench, and had no curioſity to try a third.

The 'ſquire, therefore, putting on a moſt wiſe and ſignificant countenance, after a preface of ſeveral hum's and ha's, told his ſiſter, that upon more mature deliberation, he was of opinion that, as there was no breaking up of the peace, ſuch as the law, ſays he, calls breaking open a door, or breaking a hedge, or breaking a head; or any ſuch ſort of breaking; the matter did not amount to a felonious kind of a thing, nor treſpaſſes, nor damages, and, therefore, there was no puniſhment in the law for it.

Mrs. Weſtern ſaid, ſhe knew the law much better; that ſhe had known ſervants very ſeverely puniſhed for affronting their maſters; and then named a certain juſtice of the peace in London, who, ſhe ſaid, would commit a ſervant to Bridewell, at any time when a maſter or miſtreſs deſired it.

Like enough, cries the 'ſquire, it may be ſo in London; but the law is different in the country. Here followed a very learned diſpute between the brother and ſiſter concerning the law, which we would inſert, if we imagined many of our readers could underſtand it. This was, however, at length referred by both parties to the clerk, who decided it in favour of the magiſtrate; and Mrs. Weſtern was, in the end, obliged to content herſelf with the ſatisfaction of having Honour turned away;

to which Sophia herſelf very readily and chearfully conſented.

Thus fortune, after having diverted herſelf, according to cuſtom, with two or three frolicks, at laſt diſpoſed all matters to the advantage of our heroine; who indeed ſucceeded admirably well in her deceit, conſidering it was the firſt ſhe had ever practiſed. And, to ſay the truth, I have often concluded, that the honeſt part of mankind would be much too hard for the knaviſh, if they could bring themſelves to incur the guilt, or thought it worth their while to take the trouble.

Honour acted her part to the utmoſt perfection. She no ſooner ſaw herſelf ſecure from all danger of Bridewell, a word which had raiſed moſt horrible ideas in her mind, than ſhe reſumed thoſe airs which her terrors before had a little abated; and laid down her place, with as much affectation of content, and indeed of contempt, as was ever practiſed at the reſignation of places of much greater importance. If the reader pleaſes, therefore, we chuſe rather to ſay ſhe reſigned — which hath, indeed, been always held a ſynonymous expreſſion with being turned out, or turned away.

Mr. Weſtern ordered her to be very expeditious in packing; for his ſiſter declared, ſhe would not ſleep another night under the ſame roof with ſo impudent a ſlut. To work therefore ſhe went, and that ſo earneſtly, that every thing was ready early

in the evening; when having received her wages, away packed ſhe bag and baggage, to the great ſatisfaction of every one, but of none more than of Sophia; who, having appointed her maid to meet her at a certain place not far from the houſe, exactly at the dreadful and ghoſtly hour of twelve, began to prepare for her own departure.

But firſt ſhe was obliged to give two painful audiences, the one to her aunt, and the other to her father. In theſe Mrs. Weſtern herſelf began to talk to her in a more peremptory ſtile than before; but her father treated her in ſo violent and outrageous a manner, that he frightened her into an affected compliance with his will; which ſo highly pleaſed the good 'ſquire, that he changed his frowns into ſmiles, and his menaces into promiſes; he vowed, his whole ſoul was wrapped in hers, that her conſent (for ſo he conſtrued the words, You know, Sir, I muſt not, nor can refuſe to obey any abſolute command of yours) had made him the happieſt of mankind. He then gave her a large bank-bill to diſpoſe of in any trinkets ſhe pleaſed, and kiſſed and embraced her in the fondeſt manner, while tears of joy trickled from thoſe eyes, which a few moments before had darted fire and rage againſt the dear object of all his affection.

Inſtances of this behaviour in parents are ſo common, that the reader, I doubt not, will be very little aſtoniſhed at the whole conduct of Mr.

Weſtern. If he ſhould, I own I am not able to account for it; ſince that he loved his daughter moſt tenderly, is, I think, beyond diſpute. So indeed have many others, who have rendered their children moſt compleatly miſerable by the ſame conduct; which, though it is almoſt univerſal in parents, hath always appeared to me to be the moſt unaccountable of all the abſurdities, which ever entered into the brain of that ſtrange prodigious creature man.

The latter part of Mr. Weſtern's behaviour had ſo ſtrong an effect on the tender heart of Sophia, that it ſuggeſted a thought to her, which not all the ſophiſtry of her politic aunt, nor all the menaces of her father, had ever once brought into her head. She reverenced her father ſo piouſly, and loved him ſo paſſionately, that ſhe had ſcarce ever felt more pleaſing ſenſations, than what aroſe from the ſhare ſhe frequently had of contributing to his amuſement; and ſometimes, perhaps, to higher gratifications; for he never could contain the delight of hearing her commended, which he had the ſatisfaction of hearing almoſt every day of her life. The idea, therefore, of the immenſe happineſs ſhe ſhould convey to her father by her conſent to this match, made a ſtrong impreſſion on her mind. Again, the extreme piety of ſuch an act of obedience worked very forcibly, as ſhe had a very deep ſenſe of religion. Laſtly, when ſhe reflected how much

ſhe herſelf was to ſuffer, being indeed to become little leſs than a ſacrifice, or a martyr, to filial love and duty, ſhe felt an agreeable tickling in a certain little paſſion, which, though it bears no immediate affinity either to religion or virtue, is often ſo kind as to lend great aſſiſtance in executing the purpoſes of both.

Sophia was charmed with the contemplation of ſo heroic an action, and began to compliment herſelf with much premature flattery, when Cupid, who lay hid in her muff, ſuddenly crept out, and, like Punchinello in a puppet-ſhew, kicked all out before him. In truth, (for we ſcorn to deceive our reader, or to vindicate the character of our heroine, by aſcribing her actions to ſupernatural impulſe) the thoughts of her beloved Jones, and ſome hopes, however diſtant, in which he was very particularly concerned, immediately deſtroyed all which filial love, piety, and pride had, with their joint endeavours, been labouring to bring about.

But before we proceed any farther with Sophia, we muſt now look back to Mr. Jones.

CHAP. X.

Containing ſeveral matters, natural enough perhaps, but Low.

THE reader will be pleaſed to remember, that we left Mr. Jones in the beginning of this book, on his road to Briſtol; being determined to ſeek his fortune at ſea; or rather, indeed, to fly away from his fortune on ſhore.

It happened, (a thing not very unuſual) that the guide who undertook to conduct him on his way, was unluckily unacquainted with the road; ſo that having miſſed his right track, and being aſhamed to aſk information, he rambled about backwards and forwards till night came on, and it began to grow dark. Jones, ſuſpecting what had happened, acquainted the guide with his apprehenſions; but he inſiſted on it, that they were in the right road, and added, it would be very ſtrange if he ſhould not know the road to Briſtol; though, in reality, it would have been much ſtranger if he had known it, having never paſt through it in his life before.

Jones had not ſuch implicit faith in his guide, but that on their arrival at a village he enquired of the firſt fellow he ſaw, whether they were in the road to Briſtol? Whence did you come? cries the fellow. No matter, ſays Jones, a little haſtily,

I want to know if this be the road to Briſtol. The road to Briſtol! cries the fellow, ſcratching his head, why, Meaſter, I believe you will hardly get to Briſtol this way to-night. Prithee, friend, then, anſwered Jones, do tell us which is the way. — Why, Meaſter, cries the fellow, you muſt be come out of your road the lord knows whither: for thick way goeth to Gloceſter. Well, and which way goes to Briſtol? ſaid Jones. Why, you be going away from Briſtol, anſwered the fellow. — Then, ſaid Jones, we muſt go back again. Ay, you muſt, ſaid the fellow. Well, and when we come back to the top of the hill, which way muſt we take? Why you muſt keep the ſtrait road. But I remember there are two roads, one to the right, and the other to the left. Why you muſt keep the right-hand road, and then gu ſtrait vorwards; only remember to turn firſt to your right, and then to your left again, and then to your right; and that brings you to the 'ſquire's, and then you muſt keep ſtrait vorwards, and turn to the left.

Another fellow now came up, and aſked, which way the gentlemen were going? — Of which being informed by Jones, he firſt ſcratched his head, and then leaning upon a pole he had in his hand, began to tell him, that he muſt keep the right-hand road for about a mile, or a mile and half, or ſuch a matter, and then he muſt turn ſhort to

the left, which would bring him round by Meaſter Jin Bearnes's. But which is Mr. John Bearnes's? ſays Jones. O Lord! cries the fellow, why don't you know Meaſter Jin Bearnes? Whence then did you come?

Theſe two fellows had almoſt conquered the patience of Jones, when a plain well looking man (who was indeed a quaker) accoſted him thus: Friend, I perceive thou haſt loſt thy way; and if thou wilt take my advice, thou wilt not attempt to find it to-night. It is almoſt dark, and the road is difficult to hit; beſides, there have been ſeveral robberies committed lately between this and Briſtol. Here is a very creditable good houſe juſt by, where thou may'ſt find good entertainment for thyſelf and thy cattle till morning. Jones, after a little perſuaſion, agreed to ſtay in this place 'till the morning, and was conducted by his friend to the public-houſe.

The landlord, who was a very civil fellow, told Jones, he hoped he would excuſe the badneſs of his accommodation: for that his wife was gone from home, and had locked up almoſt every thing, and carried the keys along with her. Indeed, the fact was, that a favourite daughter of hers was juſt married, and gone, that morning, home with her huſband; and that ſhe and her mother together, had almoſt ſtript the poor man of all his goods, as well as money: for though he had ſeveral children,

this daughter only, who was the mother's favourite, was the object of her conſideration; and to the honour of this one child ſhe would, with pleaſure, have ſacrificed all the reſt, and her huſband into the bargain.

Though Jones was very unfit for any kind of company, and would have preferred being alone; yet he could not reſiſt the importunities of the honeſt quaker; who was the more deſirous of ſitting with him, from having remarked the melancholy which appeared both in his countenance and behaviour; and which the poor quaker thought his converſation might in ſome meaſure relieve.

After they had paſt ſome time together, in ſuch a manner that my honeſt friend might have thought himſelf at one of his ſilent meetings, the quaker began to be moved by ſome ſpirit or other, probably that of curioſity; and ſaid: Friend, I perceive ſome ſad diſaſter hath befallen thee; but pray be of comfort. Perhaps thou haſt loſt a friend. If ſo, thou muſt conſider we are all mortal. And why ſhouldſt thou grieve, when thou knoweſt thy grief will do thy friend no good? We are all born to affliction. I myſelf have my ſorrows as well as thee, and moſt probably greater ſorrows. Though I have a clear eſtate of 100 l. a year, which is as much as I want, and I have a conſcience, I thank the lord, void of offence. My conſtitution is ſound and ſtrong, and there is no man can demand a debt of me,

nor

nor accuſe me of an injury — yet, friend, I ſhould be concerned to think thee as miſerable as myſelf.

Here the quaker ended with a deep ſigh; and Jones preſently anſwered: I am very ſorry, Sir, for your unhappineſs, whatever is the occaſion of it. — Ah! friend, replied the quaker, one only daughter is the occaſion. One who was my greateſt delight upon earth, and who within this week is run away from me, and is married againſt my conſent. I had provided her a proper match, a ſober man, and one of ſubſtance; but ſhe, forſooth, would chuſe for herſelf, and away ſhe is gone with a young fellow not worth a groat. If ſhe had been dead, as I ſuppoſe thy friend is, I ſhould have been happy! That is very ſtrange, Sir, ſaid Jones. Why, would it not be better for her to be dead, than to be a beggar? replied the quaker: for, as I told you, the fellow is not worth a groat; and ſurely ſhe cannot expect that I ſhall ever give her a ſhilling. No, as ſhe hath married for love, let her live on love if ſhe can; let her carry her love to market, and ſee whether any one will change it into ſilver, or even into half-pence. You know your own concerns beſt, Sir, ſaid Jones. It muſt have been, continued the quaker, a long premeditated ſcheme to cheat me: for they have known one another from their infancy; and I always preached to her againſt love — and told her a thouſand times over, it was all folly and wickedneſs. Nay, the cunning ſlut

pretended to hearken to me, and to deſpiſe all wantonneſs of the fleſh; and yet, at laſt, broke out at a window two pair of ſtairs: for I began, indeed, a little to ſuſpect her, and had locked her up carefully, intending the very next morning to have married her up to my liking. But ſhe diſappointed me within a few hours, and eſcaped away to the lover of her own chuſing, who loſt no time: for they were married and bedded, and all within an hour.

But it ſhall be the worſt hour's work for them both that ever they did; for they may ſtarve, or beg, or ſteal together for me. I will never give either of them a farthing. Here Jones ſtarting up, cry'd: I really muſt be excuſed; I wiſh you would leave me. Come, come, friend, ſaid the quaker, don't give way to concern. You ſee there are other people miſerable, beſides yourſelf. I ſee there are madmen, and fools, and villains, in the world, cries Jones. — But let me give you a piece of advice; ſend for your daughter and ſon-in-law home, and don't be yourſelf the only cauſe of miſery to one you pretend to love. Send for her and her huſband home! cries the quaker loudly, I would ſooner ſend for the two greateſt enemies I have in the world! Well, go home yourſelf; or where you pleaſe, ſaid Jones: for I will ſit no longer in ſuch company. — Nay, friend, anſwered the quaker, I ſcorn to impoſe my company on any one. He

then offered to pull money from his pocket, but Jones puſhed him with ſome violence out of the room.

The ſubject of the quaker's diſcourſe had ſo deeply affected Jones, that he ſtared very wildly all the time he was ſpeaking. This the quaker had obſerved, and this, added to the reſt of his behaviour, inſpired honeſt Broadbrim with a conceit, that his companion was, in reality, out of his ſenſes. Inſtead of reſenting the affront, therefore, the quaker was moved with compaſſion for his unhappy circumſtances; and having communicated his opinion to the landlord, he deſired him, to take great care of his gueſt, and to treat him with the higheſt civility.

Indeed, ſays the landlord, I ſhall uſe no ſuch civility towards him: for it ſeems, for all his laced waiſt-coat there, he is no more a gentleman than myſelf; but a poor pariſh baſtard bred up at a great ſquire's about thirty miles off, and now turned out of doors (not for any good to be ſure.) I ſhall get him out of my houſe as ſoon as poſſible. If I do loſe my reckoning, the firſt loſs is always the beſt. It is not above a year ago that I loſt a ſilver-ſpoon.

What doſt thou talk of a pariſh baſtard, Robin? anſwered the quaker. Thou muſt certainly be miſtaken in thy man.

Not at all, replied Robin; the guide, who

knows him very well, told it me. For, indeed, the guide had no ſooner taken his place at the kitchen-fire, than he acquainted the whole company with all he knew, or had ever heard concerning Jones.

The quaker was no ſooner aſſured by this fellow of the birth and low fortune of Jones, than all compaſſion for him vaniſhed, and the honeſt, plain man went home, fired with no leſs indignation than a duke would have felt, at receiving an affront from ſuch a perſon.

The landlord himſelf conceived an equal diſdain for his gueſt; ſo that when Jones rung the bell in order to retire to bed, he was acquainted, that he could have no bed there. — Beſides diſdain of the mean condition of his gueſt, Robin entertained violent ſuſpicion of his intentions, which were, he ſuppoſed, to watch ſome favourable opportunity of robbing the houſe. In reality, he might have been very well eaſed of theſe apprehenſions by the prudent precautions of his wife and daughter, who had already removed every thing which was not fixed to the freehold; but he was by nature ſuſpicious, and had been more particularly ſo ſince the loſs of his ſpoon. In ſhort, the dread of being robbed totally abſorbed the comfortable conſideration that he had nothing to loſe.

Jones being aſſured, that he could have no bed, very contentedly betook himſelf to a great chair made

with ruſhes, when ſleep, which had lately ſhunned his company in much better apartments, generouſly paid him a viſit in his humble cell.

As for the landlord, he was prevented by his fears from retiring to reſt. He returned therefore to the kitchen-fire, whence he could ſurvey the only door which opened into the parlour, or rather, hole, where Jones was ſeated; and as for the window to that room, it was impoſſible for any creature larger than a cat to have made his eſcape through it.

CHAP. XI.

The adventure of a company of ſoldiers.

THE landlord having taken his ſeat directly oppoſite to the door of the parlour, determined to keep guard there the whole night. The guide and another fellow remained long on duty with him, though they neither knew his ſuſpicions, nor had any of their own. The true cauſe of their watching did indeed, at length, put an end to it; for this was no other than the ſtrength and goodneſs of the beer, of which having tippled a very large quantity, they grew at firſt very noiſy and vociferous and afterwards fell both aſleep.

But it was not in the power of liquor to compoſe the fears of Robin. He continued ſtill waking in his chair, with his eyes fixed ſtedfaſtly on the door

which led into the apartment of Mr. Jones, till a violent thundering at his outward gate called him from his ſeat, and obliged him to open it; which he had no ſooner done, than his kitchen was immediately full of gentlemen in red coats, who all ruſhed upon him in as tumultuous a manner, as if they intended to take his little caſtle by ſtorm.

The landlord was now forced from his poſt to furniſh his numerous gueſts with beer, which they called for with great eagerneſs; and upon his ſecond or third return from the cellar, he ſaw Mr. Jones ſtanding before the fire in the midſt of the ſoldiers; for it may eaſily be believed, that the arrival of ſo much good company ſhould put an end to any ſleep, unleſs that from which we are to be awakened only by the laſt trumpet.

The company having now pretty well ſatisfied their thirſt, nothing remained but to pay the reckoning, a circumſtance often productive of much miſchief and diſcontent among the inferior rank of gentry; who are apt to find great difficulty in aſſeſſing the ſum, with exact regard to diſtributive juſtice, which directs, that every man ſhall pay according to the quantity which he drinks. This difficulty occurred upon the preſent occaſion; and it was the greater, as ſome gentlemen had, in their extreme hurry, marched off, after their firſt draught, and had entirely forgot to contribute any thing towards the ſaid reckoning.

A violent diſpute now aroſe, in which every word may be ſaid to have been depoſed upon oath; for the oaths were at leaſt equal to all the other words ſpoken. In this controverſy, the whole company ſpoke together, and every man ſeemed wholly bent to extenuate the ſum which fell to his ſhare; ſo that the moſt probable concluſion which could be foreſeen, was, that a large portion of the reckoning would fall to the landlord's ſhare to pay, or (what is much the ſame thing) would remain unpaid.

All this while Jones was engaged in converſation with the ſerjeant; for that officer was entirely unconcerned in the preſent diſpute, being privileged, by immemorial cuſtom, from all contribution.

The diſpute now grew ſo very warm, that it ſeemed to draw towards a military deciſion, when Jones ſtepping forward, ſilenced all their clamours at once, by declaring, that he would pay the whole reckoning, which indeed amounted to no more than three ſhillings and four pence.

This declaration procured Mr. Jones the thanks and applauſe of the whole company. The terms honourable, noble, and worthy gentleman, reſounded through the room; nay, my landlord himſelf began to have a better opinion of him, and almoſt to diſbelieve the account which the guide had given.

The ſerjeant had informed Mr. Jones, that they were marching againſt the rebels, and expected to be commanded by the glorious duke of Cumberland.

By which the reader may perceive (a circumſtance which we have not thought neceſſary to communicate before) that this was the very time when the late rebellion was at the higheſt; and indeed the banditti were now marched into England, intending, as it was thought, to fight the king's forces, and to attempt puſhing forward to the metropolis.

Tom Jones had ſome heroic ingredients in his compoſition, and was a hearty well-wiſher to the glorious cauſe of liberty, and of the proteſtant religion. It is no wonder, therefore, that in circumſtances which would have warranted a much more romantic and wild undertaking, it ſhould occur to him to ſerve as a volunteer in this expedition.

Our commanding officer had ſaid all in his power to encourage and promote this good diſpoſition, from the firſt moment he had been acquainted with it. He now proclaimed the noble reſolution aloud, which was received, with great pleaſure, by the whole company, who all cried out: God bleſs king George, and your honour; and then added, with many oaths: We will ſtand by you both to the laſt drops of our blood.

The gentleman, who had been all night tippling at the alehouſe, was prevailed on by ſome arguments which a corporal had put into his hand, to undertake the ſame expedition. And now the portmanteau belonging to Mr. Jones being put up into the

baggage-cart, the forces were about to move forwards; when the guide, ſtepping up to Jones, ſaid: Sir, I hope you will conſider that the horſes have been kept out all night, and we have travelled a great ways out of our way. Jones was ſurpriſed at the impudence of this demand, and acquainted the ſoldiers with the merits of his cauſe, who were all unanimous in condemning the guide for his endeavours to put upon a gentleman. Some ſaid, he ought to be tied neck and heels; others, that he deſerved to run the gantlope; and the ſerjeant ſhook his cane at him, and wiſhed, he had him under his command, ſwearing heartily, he would make an example of him.

Jones contented himſelf, however, with a negative puniſhment, and walked off with his new comrades, leaving the guide to the poor revenge of curſing and reviling him, in which latter the landlord joined, ſaying: Ay, ay, he is a pure one, I warrant you. A pretty gentleman, indeed, to go for a ſoldier. He ſhall wear a laced waiſt-coat truly. It is an old proverb and a true one, All is not gold that gliſters. I am glad my houſe is well rid of him.

All that day the ſerjeant and the young ſoldier marched together; and the former, who was an arch fellow, told the latter many entertaining ſtories of his campaigns, though in reality he had never made any; for he was but lately come into the ſervice, and had, by his own dexterity, ſo well ingratiated himſelf

with his officers, that he had promoted himſelf to a halberd; chiefly indeed by his merit in recruiting, in which he was moſt excellently well ſkilled.

Much mirth and feſtitivity paſſed among the ſoldiers during their march. In which the many occurrences that had paſſed at their laſt quarters were remembered; and every one, with great freedom, made what jokes he pleaſed on his officers, ſome of which were of the coarſer kind, and very near bordering on ſcandal. This brought to our hero's mind the cuſtom which he had read of among the Greeks and Romans, of indulging, on certain feſtivals and ſolemn occaſions, the liberty to ſlaves, of uſing an uncontrouled freedom of ſpeech towards their maſters.

Our little army, which conſiſted of two companies of foot, were now arrived at the place where they were to halt that evening. The ſerjeant then acquainted his lieutenant, who was the commanding officer, that they had picked up two fellows in that day's march; one of which, he ſaid, was as fine a man as ever he ſaw (meaning the tippler) for that he was near ſix feet, well proportioned, and ſtrongly limbed; and the other (meaning Jones) would do well enough for the rear rank.

The new ſoldiers were now produced before the officer, who having examined the ſix feet man, he being firſt produced, came next to ſurvey Jones: at the firſt ſight of whom, the lieutenant could not

help ſhewing ſome ſurpriſe: for, beſides that he was very well dreſſed, and was naturally genteel, he had a remarkable air of dignity in his look, which is rarely ſeen among the vulgar, and is indeed not inſeparably annexed to the features of their ſuperiors.

Sir, ſaid the lieutenant, my ſerjeant informed me, that you are deſirous of enliſting into the company I have at preſent under my command; if ſo, Sir, we ſhall very gladly receive a gentleman who promiſes to do much honour to the company, by bearing arms in it.

Jones anſwered, that he had not mentioned any thing of enliſting himſelf; that he was moſt zealouſly attached to the glorious cauſe for which they were going to fight, and was very deſirous of ſerving as a volunteer; concluding with ſome compliments to the lieutenant, and expreſſing the great ſatisfaction he ſhould have in being under his command.

The lieutenant returned his civility, commended his reſolution, ſhook him by the hand, and invited him to dine with himſelf and the reſt of the officers.

CHAP. XII.

The adventure of a company of officers.

THE lieutenant, whom we mentioned in the preceding chapter, and who commanded this party, was now near ſixty years of age. He had entered very young into the army, and had ſerved in the capacity of an enſign at the battle of Tannieres; here he had received two wounds, and had ſo well diſtinguiſhed himſelf, that he was by the duke of Marlborough advanced to be a lieutenant, immediately after that battle.

In this commiſſion he had continued ever ſince, viz. near forty years; during which time, he had ſeen vaſt numbers preferred over his head, and had now the mortification to be commanded by boys, whoſe fathers were at nurſe when he firſt entered into the ſervice.

Nor was this ill ſucceſs in his profeſſion ſolely owing to his having no friends among the men in power. He had the misfortune to incur the diſpleaſure of his colonel, who for many years continued in the command of this regiment. Nor did he owe the implacable ill-will, which this man bore him, to any neglect or deficiency as an officer, nor indeed to any fault in himſelf; but ſolely to the

indiſcretion of his wife, who was a very beautiful woman, and who, though ſhe was remarkably fond of her huſband, would not purchaſe his preferment at the expence of certain favours which the colonel required of her.

The poor lieutenant was more peculiarly unhappy in this, that, while he felt the effects of the enmity of his colonel, he neither knew, nor ſuſpected, that he really bore him any; for he could not ſuſpect an ill-will for which he was not conſcious of giving any cauſe; and his wife, fearing what her huſband's nice regard to his honour might have occaſioned, contented herſelf with preſerving her virtue, without enjoying the triumphs of her conqueſt.

This unfortunate officer (for ſo I think he may be called) had many good qualities, beſides his merit in his profeſſion; for he was a religious, honeſt, good-natured man; and had behaved ſo well in his command, that he was highly eſteemed and beloved, not only by the ſoldiers of his own company, but by the whole regiment.

The other officers who marched with him were a French lieutenant, who had been long enough out of France to forget his own language, but not long enough in England to learn ours, ſo that he really ſpoke no language at all, and could barely make himſelf underſtood, on the moſt ordinary occaſions. There were likewiſe two enſigns, both very young fellows; one of whom had been bred under an

attorney, and the other was ſon to the wife of a nobleman's butler.

As ſoon as dinner was ended, Jones informed the company of the merriment which had paſſed among the ſoldiers upon their march: And yet, ſays he, notwithſtanding all their vociferation, I dare ſwear they will behave more like Grecians than Trojans when they come to the enemy. Grecians and Trojans! ſays one of the enſigns, who the devil are they? I have heard of all the troops in Europe, but never of any ſuch as theſe.

Don't pretend to more ignorance than you have, Mr. Northerton, ſaid the worthy lieutenant. I ſuppoſe you have heard of the Greeks and Trojans, though, perhaps, you never read Pope's Homer; who, I remember, now the gentleman mentions it, compares the march of the Trojans to the cackling of geeſe, and greatly commends the ſilence of the Grecians. And upon my honour, there is great juſtice in the cadet's obſervation.

Begar, me remember dem very well, ſaid the French lieutenant, me ave read dem at ſchool in dans Madam Daciere, des Greeks, des Trojan, dey fight for von woman, — ouy, ouy, me ave read all dat.

D—n Homo with all my heart, ſays Northerton, I have the marks of him in my a — yet. There's Thomas of our regiment, always carries a Homo in his pocket: d—n me if ever I come at it, if I

don't burn it. And there's Corderius, another d—n'd ſon of a whore that hath got me many a flogging.

Then you have been at ſchool, Mr. Northerton? ſaid the lieutenant.

Ay d—n me, have I, anſwered he, the devil take my father for ſending me thither. The old put wanted to make a parſon of me, but d—n me, thinks I to myſelf, I'll nick you there, old cull: the devil a ſmack of your nonſenſe, ſhall you ever get into me. There's Jemmy Oliver of our regiment, he narrowly eſcaped being a pimp too; and that would have been a thouſand pities: for d—n me if he is not one of the prettieſt fellows in the whole world; but he went farther than I with the old cull: for Jemmy can neither write nor read.

You give your friend a very good character, ſaid the lieutenant, and a very deſerved one, I dare ſay; but prithee, Northerton, leave off that fooliſh as well as wicked cuſtom of ſwearing: for you are deceived, I promiſe you, if you think there is wit or politeneſs in it. I wiſh too, you would take my advice, and deſiſt from abuſing the clergy. Scandalous names and reflections caſt on any body of men, muſt be always unjuſtifiable; but eſpecially ſo, when thrown on ſo ſacred a function: for to abuſe the body is to abuſe the function itſelf; and I leave to you to judge how inconſiſtent ſuch behaviour is in men, who are going to fight in defence of the proteſtant religion.

Mr. Adderly, which was the name of the other enſign, had ſat hitherto kicking his heels and humming a tune, without ſeeming to liſten to the diſcourſe; he now anſwered: *Oh Monſieur, on ne parle pas de religion à la guerre.* Well ſaid, Jack, cries Northerton, if *la religion* was the only matter, the parſons ſhould fight their own battles for me.

I don't know, gentlemen, ſays Jones, what may be your opinion; but I think no man can engage in a nobler cauſe than that of his religion; and I have obſerved in the little I have read of hiſtory, that no ſoldiers have fought ſo bravely, as thoſe who have been inſpired with a religious zeal: for my own part, though I love my king and country, I hope, as well as any man in it; yet the proteſtant intereſt is no ſmall motive to my becoming a volunteer in the cauſe.

Northerton now winked on Adderly, and whiſpered to him ſlily: Smoke the prig, Adderly, ſmoke him. Then turning to Jones, ſaid to him: I am very glad, Sir, you have choſen our regiment to be a volunteer in: for if our parſon ſhould at any time take a cup too much, I find you can ſupply his place. I preſume, Sir, you have been at the univerſity; may I crave the favour to know what college?

Sir, anſwered Jones, ſo far from having been at the univerſity, I have even had the advantage of yourſelf: for I was never at ſchool.

I preſumed, cries the enſign, only upon the information of your great learning — Oh! Sir, anſwered Jones, it is as poſſible for a man to know ſomething without having been at ſchool, as it is to have been at ſchool and to know nothing.

Well ſaid, young volunteer, cries the lieutenant: upon my word, Northerton, you had better let him alone; for he will be too hard for you.

Northerton did not very well reliſh the ſarcaſm of Jones; but he thought the provocation was ſcarce ſufficient to juſtify a blow, or a raſcal, or ſcoundrel, which were the only repartees that ſuggeſted themſelves. He was, therefore, ſilent at preſent; but reſolved to take the firſt opportunity of returning the jeſt by abuſe.

It now came to the turn of Mr. Jones to give a toaſt, as it is called; who could not refrain from mentioning his dear Sophia. This he did the more readily, as he imagined it utterly impoſſible, that any one preſent ſhould gueſs the perſon he meant.

But the lieutenant, who was the toaſt-maſter, was not contented with Sophia only. He ſaid, he muſt have her ſir-name; upon which Jones heſitated a little, and preſently after named Miſs Sophia Weſtern. Enſign Northerton declared, he would not drink her health in the ſame round with his own toaſt, unleſs ſomebody would vouch for her. I knew one Sophy Weſtern, ſays he, that was lain-with by half the young fellows at Bath; and,

perhaps, this is the ſame woman. Jones very ſolemnly aſſured him of the contrary; aſſerting, that the young lady he named was one of great faſhion and fortune. Ay, ay, ſays the enſign, and ſo ſhe is; d — n me, it is the ſame woman; and I'll hold half a dozen of Burgundy, Tom French of our regiment brings her into company with us at any tavern in Bridge's ſtreet. He then proceeded to deſcribe her perſon exactly, (for he had ſeen her with her aunt) and concluded with ſaying, that her father had a great eſtate in Somerſetſhire.

The tenderneſs of lovers can ill brook the leaſt jeſting with the names of their miſtreſſes. However, Jones, though he had enough of the lover and of the hero too in his diſpoſition, did not reſent theſe ſlanders as haſtily as, perhaps, he ought to have done. To ſay the truth, having ſeen but little of this kind of wit, he did not readily underſtand it, and for a long time imagined Mr. Northerton had really miſtaken his charmer for ſome other. But now turning to the enſign with a ſtern aſpect, he ſaid: Pray, Sir, chuſe ſome other ſubject for your wit: for I promiſe you I will bear no jeſting with this lady's character. Jeſting! cries the other, d — n me if ever I was more in earneſt in my life. Tom French of our regiment had both her and her aunt at Bath. Then I muſt tell you in earneſt, cries Jones, that you are one of the moſt impudent raſcals upon earth.

He had no ſooner ſpoken theſe words, than the enſign, together with a volley of curſes, diſcharged a bottle full at the head of Jones, which hitting him a little above the right temple, brought him inſtantly to the ground.

The conqueror perceiving the enemy to lie motionleſs before him, and blood beginning to flow pretty plentifully from his wound, began now to think of quitting the field of battle, where no more honour vas to be gotten: but the lieutenant interpoſed, by ſtepping before the door, and thus cut off his retreat.

Northerton was very importunate with the lieutenant for his liberty; urging the ill conſequences of his ſtay, aſking him, what he could have done leſs? Zounds! ſays he, I was but in jeſt with the fellow. I never heard any harm of Miſs Weſtern in my life. Have not you? ſaid the lieutenant, then you richly deſerve to be hanged, as well for making ſuch jeſts, as for uſing ſuch a weapon. You are my priſoner, Sir; nor ſhall you ſtir from hence, till a proper guard comes to ſecure you.

Such an aſcendant had our lieutenant over this enſign, that all that fervency of courage which had levelled our poor hero with the floor, would ſcarce have animated the ſaid enſign to have drawn his ſword againſt the lieutenant, had he then had one dangling at his ſide; but all the ſwords being hung up in the room, were, at the very beginning

of the fray, ſecured by the French officer. So that Mr. Northerton was obliged to attend the final iſſue of this affair.

The French gentleman and Mr. Adderly, at the deſire of their commanding officer, had raiſed up the body of Jones; but as they could perceive but little (if any) ſign of life in him, they again let him fall, Adderly damning him for having blooded his waiſt-coat; and the Frenchman declaring: Begar, me no tuſh de Engliſeman, de mort me have heard de Engliſe ley, law, what you call, hang up de man dat tuſh him laſt.

When the good lieutenant applied himſelf to the door, he applied himſelf likewiſe to the bell; and the drawer immediately attending, he diſpatched him for a file of muſqueteers, and a ſurgeon. Theſe commands, together with the drawer's report of what he had himſelf ſeen, not only produced the ſoldiers, but preſently drew up the landlord of the houſe, his wife, and ſervants, and, indeed, every one elſe, who happened, at that time, to be in the inn.

To deſcribe every particular, and to relate the whole converſation of the enſuing ſcene, is not within my power, unleſs I had forty pens, and could, at once, write with them altogether, as the company now ſpoke. The reader muſt, therefore, content himſelf with the moſt remarkable incidents, and perhaps he may very well excuſe the reſt.

The firſt thing done was ſecuring the body of Northerton, who being delivered into the cuſtody of ſix men with a corporal at their head, was by them conducted from a place which he was very willing to leave, but it was unluckily to a place whither he was very unwilling to go. To ſay the truth, ſo whimſical are the deſires of ambition, the very moment this youth had attained the above-mentioned honour, he would have been well contented to have retired to ſome corner of the world, where the fame of it ſhould never have reached his ears.

It ſurpriſes us, and ſo, perhaps, it may the reader, that the lieutenant, a worthy and good man, ſhould have applied his chief care, rather to ſecure the offender, than to preſerve the life of the wounded perſon. We mention this obſervation, not with any view of pretending to account for ſo odd a behaviour, but leſt ſome critic ſhould hereafter plume himſelf on diſcovering it. We would have theſe gentlemen know we can ſee what is odd in characters as well as themſelves; but it is our buſineſs to relate facts as they are; which when we have done, it is the part of the learned and ſagacious reader to conſult that original book of nature, whence every paſſage in our work is tranſcribed, though we quote not always the particular page for its authority.

The company which now arrived were of a

different diſpoſition. They ſuſpended their curioſity concerning the perſon of the enſign, till they ſhould ſee him hereafter in a more engaging attitude. At preſent, their whole concern and attention were employed about the bloody object on the floor; which being placed upright in a chair, ſoon began to diſcover ſome ſymptoms of life and motion. Theſe were no ſooner perceived by the company, (for Jones was, at firſt, generally concluded to be dead) than they all fell at once to preſcribing for him: for as none of the phyſical order was preſent, every one there took that office upon him.

Bleeding was the unanimous voice of the whole room; but unluckily there was no operator at hand: every one then cry'd: Call the barber; but none ſtirred a ſtep. Several cordials were likewiſe preſcribed in the ſame ineffective manner; till the landlord ordered up a tankard of ſtrong beer, with a toaſt, which he ſaid was the beſt cordial in England.

The perſon principally aſſiſtant on this occaſion, indeed the only one who did any ſervice, or ſeemed likely to do any, was the landlady. She cut off ſome of her hair, and applied it to the wound to ſtop the blood; ſhe fell to chafing the youth's temples with her hand; and having expreſt great contempt for her huſband's preſcription of beer, ſhe diſpatched one of her maids to her own cloſet for a bottle of brandy, of which, as ſoon as it was brought, ſhe prevailed upon Jones, who was

juſt returned to his ſenſes, to drink a very large and plentiful draught.

Soon afterwards arrived the ſurgeon, who having viewed the wound, having ſhaken his head, and blamed every thing which was done, ordered his patient inſtantly to bed; in which place, we think proper to leave him ſome time, to his repoſe, and ſhall here, therefore, put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

Containing the great addreſs of the landlady; the great learning of a ſurgeon, and the ſolid ſkill in caſuiſtry of the worthy lieutenant.

WHEN the wounded man was carried to his bed, and the houſe began again to clear up from the hurry which this accident had occaſioned, the landlady thus addreſſed the commanding officer: I am afraid, Sir, ſaid ſhe, this young man did not behave himſelf as well as he ſhould do to your honours; and if he had been killed, I ſuppoſe he had but his deſarts; to be ſure, when gentlemen admit inferior parſons into their company, they oft to keep their diſtance; but, as my firſt huſband uſed to ſay, Few of em know how to do it. For my own part, I am ſure, I ſhould not have ſuffered any fellows to include themſelves into gentlemen's company: but I thoft he had been an officer himſelf,

till the ſerjeant told me he was but a recruit.

Landlady, anſwered the lieutenant, you miſtake the whole matter. The young man behaved himſelf extremely well, and is, I believe, a much better gentleman than the enſign, who abuſed him. If the young fellow dies, the man who ſtruck him will have moſt reaſon to be ſorry for it: for the regiment will get rid of a very troubleſome fellow, who is a ſcandal to the army; and if he eſcapes from the hands of juſtice, blame mé, Madam, that's all.

Ay! ay! good lack-a-day! ſaid the landlady, who could have thoft it? Ay, ay, ay, I am ſatisfied your honour will ſee juſtice done; and to be ſure it oft to be to every one. Gentlemen oft not to kill poor folks without anſwering for it. A poor man hath a ſoul to be ſaved as well as his betters.

Indeed, Madam, ſaid the lieutenant, you do the volunteer wrong; I dare ſwear he is more of a gentleman than the officer.

Ay, cries the landlady, why look you there now: well, my firſt huſband was a wiſe man; he uſed to ſay, You can't always know the inſide by the outſide. Nay, that might have been well onough too: for I never ſaw'd him till he was all over blood. Who could have thoft it! mayhap, ſome young gentleman croſſed in love. Good lack-a-day! if he ſhould die, what a concern it will be to his parents! Why ſure the devil muſt poſſeſs the

wicked wretch to do ſuch an act. To be ſure, he is a ſcandal to the army, as your honour ſays: for moſt of the gentlemen of the army that ever I ſaw, are quite different ſort of people, and look as if they would ſcorn to ſpill any chriſtian blood as much as any men, I mean, that is, in a civil way, as my firſt huſband uſed to ſay. To be ſure, when they come into the wars, there muſt be blood-ſhed; but that they are not to be blamed for. The more of our enemies they kill there, the better; and I wiſh with all my heart, they could kill every mother's ſon of them.

O fie! Madam, ſaid the lieutenant ſmiling. All is rather too bloody-minded a wiſh.

Not at all, Sir, anſwered ſhe, I am not at all bloody-minded, only to our enemies, and there is no harm in that. To be ſure it is natural for us to wiſh our enemies dead, that the wars may be at an end, and our taxes to be lowered: for it is a dreadful thing to pay as we do. Why now there is above forty ſhillings for window lights, and yet we have ſtopt up all we could; we have almoſt blinded the houſe, I am ſure: ſays I to the exciſeman, ſays I, I think you oft to favour us, I am ſure we are very good friends to the government; and ſo we are for ſartain: for we pay a mint of money to 'un. And yet I often think to myſelf, the government doth not imagine itſelf more obliged to us, than to thoſe that don't

pay 'un a farthing. Ay, ay; it is the way of the world.

She was proceeding in this manner, when the ſurgeon entered the room. The lieutenant immediately aſked, how his patient did? But he reſolved him only by ſaying: Better, I believe, than he would have been by this time, if I had not been called; and even as it is, perhaps it would have been lucky if I could have been called ſooner. I hope, Sir, ſaid the lieutenant, the ſkull is not fractured. Hum! cries the ſurgeon, fractures are not always the moſt dangerous ſymptoms. Contuſions and lacerations are often attended with worſe phænomena, and with more fatal conſequences than fractures. People who know nothing of the matter conclude, if the ſkull is not fractured, all is well; whereas, I had rather ſee a man's ſkull broke all to pieces, than ſome contuſions I have met with. I hope, ſays the lieutenant, there are no ſuch ſymptoms here. Symptoms, anſwered the ſurgeon, are not always regular not conſtant. I have known very unfavourable ſymptoms in the morning change to favourable ones at noon, and return to unfavourable ones again at night. Of wounds, indeed, it is rightly and truly ſaid, *Nemo repentè fuit turpiſſimus.* I was once, I remember, called to a patient, who had received a violent contuſion in his *tibia*, by which the exterior *cutis* was lacerated, ſo that there was a profuſe ſanguinary

diſcharge; and the interior membranes were ſo divellicated, that the *os* or bone very plainly appeared through the aperture of the *vulnus* or wound. Some febrile ſymptoms intervening at the ſame time, (for the pulſe was exuberant and indicated much phlebotomy) I apprehended an immediate mortification. To prevent which, I preſently made a large orifice in the vein of the left arm, whence I drew twenty ounces of blood; which I expected to have found extremely ſizy and glutinous, or indeed coagulated, as it is in pleuretic complaints; but, to my ſurpriſe, it appeared roſy and florid, and its conſiſtency differed little from the blood of thoſe in perfect health. I then applied a fomentation to the part, which highly anſwered the intention, and after three or four times dreſſing, the wound began to diſcharge a thick pus or matter, by which means the coheſion — but perhaps I do not make myſelf perfectly well underſtood. No really, anſwered the lieutenant, I cannot ſay I underſtand a ſyllable. Well, Sir, ſaid the ſurgeon, then I ſhall not tire your patience; in ſhort, within ſix weeks, my patient was able to walk upon his legs, as perfectly as he could have done before he received the contuſion. I wiſh, Sir, ſaid the lieutenant, you would be ſo kind only to inform me, whether the wound this young gentleman hath had the misfortune to receive is likely to prove mortal? Sir, anſwered the ſurgeon, to ſay whether a wound

will prove mortal or not, at firſt dreſſing, would be very weak and fooliſh preſumption: we are all mortal, and ſymptoms often occur in a cure, which the greateſt of our profeſſion could never foreſee. — But do you think him in danger? ſays the other. In danger! ay, ſurely, cries the doctor, who is there among us, who in the moſt perfect health can be ſaid not to be in danger? Can a man, therefore, with ſo bad a wound as this, be ſaid to be out of danger? All I can ſay at preſent is, that it is well I was called as I was, and perhaps it would have been better if I had been called ſooner. I will ſee him again early in the morning, and in the mean time let him be kept extremely quiet, and drink liberally of water-gruel. Won't you allow him ſack-whey, ſaid the landlady? Ay, ay, ſack-whey, cries the doctor, if you will, provided it be very ſmall. And a little chicken-broth too, added ſhe? — Yes, yes, chicken-broth, ſaid the doctor, is very good. Mayn't I make him ſome jellies too, ſaid the landlady? Ay, ay, anſwered the doctor, jellies are very good for wounds, for they promote coheſion. And, indeed, it was lucky ſhe had not named ſoop or high ſauces, for the doctor would have complied, rather than have loſt the cuſtom of the houſe.

The doctor was no ſooner gone than the landlady began to trumpet forth his fame to the lieutenant, who had not, from their ſhort acquaintance,

conceived quite ſo favourable an opinion of his phyſical abilities, as the good woman, and all the neighbourhood, entertained; (and perhaps very rightly) for though I am afraid the doctor was a little of a coxcomb, he might be nevertheleſs very much of a ſurgeon.

The lieutenant having collected from the learned diſcourſe of the ſurgeon, that Mr. Jones was in great danger, gave orders for keeping Mr. Northerton under a very ſtrict guard, deſigning in the morning to attend him to a juſtice of peace, and to commit the conducting the troops to Glouceſter to the French lieutenant, who, though he could neither read, write, nor ſpeak any language, was, however, a good officer.

In the evening our commander ſent a meſſage to Mr. Jones, that if a viſit would not be troubleſome, he would wait on him. This civility was very kindly and thankfully received by Jones, and the lieutenant accordingly went up to his room, where he found the wounded man much better than he expected; nay, Jones aſſured his friend, that if he had not received expreſs orders to the contrary from the ſurgeon, he ſhould have got up long ago: for he appeared to himſelf to be as well as ever, and felt no other inconvenience from his wound but an extreme ſoreneſs on that ſide of his head.

I ſhould be very glad, quoth the lieutenant, if you was as well as you fancy yourſelf: for then

you could be able to do yourſelf juſtice immediately: for when a matter can't be made up, as in a caſe of a blow, the ſooner you take him out, the better; but I am afraid you think yourſelf better than you are, and he would have too much advantage over you.

I'll try, however, anſwered Jones, if you pleaſe, and will be ſo kind to lend me a ſword: for I have none here of my own.

My ſword is heartily at your ſervice, my dear boy, cries the lieutenant, kiſſing him, you are a brave lad, and I love your ſpirit; but I fear your ſtrength: for ſuch a blow, and ſo much loſs of blood, muſt have very much weakened you; and though you feel no want of ſtrength in your bed, yet you moſt probably would after a thruſt or two. I can't conſent to your taking him out to-night; but I hope you will be able to come up with us before we get many days march advance; and I give you my honour you ſhall have ſatisfaction, or the man who hath injured you ſhan't ſtay in our regiment.

I wiſh, ſaid Jones, it was poſſible to decide this matter to-night: now you have mentioned it to me, I ſhall not be able to reſt.

O never think of it, returned the other, a few days will make no difference. The wounds of honour are not like thoſe in your body. They ſuffer nothing by the delay of cure. It will be altogether

as well for you, to receive ſatisfaction a week hence as now.

But ſuppoſe, ſaid Jones, I ſhould grow worſe, and die of the conſequences of my preſent wound.

Then your honour, anſwered the lieutenant, will require no reparation at all. I myſelf will do juſtice to your character, and teſtify to the world your intention to have acted properly if you had recovered.

Still, replied Jones, I am concerned at the delay. I am almoſt afraid to mention it to you who are a ſoldier; but though I have been a very wild young fellow, ſtill in my moſt ſerious moments, and at the bottom, I am really a chriſtian.

So am I too, I aſſure you, ſaid the officer; and ſo zealous a one, that I was pleaſed with you at dinner for taking up the cauſe of your religion; and I am a little offended with you, now, young gentleman, that you ſhould expreſs a fear of declaring your faith before any one.

But how terrible muſt it be, cries Jones, to any one who is really a chriſtian, to cheriſh malice in his breaſt, in oppoſition to the command of him who hath expreſsly forbid it! How can I bear to do this on a ſick bed? Or how ſhall I make up my account, with ſuch an article as this in my boſom againſt me?

Why I believe there is ſuch a command, cries the lieutenant; but a man of honour can't keep

it. And you muſt be a man of honour, if you will be in the army. I remember I once put the caſe to our chaplain over a bowl of punch, and he confeſſed, there was much difficulty in it; but he ſaid, he hoped there might be a latitude granted to ſoldiers in this one inſtance; and to be ſure it is our duty to hope ſo: for who would bear to live without his honour? No, no, my dear boy, be a good chriſtian as long as you live; but be a man of honour too, and never put up an affront; not all the books, nor all the parſons in the world, ſhall ever perſuade me to that. I love my religion very well, but I love my honour more. There muſt be ſome miſtake in the wording the text, or in the tranſlation, or in the underſtanding it, or ſome where or other. But however that be, a man muſt run the riſque; for he muſt preſerve his honour. So compoſe yourſelf to-night, and I promiſe you, you ſhall have an opportunity of doing yourſelf juſtice. Here he gave Jones a hearty buſs, ſhook him by the hand, and took his leave.

But though the lieutenant's reaſoning was very ſatisfactory to himſelf, it was not entirely ſo to his friend. Jones therefore having reſolved this matter much in his thoughts, at laſt came to a reſolution, which the reader will find in the next chapter.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

A moſt dreadful chapter indeed; and which few readers ought to venture upon in an evening, eſpecially when alone.

JONES ſwallowed a large meſs of chicken, or rather cock, broth, with a very good appetite, as indeed he would have done the cock it was made of, with a pound of bacon into the bargain; and now, finding in himſelf no deficiency of either health or ſpirit, he reſolved to get up and ſeek his enemy.

But firſt he ſent for the ſerjeant, who was his firſt acquaintance among theſe military gentlemen. Unluckily, that worthy officer having, in a literal ſenſe, taken his fill of liquor, had been ſome time retired to his bolſter, where he was ſnoring ſo loud, that it was not eaſy to convey a noiſe in at his ears capable of drowning that which iſſued from his noſtrils.

However, as Jones perſiſted in his deſire of ſeeing him, a vociferous drawer at length found means to diſturb his ſlumbers, and to acquaint him with the meſſage. Of which the ſerjeant was no ſooner made ſenſible, than he aroſe from his bed, and having his clothes already on, immediately attended. Jones did not think fit to acquaint the ſerjeant with his

deſign, though he might have done it with great ſafety; for the halberdier was himſelf a man of honour, and had killed his man. He would therefore have faithfully kept this ſecret, or indeed any other which no reward was publiſhed for diſcovering. But as Jones knew not thoſe virtues in ſo ſhort an acquaintance, his caution was perhaps prudent and commendable enough.

He began therefore by acquainting the ſerjeant, that, as he was now entered into the army, he was aſhamed of being without what was perhaps the moſt neceſſary implement of a ſoldier, namely, a ſword; adding, that he ſhould be infinitely obliged to him, if he could procure one. For which, ſays he, I will give you any reaſonable price; nor do I inſiſt upon its being ſilver-hilted; only a good blade, and ſuch as may become a ſoldier's thigh.

The ſerjeant, who well knew what had happened, and had heard that Jones was in a very dangerous condition, immediately concluded, from ſuch a meſſage, at ſuch a time of night, and from a man in ſuch a ſituation, that he was light-headed. Now, as he had his wit (to uſe that word in its common ſignification) always ready, he bethought himſelf of making his advantage of this humour in the ſick man. Sir, ſays he, I believe I can fit you. I have a moſt excellent piece of ſtuff by me. It is not indeed ſilver-hilted, which, as you ſay, doth not become a ſoldier; but the handle is decent enough,

and the blade one of the beſt in Europe. — It is a blade that — a blade that — in ſhort, I will fetch it you this inſtant, and you ſhall ſee it and handle it. — I am glad to ſee your honour ſo well with all my heart.

Being inſtantly returned with the ſword, he delivered it to Jones, who took it and drew it; and then told the ſerjeant, it would do very well, and bid him name his price.

The ſerjeant now began to harangue in praiſe of his goods. He ſaid, nay, he ſwore very heartily, that the blade was taken from a French officer of very high rank, at the battle of Dettingen. I took it myſelf, ſays he, from his ſide, after I had knocked him o' the head. The hilt was a golden one. That I ſold to one of our fine gentlemen; for there are ſome of them, an't pleaſe your honour, who value the hilt of a ſword more than the blade.

Here the other ſtopped him, and begged him, to name a price. The ſerjeant, who thought Jones abſolutely out of his ſenſes, and very near his end, was afraid, leſt he ſhould injure his family by aſking too little. — However, after a moment's heſitation, he contented himſelf with naming twenty guineas, and ſwore, he would not ſell it for leſs to his own brother.

Twenty guineas! ſays Jones, in the utmoſt ſurpriſe; ſure you think I am mad, or that I never ſaw a ſword in my life. Twenty guineas,

indeed! I did not imagine you would endeavour to impoſe upon me. — Here, take the ſword — No, now I think on't, I will keep it myſelf, and ſhew it your officer in the morning, acquainting him, at the ſame time, what a price you aſked me for it.

The ſerjeant, as we have ſaid, had always his wit (*in ſenſu prædicto*) about him, and now plainly ſaw that Jones was not in the condition he had apprehended him to be; he now, therefore, counterfeited as great ſurpriſe as the other had ſhewn, and ſaid: I am certain, Sir, I have not aſked you ſo much out of the way. Beſides you are to conſider, it is the only ſword I have, and I muſt run the riſque of my officer's diſpleaſure, by going without one myſelf. And truly, putting all this together, I don't think twenty ſhillings ſo much out of the way.

Twenty ſhillings! cries Jones, why you juſt now aſked me twenty guineas. How! cries the ſerjeant — Sure your honour muſt have miſtaken me; or elſe I miſtook myſelf — and indeed I am but half awake. — Twenty guineas, indeed! no wonder your honour flew into ſuch a paſſion. I ſay twenty guineas too — No, no, I meant twenty ſhillings, I aſſure you. And when your honour comes to conſider every thing, I hope you will not think that ſo extravagant a price. It is indeed true, you may buy a weapon which looks as well for leſs money; but —

Here Jones interrupted him, ſaying: I will be ſo far from making any words with you, that I will give you a ſhilling more than your demand. He then gave him a guinea, bid him return to his bed, and wiſhed him a good march; adding, he hoped to overtake them before the diviſion reached Worceſter.

The ſerjeant very civilly took his leave, fully ſatisfied with his merchandize, and not a little pleaſed with his dexterous recovery from that falſe ſtep into which his opinion of the ſick man's light-headedneſs had betrayed him.

As ſoon as the ſerjeant was departed, Jones roſe from his bed, and dreſſed himſelf entirely, putting on even his coat, which, as its colour was white, ſhewed very viſibly the ſtreams of blood which had flowed down it; and now, having graſped his new-purchaſed ſword in his hand, he was going to iſſue forth, when the thought of what he was about to undertake laid ſuddenly hold of him, and he began to reflect that in a few minutes he might poſſibly deprive a human being of life, or might loſe his own. Very well, ſaid he, and in what cauſe do I venture my life? Why, in that of my honour. And who is this human being? A raſcal who hath injured and inſulted me without provocation. But is not revenge forbidden by heaven? — Yes, but it is enjoined by the world. Well, but ſhall I obey the world in oppoſition to the expreſs commands of

heaven? Shall I incur the divine diſpleaſure rather than be called — ha — coward — ſcoundrel? — I'll think no more; I am reſolved, and muſt fight him.

The clock had now ſtruck twelve, and every one in the houſe were in their beds, except the centinel who ſtood to guard Northerton, when Jones ſoftly opening his door, iſſued forth in purſuit of his enemy, of whoſe place of confinement he had received a perfect deſcription from the drawer. It is not eaſy to conceive a much more tremendous figure than he now exhibited. He had on, as we have ſaid, a light-colqured coat, covered with ſtreams of blood. His face, which miſſed that very blood, as well as twenty ounces more drawn from him by the ſurgeon, was pallid. Round his head was a quantity of bandage, not unlike a turban. In the right hand he carried a ſword, and in the left a candle. So that the bloody Banquo was not worthy to be compared to him. In fact, I believe a more dreadful apparition was never raiſed in a church-yard, nor in the imagination of any good people met in a winter evening over a chriſtmas fire in Somerſetſhire.

When the centinel firſt ſaw our hero approach, his hair began gently to lift up his grenadier's cap; and in the ſame inſtant his knees fell to blows with each other. Preſently his whole body was ſeized with worſe than an ague-fit. He then fired his piece, and fell flat on his face.

Whether fear or courage was the occaſion of his firing, or whether he took aim at the object of his terror, I cannot ſay. If he did, however, he had the good fortune to miſs his man.

Jones ſeeing the fellow fall, gueſſed the cauſe of his fright, at which he could not forbear ſmiling, not in the leaſt reflecting on the danger from which he had juſt eſcaped. He then paſſed by the fellow, who ſtill continued in the poſture in which he fell, and entered the room where Northerton, as he had heard, was confined. Here, in a ſolitary ſituation, he found — an empty quart-pot ſtanding on the table, on which ſome beer being ſpilt, it looked as if the room had lately been inhabited; but at preſent it was entirely vacant.

Jones then apprehended it might lead to ſome other apartment; but, upon ſearching all round it, he could perceive no other door than that at which he entered, and where the centinel had been poſted. He then proceeded to call Northerton ſeveral times by his name; but no one anſwered; nor did this ſerve to any other purpoſe than to confirm the centinel in his terrors, who was now convinced that the volunteer was dead of his wounds, and that his ghoſt was come in ſearch of the murderer: he now lay in all the agonies of horror; and I wiſh, with all my heart, ſome of thoſe actors, who are hereafter to repreſent a man frightened out of his wits, had ſeen him, that they might be taught to copy nature,

inſtead of performing ſeveral antic tricks and geſtures, for the entertainment and applauſe of the galleries.

Perceiving the bird was flown, at leaſt deſpairing to find him, and rightly apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the whole houſe, our hero now blew out his candle, and gently ſtole back again to his chamber, and to his bed: whither he would not have been able to have gotten undiſcovered, had any other perſon been on the ſame ſtair-caſe, ſave only one gentleman who was confined to his bed by the gout; for before he could reach the door to his chamber, the hall where the centinel had been poſted, was half full of people, ſome in their ſhirts, and others not half dreſt, all very earneſtly enquiring of each other, what was the matter?

The ſoldier was now found lying in the ſame place and poſture in which we juſt now left him. Several immediately applied themſelves to raiſe him, and ſome concluded him dead: but they preſently ſaw their miſtake; for he not only ſtruggled with thoſe who laid their hands on him, but fell a roaring like a bull. In reality, he imagined ſo many ſpirits or devils were handling him; for his imagination being poſſeſſed with the horror of an apparition, converted every object he ſaw or felt, into nothing but ghoſts and ſpectres.

At length he was over-powered by numbers, and got upon his legs; when candles being brought, and ſeeing two or three of his comrades preſent, he came

a little to himſelf; but when they aſked him, what was the matter? he anſwered: I am a dead man, that's all, I am a dead man. I can't recover it. I have ſeen him. What haſt thou ſeen, Jack? ſays one of the ſoldiers. Why I have ſeen the young volunteer that was killed yeſterday. He then imprecated the moſt heavy curſes on himſelf, if he had not ſeen the volunteer, all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and noſtrils, paſs by him into the chamber where enſign Northerton was, and then ſeizing the enſign by the throat, fly away with him in a clap of thunder.

This relation met with a gracious reception from the audience. All the women preſent believed it firmly, and prayed heaven to defend them from murder. Amongſt the men too, many had faith in the ſtory; but others turned it into deriſion and ridicule; and a ſerjeant, who was preſent, anſwered very coolly: Young man, you will hear more of this for going to ſleep, and dreaming on your poſt.

The ſoldier replied: You may puniſh me if you pleaſe; but I was as broad awake as I am now; and the devil carry me away, as he hath the enſign, if I did not ſee the dead man, as I tell you, with eyes as big and as fiery as two large flambeaux.

The commander of the forces, and the commander of the houſe, were now both arrived: for the former being awake at the time, and hearing the centinel fire his piece, thought it his duty to riſe immediately,

though he had no great apprehenſions of any miſchief; whereas the apprehenſions of the latter were much greater, leſt her ſpoons and tankards ſhould be upon the march, without having received any ſuch orders from her.

Our poor centinel, to whom the ſight of this officer was not much more welcome than the apparition, as he thought it, which he had ſeen before, again related the dreadful ſtory, and with many additions of blood and fire: but he had the misfortune to gain no credit with either of the laſt-mentioned perſons; for the officer, though a very religious man, was free from all terrors of this kind; beſides, having ſo lately left Jones in the condition we have ſeen, he had no ſuſpicion of his being dead. As for the landlady, though not over religious, ſhe had no kind of averſion to the doctrine of ſpirits; but there was a circumſtance in the tale which ſhe well knew to be falſe, as we ſhall inform the reader preſently.

But whether Northerton was carried away in thunder or fire, or in whatever other manner he was gone, it was now certain that his body was no longer in cuſtody. Upon this occaſion, the lieutenant formed a concluſion not very different from what the ſerjeant is juſt mentioned to have made before, and immediately ordered the centinel to be taken priſoner. So that, by a ſtrange reverſe of fortune, (though not very uncommon in a military life) the guard became the guarded.

CHAP. XV.

The concluſion of the foregoing adventure.

BESIDES the ſuſpicion of ſleep, the lieutenant harboured another, and worſe doubt againſt the poor centinel, and this was that of treachery: for as he believed not one ſyllable of the apparition, ſo he imagined the whole to be an invention, formed only to impoſe upon him, and that the fellow had, in reality, been bribed by Northerton to let him eſcape. And this he imagined the rather, as the fright appeared to him the more unnatural in one who had the character of as brave and bold a man as any in the regiment, having been in ſeveral actions, having received ſeveral wounds, and, in a word, having behaved himſelf always like a good and valiant ſoldier.

That the reader, therefore, may not conceive the leaſt ill opinion of ſuch a perſon, we ſhall not delay a moment in reſcuing his character from the imputation of this guilt.

Mr. Northerton then, as we have before obſerved, was fully ſatisfied with the glory which he had obtained from this action. He had, perhaps, ſeen, or heard, or gueſſed, that envy is apt to attend fame. Not that I would here inſinuate, that he was heatheniſhly inclined to believe in, or to worſhip,

the goddeſs Nemeſis; for, in fact, I am convinced he never heard of her name. He was, beſides, of an active diſpoſition, and had a great antipathy to thoſe cloſe winter quarters in the caſtle of Glouceſter, for which a juſtice of peace might poſſibly give him a billet. Nor was he moreover free from ſome uneaſy meditations on a certain wooden edifice, which I forbear to name, in conformity to the opinion of mankind, who, I think, rather ought to honour than to be aſhamed of this building, as it is, or at leaſt might be made, of more benefit to ſociety than almoſt any other public erection. In a word, to hint at no more reaſons for his conduct, Mr. Northerton was deſirous of departing that evening, and nothing remained for him but to contrive the *Quomodo*, which appeared to be a matter of ſome difficulty.

Now this young gentleman, though ſomewhat crooked in his morals, was perfectly ſtrait in his perſon, which was extremely ſtrong and well made. His face too was accounted handſome by the generality of women, for it was broad and ruddy, with tolerably good teeth. Such charms did not fail making an impreſſion on my landlady, who had no little reliſh for this kind of beauty. She had, indeed, a real compaſſion for the young man; and hearing from the ſurgeon that affairs were like to go ill with the volunteer, ſhe ſuſpected they might hereafter wear no benign aſpect with the enſign.

Having obtained, therefore, leave to make him a viſit, and finding him in a very melancholy mood, which ſhe conſiderably heightened, by telling him there were ſcarce any hopes of the volunteer's life, ſhe proceeded to throw forth ſome hints, which the other readily and eagerly taking up, they ſoon came to a right underſtanding; and it vas at length agreed, that the enſign ſhould, at a certain ſignal, aſcend the chimney, which communicating very ſoon with that of the kitchen, he might there again let himſelf down; for which ſhe would give him an opportunity, by keeping the coaſt clear.

But leſt our readers, of a different complexion, ſhould take this occaſion of too haſtily condemning all compaſſion as a folly, and pernicious to ſociety, we think proper to mention another particular, which might poſſibly have ſome little ſhare in this action. The enſign happened to be at this time poſſeſſed of the ſum of fifty pounds, which did indeed belong to the whole company: for the captain having quarrelled with his lieutenant, had entruſted the payment of his company to the enſign. This money, however, he thought proper to depoſite in my landlady's hand, poſſibly by way of bail or ſecurity that he would hereafter appear and anſwer to the charge againſt him; but whatever were the conditions, certain it is, that ſhe had the money, and the enſign his liberty.

The reader may, perhaps, expect, from the

compaſſionate temper of this good woman, that, when ſhe ſaw the poor centinel taken priſoner for a fact of which ſhe knew him innocent, ſhe ſhould immediately have interpoſed in his behalf; but whether it was that ſhe had already exhauſted all her compaſſion in the above-mentioned inſtance, or that the features of this fellow, though not very different from thoſe of the enſign, could not raiſe it, I will not determine; but ſo far from being an advocate for the preſent priſoner, ſhe urged his guilt to the officer, declaring with uplifted eyes and hands, that ſhe would not have had any concern in the eſcape of a murderer for all the world.

Every thing was now once more quiet; and moſt of the company returned again to their beds; but the landlady, either from the natural activity of her diſpoſition, or from her fear for her plate, having no propenſity to ſleep, prevailed with the officers, as they were to march within little more than an hour, to ſpend that time with her over a bowl of punch.

Jones had lain awake all this while, and had heard great part of the hurry and buſtle that had paſſed, of which he had now ſome curioſity to know the particulars. He therefore applied to his bell, which he rung at leaſt twenty times without any effect; for my landlady was in ſuch high mirth with her company, that no clapper could be heard there but her own, and the drawer and chambermaid,

who were ſitting together in the kitchen (for neither durſt he ſit up, nor ſhe lie in bed alone) the more they heard the bell ring, the more they were frightened, and, as it were, nailed down in their places.

At laſt, at a lucky interval of chat, the ſound reached the ears of our good landlady, who preſently ſent forth her ſummons, which both her ſervants inſtantly obeyed. Joe, ſays the miſtreſs, don't you hear the gentleman's bell ring? Why don't you go up? It is not my buſineſs, anſwered the drawer, to wait upon the chambers. It is Betty chambermaid's. If you come to that, anſwered the maid, it is not my buſineſs to wait upon gentlemen. I have done it, indeed, ſometimes; but the devil fetch me if ever I do again, ſince you make your preambles about it. The bell ſtill ringing violently, their miſtreſs fell into a paſſion, and ſwore, if the drawer did not go up immediately, ſhe would turn him away that very morning. If you do, Madam, ſays he, I can't help it. I won't do another ſervant's buſineſs. She then applied herſelf to the maid, and endeavoured to prevail by gentle means; but all in vain, Betty was as inflexible as Joe. Both inſiſted, it was not their buſineſs, and they would not do it.

The lieutenant then fell a laughing, and ſaid: Come, I will put an end to this contention; and then turning to the ſervants, commended them for their reſolution, in neither giving up the point; but

added, he was ſure, if one would conſent to go, the other would. To which propoſal they both agreed in an inſtant, and accordingly went up very lovingly and cloſe together. When they were gone, the lieutenant appeaſed the wrath of the landlady, by ſatisfying her, why they were both ſo unwilling to go alone.

They returned ſoon after, and acquainted their miſtreſs, that the ſick gentleman was ſo far from being dead, that he ſpoke as heartily as if he was well; and that he gave his ſervice to the captain, and ſhould be very glad of the favour of ſeeing him before he marched.

The good lieutenant immediately complied with his deſires, and ſitting down by his bedſide, acquainted him with the ſcene which had happened below, concluding with his intention to make an example of the centinel.

Upon this, Jones related to him the whole truth, and earneſtly begged him, not to puniſh the poor ſoldier, who, I am confident, ſays he, is as innocent of the enſign's eſcape, as he is of forging any lie, or of endeavouring to impoſe on you.

The lieutenant heſitated a few moments, and then anſwered: Why, as you have cleared the fellow of one part of the charge, ſo it will be impoſſible to prove the other; becauſe he was not the only centinel. But I have a good mind to puniſh the raſcal for being a coward. Yet who knows what

effect

effect the terror of ſuch an apprehenſion may have? and to ſay the truth, he hath always behaved well againſt an enemy. Come, it is a good thing to ſee any ſign of religion in theſe fellows; ſo I promiſe you, he ſhall be ſet at liberty when we march. But hark, the general beats. My dear boy, give me another buſs. Don't diſcompoſe nor hurry yourſelf; but remember the chriſtian doctrine of patience, and I warrant you will ſoon be able to do yourſelf juſtice, and to take an honourable revenge on the fellow who hath injured you. The lieutenant then departed, and Jones endeavoured to compoſe himſelf to reſt.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK VIII.

Containing above two days.

CHAP. I.

A wonderful long chapter concerning the marvellous; being much the longeſt of all our introductory chapters.

As we are now entering upon a book, in which the courſe of our hiſtory will oblige us to relate ſome matters of a more ſtrange and ſurpriſing kind than any which have hitherto occurred, it may not be amiſs in the prolegomenous, or introductory chapter, to ſay ſomething of that ſpecies of writing which is called the marvellous. To this we ſhall, as well for the ſake of ourſelves, as of others, endeavour to ſet ſome certain bounds; and indeed nothing can be more neceſſary, as critics * of

* By this word here, and in moſt other parts of our work, we mean every reader in the world.

different complexions are here apt to run into very different extremes; for while ſome are, with Mr. Dacier, ready to allow, that the ſame thing which is impoſſible may be yet probable *, others have ſo little hiſtoric or poetic faith, that they believe nothing to be either poſſible or probable, the like to which hath not occurred to their own obſervation.

Firſt then, I think, it may very reaſonably be required of every writer, that he keeps within the bounds of poſſibility; and ſtill remembers that what it is not poſſible for man to perform, it is ſcarce poſſible for man to believe he did perform. This conviction, perhaps, gave birth to many ſtories of the ancient heathen deities (for moſt of them are of poetical original.) The poet, being deſirous to indulge a wanton and extravagant imagination, took refuge in that power, of the extent of which his readers were no judges, or rather which they imagined to be infinite, and conſequently they could not be ſhocked at any prodigies related of it. This hath been ſtrongly urged in defence of Homer's miracles; and it is, perhaps, a defence; not, as Mr. Pope would have it, becauſe Ulyſſes told a ſet of fooliſh lies to the Phæacians, who were a very dull nation; but becauſe the poet himſelf wrote to heathens, to whom poetical fables were articles of faith. For my own part, I muſt

* It was happy for Mr. Dacier that he was not an Iriſhman.

confeſs, ſo compaſſionate is my temper, I wiſh Polypheme had confined himſelf to his milk diet, and preſerved his eye; nor could Ulyſſes be much more concerned than myſelf, when his companions were turned into ſwine by Circe, who ſhewed, I think, afterwards, too much regard for man's fleſh to be ſuppoſed capable of converting it into bacon. I wiſh, likewiſe, with all my heart, that Homer could have known the rule preſcribed by Horace, to introduce ſupernatural agents as ſeldom as poſſible. We ſhould not then have ſeen his gods coming on trivial errands, and often behaving themſelves ſo as not only to forfeit all title to reſpect, but to become the objects of ſcorn and deriſion. A conduct which muſt have ſhocked the credulity of a pious and ſagacious heathen; and which could never have been defended, unleſs by agreeing with a ſuppoſition to which I have been ſometimes almoſt inclined, that this moſt glorious poet, as he certainly was, had an intent to burleſque the ſuperſtitious faith of his own age and country.

But I have reſted too long on a doctrine which can be of no uſe to a chriſtian writer; for as he cannot introduce into his works any of that heavenly hoſt which make a part of his creed; ſo is it horrid puerility to ſearch the heathen theology for any of thoſe deities who have been long ſince dethroned from their immortality. Lord Shafteſbury obſerves, that nothing is more cold than the invocation of

a muſe by a modern; he might have added, that nothing can be more abſurd. A modern may with much more elegance invoke a ballad, as ſome have thought Homer did, or a mug of ale, with the author of Hudibras; which latter may perhaps have inſpired much more poetry as well as proſe, than all the liquors of Hippocrene or Helicon.

The only ſupernatural agents which can in any manner be allowed to us moderns, are ghoſts; but of theſe I would adviſe an author to be extremely ſparing. Theſe are indeed like arſenic, and other dangerous drugs in phyſic, to be uſed with the utmoſt caution; nor would I adviſe the introduction of them at all in thoſe works, or by thoſe authors, to which, or to whom a horſe-laugh in the reader would be any great prejudice or mortification.

As for elves and fairies, and other ſuch mummery, I purpoſely omit the mention of them, as I ſhould be very unwilling to confine within any bounds thoſe ſurpriſing imaginations, for whoſe vaſt capacity the limits of human nature are too narrow; whoſe works are to be conſidered as a new creation; and who have conſequently juſt right to do what they will with their own.

Man therefore is the higheſt ſubject (unleſs on very extraordinary occaſions indeed) which preſents itſelf to the pen of our hiſtorian, or of our poet; and in relating his actions, great care is to be taken, that we do not exceed the capacity of the agent we deſcribe.

Nor is poſſibility alone ſufficient to juſtify us, we muſt keep likewiſe within the rules of probability. It is, I think, the opinion of Ariſtotle; or if not, it is the opinion of ſome wiſe man, whoſe authority will be as weighty, when it is as old; That it is no excuſe for a poet who relates what is incredible, that the thing related is really matter of fact. This may perhaps be allowed true with regard to poetry, but it may be thought impracticable to extend it to the hiſtorian: for he is obliged to record matters as he finds them; though they may be of ſo extraordinary a nature, as will require no ſmall degree of hiſtorical faith to ſwallow them. Such was the ſucceſsleſs armament of Xerxes, deſcribed by Herodotus, or the ſucceſsful expedition of Alexander, related by Arrian. Such of later years was the victory of Agincourt obtained by Harry the fifth, or that of Narva won by Charles the twelfth of Sweden. All which inſtances, the more we reflect on them, appear ſtill the more aſtoniſhing.

Such facts, however, as they occur in the thread of the ſtory, nay, indeed, as they conſtitute the eſſential parts of it, the hiſtorian is not only juſtifiable in recording as they really happened; but indeed would be unpardonable, ſhould he omit or alter them. But there are other facts not of ſuch conſequence, nor ſo neceſſary, which, though ever ſo well atteſted, may nevertheleſs be ſacrificed to oblivion in complaiſance to the ſcepticiſm of a

reader. Such is that memorable ſtory of the ghoſt of George Villers, which might with more propriety have been made a preſent of to Dr. Drelincourt, to have kept the ghoſt of Mrs. Veale company, at the head of his diſcourſe upon death, than have been introduced into ſo ſolemn a work as *The Hiſtory of the Rebellion.*

To ſay the truth, if the hiſtorian will confine himſelf to what really happened, and utterly reject any circumſtance, which, though never ſo well atteſted, he muſt be well aſſured is falſe, he will ſometimes fall into the marvellous, but never into the incredible. He will often raiſe the wonder and ſurpriſe of his reader, but never that incredulous hatred mentioned by Horace. It is by falling into fiction, therefore, that we generally offend againſt this rule, of deſerting probability, which the hiſtorian ſeldom, if ever, quits, till he forſakes his character, and commences a writer of mere romance. In this, however, thoſe hiſtorians who relate public tranſactions have the advantage of us who confine ourſelves to ſcenes of private life. The credit of the former is by common notoriety ſupported for a long time; and public records, with the concurrent teſtimony of many authors, bear evidence to their truth in future ages. Thus a Trajan and an Antoninus, a Nero and a Caligula, have all met with the belief of poſterity; and no one doubts but that men ſo very good, and ſo very bad, were once the maſters of mankind.

But we who deal in private characters, who ſearch into the moſt retired receſſes, and draw forth examples of virtue and vice, from holes and corners of the world, are in a more dangerous ſituation. As we have no public notoriety, no concurrent teſtimony, no records to ſupport and corroborate what we deliver, it becomes us to keep within the limits not only of poſſibility, but of probability too; and this more eſpecially in painting what is greatly good and amiable. Knavery and folly, though never ſo exorbitant, will more eaſily meet with aſſent; for ill-nature adds great ſupport and ſtrength to faith.

Thus we may, perhaps, with little danger, relate the hiſtory of a Fiſher; who having long owed his bread to the generoſity of Mr. Derby, and having one morning received a conſiderable bounty from his hands, yet in order to poſſeſs himſelf of what remained in his friend's ſcrutore, concealed himſelf in a public office of the Temple, through which there was a paſſage into Mr. Derby's chambers. Here he overheard Mr. Derby for many hours ſolacing himſelf at an entertainment which he that evening gave his friends, and to which Fiſher had been invited. During all this time, no tender, no grateful reflections aroſe to reſtrain his purpoſe; but when the poor gentleman had let his company out through the office, Fiſher came ſuddenly from his lurking place, and walking ſoftly behind his

friend into his chamber, diſcharged a piſtol-ball into his head. This may be believed, when the bones of Fiſher are as rotten as his heart. Nay, perhaps, it will be credited that the villain went two days afterwards with ſome young ladies to the play of Hamlet; and with an unaltered countenance heard one of the ladies, who little ſuſpected how near ſhe was to the perſon, cry out: Good God! if the man that murdered Mr. Derby was now preſent! Manifeſting in this a more ſeared and callous conſcience than even Nero himſelf; of whom we are told by Suetonius, that the conſciouſneſs of his guilt, after the death of his mother, became immediately intolerable, and ſo continued; nor could all the congratulations of the ſoldiers, of the ſenate, and the people, allay the horrors of his conſcience.

But now, on the other hand, ſhould I tell my reader, that I had known a man whoſe penetrating genius had enabled him to raiſe a large fortune in a way where no beginning was chalked out to him: that he had done this with the moſt perfect preſervation of his integrity, and not only without the leaſt injuſtice or injury to any one individual perſon, but with the higheſt advantage to trade, and a vaſt increaſe of the public revenue: that he had expended one part of the income of this fortune in diſcovering a taſte ſuperior to moſt, by works where the higheſt dignity was united with the pureſt ſimplicity, and another part in diſplaying a degree

of goodneſs ſuperior to all men, by acts of charity to objects whoſe only recommendations were their merits, or their wants: that he was moſt induſtrious in ſearching after merit in diſtreſs, moſt eager to relieve it, and then as careful (perhaps too careful) to conceal what he had done: that his houſe, his furniture, his gardens, his table, his private hoſpitality, and his public beneficence, all denoted the mind from which they flowed, and were all intrinſically rich and noble, without tinſel, or external oſtentation: that he filled every relation in life with the moſt adequate virtue: that he was moſt piouſly religious to his creator, moſt zealouſly loyal to his ſovereign; a moſt tender huſband to his wife, a kind relation, a munificent patron, a warm and firm friend, a knowing and chearful companion, indulgent to his ſervants, hoſpitable to his neighbours, charitable to the poor, and benevolent to all mankind. Should I add to theſe the epithets of wiſe, brave, elegant, and indeed every other amiable epithet in our language, I might ſurely ſay,

— *Quis credit? nemo, Hercule! nemo;*
Vel duo, vel nemo.

And yet I know a man who is all I have here deſcribed. But a ſingle inſtance (and I really know not ſuch another) is not ſufficient to juſtify us, while we are writing to thouſands who never heard of the perſon, nor of any thing like him. Such *raræ aves*

ſhould be remitted to the epitaph-writer, or to ſome poet, who may condeſcend to hitch him in a diſtich, or to ſlide him into a rhime with an air of careleſſneſs and neglect, without giving any offence to the reader.

In the laſt place, the actions ſhould be ſuch as may not only be within the compaſs of human agency, and which human agents may probably be ſuppoſed to do; but they ſhould be likely for the very actors and characters themſelves to have performed: for what may be only wonderful and ſurpriſing in one man, may become improbable, or indeed impoſſible, when related of another.

This laſt requiſite is what the dramatic critics call conſervation of character; and it requires a very extraordinary degree of judgment, and a moſt exact knowledge of human nature.

It is admirably remarked by a moſt excellent writer, that zeal can no more hurry a man to act in direct oppoſition to himſelf, than a rapid ſtream can carry a boat againſt its own current. I will venture to ſay, that for a man to act in direct contradiction to the dictates of his nature, is, if not impoſſible, as improbable and as miraculous as any thing which can well be conceived. Should the beſt parts of the ſtory of M. Antoninus be aſcribed to Nero, or ſhould the worſt incidents of Nero's life be imputed to Antoninus, what would be more ſhocking to belief than either inſtance? Whereas

both theſe being related of their proper agent, conſtitute the truly marvellous.

Our modern authors of comedy have fallen almoſt univerſally into the error here hinted at: their heroes generally are notorious rogues, and their heroines abandoned jades, during the firſt four acts; but in the fifth, the former become very worthy gentlemen, and the latter, women of virtue and diſcretion: nor is the writer often ſo kind as to give himſelf the leaſt trouble, to reconcile or account for this monſtrous change and incongruity. There is, indeed, no other reaſon to be aſſigned for it, than becauſe the play is drawing to a concluſion; as if it was no leſs natural in a rogue to repent in the laſt act of a play, than in the laſt of his life; which we perceive to be generally the caſe at Tyburn, a place which might, indeed, cloſe the ſcene of ſome comedies with much propriety, as the heroes in theſe are moſt commonly eminent for thoſe very talents which not only bring men to the gallows, but enable them to make an heroic figure when they are there.

Within theſe few reſtrictions, I think, every writer may be permitted to deal as much in the wonderful as he pleaſes; nay, if he thus keeps within the rules of credibility, the more he can ſurpriſe the reader, the more he will engage his attention, and the more he will charm him. As a genius of the higheſt rank obſerves in his 5th

chapter of the *Bathos*, the great art of all poetry is to mix truth with fiction; in order to join the credible with the ſurpriſing.

For though every good author will confine himſelf within the bounds of probability, it is by no means neceſſary that his characters, or his incidents, ſhould be trite, common, or vulgar; ſuch as happen in every ſtreet, or in every houſe, or which may be met with in the home articles of a news-paper. Nor muſt he be inhibited from ſhewing many perſons and things, which may poſſibly have never fallen within the knowledge of great part of his readers. If the writer ſtrictly obſerves the rules above-mentioned, he hath diſcharged his part; and is then intitled to ſome faith from his reader, who is indeed guilty of critical infidelity, if he diſbelieves him. For want of a portion of ſuch faith, I remember the character of a young lady of quality, which was condemned on the ſtage for being unnatural, by the unanimous voice of a very large aſſembly of clerks and apprentices; though it had the previous ſuffrages of many ladies of the firſt rank; one of whom, very eminent for her underſtanding, declared, it was the picture of half the young people of her acquaintance.

CHAP. II.

In which the landlady pays a viſit to Mr Jones.

WHEN Jones had taken leave of his friend the lieutenant, he endeavoured to cloſe his eyes, but all in vain; his ſpirits were too lively and wakeful to be lulled to ſleep. So, having amuſed, or rather tormented himſelf, with the thoughts of his Sophia, till it was open day-light, he called for ſome tea; upon which occaſion my landlady herſelf vouchſafed to pay him a viſit.

This was indeed the firſt time ſhe had ſeen him, or at leaſt had taken any notice of him; but, as the lieutenant had aſſured her, that he was certainly ſome young gentleman of faſhion, ſhe now determined to ſhew him all the reſpect in her power; for, to ſpeak truly, this was one of thoſe houſes, where gentlemen, to uſe the language of advertiſements, meet with civil treatment for their money.

She had no ſooner begun to make his tea, than ſhe likewiſe began to diſcourſe. La! Sir, ſaid ſhe, I think it is great pity that ſuch a pretty young gentleman ſhould undervalue himſelf ſo, as to go about with theſe ſoldier fellows. They call themſelves gentlemen, I warrant you; but, as my firſt huſband uſed to ſay, they ſhould remember it is we that pay them. And to be ſure, it is very hard upon us to be obliged to pay them, and to keep 'em

too, as we publicans are. I had twenty of 'um laſt night beſides officers; nay, for matter o' that, I had rather have the ſoldiers than the officers: for nothing is ever good enough for thoſe ſparks; and I am ſure, if you was to ſee the bills — La! Sir, it is nothing. I have had leſs trouble, I warrant you, with a good 'ſquire's family, where we take forty or fifty ſhillings of a night, beſides horſes. And yet I warrants me, there is narrow a one of all thoſe officer fellows, but looks upon himſelf to be as good as arrow a 'ſquire of 500 l. a year. To be ſure it doth me good to hear their men run about after 'um, crying your honour, and your honour. Marry come up with ſuch honour! and an ordinary at a ſhilling a head. Then there's ſuch ſwearing among 'um, to be ſure, it frightens me out o' my wits; I thinks nothing can ever proſper with ſuch wicked people. And here one of 'um has uſed you in ſo barbarous a manner. I thought indeed how well the reſt would ſecure him; they all hang together; for if you had been in danger of death, which I am glad to ſee you are not, it would have been all as one to ſuch wicked people. They would have let the murderer go. Laud have mercy upon 'um! I would not have ſuch a ſin to anſwer for, for the whole world. But though you are likely, with the bleſſing, to recover, there is laa for him yet; and if you will employ lawyer Small, I dareſt be ſworn he'll make the fellow fly

the country for him; though perhaps he'll have fled the country before; for it is here to-day and gone to-morrow with ſuch chaps. I hope, however, you will learn more wit for the future, and return back to your friends: I warrant they are all miſerable for your loſs; and if they was but to know what had happened. La, my ſeeming! I would not for the world they ſhould. Come, come, we know very well what all the matter is; but if one won't, another will; ſo pretty a gentleman need never want a lady. I am ſure, if I was as you, I would ſee the fineſt ſhe that ever wore a head hanged, before I would go for a ſoldier for her. — Nay, don't bluſh ſo (for indeed he did to a violent degree;) why, you thought, Sir, I knew nothing of the matter, I warrant you, about Madam Sophia? How, ſays Jones, ſtarting up, do you know my Sophia? Do I! ay marry, cries the landlady, many's the time hath ſhe lain in this houſe. With her aunt, I ſuppoſe? ſays Jones. — Why there it is now, cries the landlady. Ay, ay, ay, I know the old lady very well. And a ſweet young creature is Madam Sophia, that's the truth on't. A ſweet creature! cries Jones, O heavens!

Angels are painted fair to look like her.
There's in her all that we believe of heaven.
Amazing brightneſs, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlaſting love.

And

And could I ever have imagined that you had known my Sophia! I wiſh, ſays the landlady, you knew half ſo much of her. What would you have given to have ſat by her bed-ſide? What a delicious neck ſhe hath! Her lovely limbs have ſtretched themſelves in that very bed you now lie in. Here! cries Jones, hath Sophia ever lain here? — Ay, ay, here; there; in that very bed, ſays the landlady, where I wiſh you had her this moment; and ſhe may wiſh ſo too, for any thing I know to the contrary: for ſhe hath mentioned your name to me. —— Ha! cries he, did ſhe ever mention her poor Jones? —— You flatter me now; I can never believe ſo much. Why then, anſwered ſhe, as I hope to be ſaved, and may the devil fetch me, if I ſpeak a ſyllable more than the truth. I have heard her mention Mr. Jones; but in a civil and modeſt way, I confeſs; yet I could perceive ſhe thought a great deal more than ſhe ſaid. O my dear woman! cries Jones, her thoughts of me I ſhall never be worthy of. O! ſhe is all gentleneſs, kindneſs, goodneſs. Why was ſuch a raſcal as I born, ever to give her ſoft boſom a moment's uneaſineſs? why am I curſed? I, who would undergo all the plagues and miſeries which any dæmon ever invented for mankind, to procure her any good; nay, torture itſelf could not be miſery to me, did I but know that ſhe was happy. Why, look you there now, ſays the landlady, I told her you was a conſtant

loviet. But pray, Madam, tell me when or where you knew any thing of me; for I never was here before, nor do I remember ever to have ſeen you. Nor is it poſſible you ſhould, anſwered ſhe; for you was a little thing when I had you in my lap at the ſquire's. — How! the ſquire's! ſays Jones, what do you know that great and good Mr. Allworthy then? Yes, marry do I, ſays ſhe; who in this country doth not? — The fame of his goodneſs indeed, anſwered Jones, muſt have extended farther than this; but heaven only can know him, can know that benevolence which it copied from itſelf, and ſent upon earth as its own pattern. Mankind are as ignorant of ſuch divine goodneſs, as they are unworthy of it; but none ſo unworthy of it as myſelf. I who was raiſed by him to ſuch a height; taken in, as you muſt well know, a poor baſe-born child, adopted by him, and treated as his own ſon; to dare by my follies to diſoblige him, to draw his vengeance upon me! Yes, I deſerve it all: for I will never be ſo ungrateful as ever to think he hath done an act of injuſtice by me. No, I deſerve to be turned out of doors, as I am. And now, Madam, ſays he, I believe you will not blame me for turning ſoldier, eſpecially with ſuch a fortune as this in my pocket. At which words he ſhook a purſe, which had but very little in it, and which ſtill appeared to the landlady to have leſs.

My good landlady was, according to vulgar phraſe,

ſtruck all of a heap by this relation. She anſwered coldly, that to be ſure people were the beſt judges what was moſt proper for their own circumſtances. —— But hark, ſays ſhe, I think I hear ſomebody call. Coming! Coming! the devil's in all our volk, nobody hath any ears. I muſt go down ſtairs; if you want any more breakfaſt, the maid will come up. Coming! At which words, without taking any leave, ſhe flung out of the room: for the lower ſort of people are very tenacious of reſpect; and though they are contented to give this gratis to perſons of quality, yet they never confer it on thoſe of their own order, without taking care to be well paid for their pains.

CHAP. III.

In which the ſurgeon makes his ſecond appearance.

BEFORE we proceed any farther, that the reader may not be miſtaken in imagining the landlady knew more than ſhe did, nor ſurpriſed that ſhe knew ſo much, it may be neceſſary to inform him, that the lieutenant had acquainted her that the name of Sophia had been the occaſion of the quarrel; and as for the reſt of her knowledge, the ſagacious reader will obſerve how ſhe came by it in the preceding ſcene. Great curioſity was indeed mixed

with her virtues; and ſhe never willingly ſuffered any one to depart from her houſe without enquiring as much as poſſible into their names, families, and fortunes.

She was no ſooner gone, than Jones, inſtead of animadverting on her behaviour, reflected that he was in the ſame bed, which he was informed had held his dear Sophia. This occaſioned a thouſand fond and tender thoughts, which we would dwell longer upon, did we not conſider that ſuch kind of lovers will make a very inconſiderable part of our readers. In this ſituation the ſurgeon found him, when he came to dreſs his wound. The doctor, perceiving, upon examination, that his pulſe was diſordered, and hearing that he had not ſlept, declared, that he was in great danger: for he apprehended a fever was coming on; which he would have prevented by bleeding, but Jones would not ſubmit, declaring he would loſe no more blood; and, doctor, ſays he, if you will be ſo kind only to dreſs my head, I have no doubt of being well in a day or two.

I wiſh, anſwered the ſurgeon, I could aſſure your being well in a month or two. Well, indeed! No, no, people are not ſo ſoon well of ſuch contuſions; but, Sir, I am not at this time of day to be inſtructed in my operations by a patient, and I inſiſt on making a revulſion before I dreſs you.

Jones perſiſted obſtinately in his refuſal, and the

doctor at laſt yielded; telling him at the ſame time, that he would not be anſwerable for the ill conſequence, and hoped he would do him the juſtice to acknowledge that he had given him a contrary advice; which the patient promiſed he would.

The doctor retired into the kitchen, where, addreſſing himſelf to the landlady, he complained bitterly of the undutiful behaviour of his patient, who would not be blooded, though he was in a fever.

It is an eating fever then, ſays the landlady: for he hath devoured two ſwinging buttered toaſts this morning for breakfaſt.

Very likely, ſays the doctor; I have known people eat in a fever; and it is very eaſily accounted for; becauſe the acidity occaſioned by the febrile matter, may ſtimulate the nerves of the diaphragm, and thereby occaſion a craving, which will not be eaſily diſtinguiſhable from a natural appetite; but the aliment will not be concreted, nor aſſimilated into chyle, and ſo will corrode the vaſcular orifices, and thus will aggravate the febrific ſymptoms. Indeed, I think the gentleman in a very dangerous way, and, if he is not blooded, I am afraid will die.

Every man muſt die ſome time or other, anſwered the good woman; it is no buſineſs of mine. I hope, doctor, you would not have me hold him while you bleed him. — But, harkee, a word in

your ear; I would adviſe you before you proceed too far, to take care who is to be your paymaſter.

Paymaſter! ſaid the doctor, ſtaring. Why, I've a gentleman under my hands, have I not?

I imagined ſo as well as you, ſaid the landlady; but as my firſt huſband uſed to ſay, Every thing is not what it looks to be. He is an arrant ſcrub, I aſſure you. However, take no notice that I mentioned any thing to you of the matter; but I think people in buſineſs oft always to let one another know ſuch things.

And have I ſuffered ſuch a fellow as this, cries the doctor, in a paſſion, to inſtruct me! Shall I hear my practice inſulted by one who will not pay me! I am glad I have made this diſcovery in time. I will ſee now whether he will be blooded or no. He then immediately went up ſtairs, and flinging open the door of the chamber with much violence, awaked poor Jones from a very ſound nap, into which he was fallen, and what was ſtill worſe, from a delicious dream concerning Sophia.

Will you be blooded or no? cries the doctor, in a rage. I have told you my reſolution already, anſwered Jones; and I wiſh with all my heart you had taken my anſwer: for you have awaked me out of the ſweeteſt ſleep which I ever had in my life.

Ay, ay, cries the doctor, many a man hath doſed away his life. Sleep is not always good, no more

than food; but remember I demand of you for the laſt time, Will you be blooded? I anſwer you for the laſt time, ſaid Jones, I will not. Then I waſh my hands of you, ſaid the doctor; and I deſire you to pay me for the trouble I have had already. Two journies at 5 s. each, two dreſſings at 5 s. more, and half a crown for phlebotomy. I hope, ſaid Jones, you don't intend to leave me in this condition. Indeed but I ſhall, ſaid the other. Then, ſaid Jones, you have uſed me raſcally, and I will not pay you a farthing. Very well, cries the doctor, the firſt loſs is the beſt. What a pox did my landlady mean by ſending for me to ſuch vagabonds! At which words he flung out of the room, and his patient turning himſelf about, ſoon recovered his ſleep; but his dream was unfortunately gone.

CHAP. IV.

In which is introduced one of the pleaſanteſt barbers that was ever recorded in hiſtory, the barber of Bagdad, or he in Don Quixote not excepted.

THE clock had now ſtruck five, when Jones awaked from a nap of ſeven hours, ſo much refreſhed, and in ſuch perfect health and ſpirits, that he reſolved to get up and dreſs himſelf: for which purpoſe he unlocked his portmanteau, and took out clean linen, and a ſuit of cloaths; but firſt he ſlipt on

a frock, and went down into the kitchen to beſpeak ſomething that might pacify certain tumults he found riſing within his ſtomach.

Meeting the landlady, he accoſted her with great civility, and aſked, what he could have for dinner? For dinner! ſays ſhe, it is an odd time of day to think about dinner. There is nothing dreſt in the houſe, and the fire is almoſt out. Well, but, ſays he, I muſt have ſomething to eat, and it is almoſt indifferent to me what: for to tell you the truth, I was never more hungry in my life. Then, ſays ſhe, I believe there is a piece of cold buttock and carrot, which will fit you. — Nothing better, anſwered Jones, but I ſhould be obliged to you, if you would let it be fryed. To which the landlady conſented, and ſaid ſmiling, ſhe was glad to ſee him ſo well recovered: for the ſweetneſs of our hero's temper was almoſt irreſiſtible; beſides, ſhe was really no ill-humoured woman at the bottom; but ſhe loved money ſo much, that ſhe hated every thing which had the ſemblance of poverty.

Jones now returned in order to dreſs himſelf, while his dinner was preparing, and was, according to his orders, attended by the barber.

This barber, who went by the name of Little Benjamin, was a fellow of great oddity and humour, which had frequently led him into ſmall inconveniencies, ſuch as ſlaps in the face, kicks in the breech, broken bones, &c. For every one doth

not underſtand a jeſt; and thoſe who do, are often diſpleaſed with being themſelves the ſubjects of it. This vice was, however, incurable in him; and though he had often ſmarted for it, yet if ever he conceived a joke, he was certain to be delivered of it, without the leaſt reſpect of perſons, time, or place.

He had a great many other particularities in his character, which I ſhall not mention, as the reader will himſelf very eaſily perceive them, on his farther acquaintance with this extraordinary perſon.

Jones being impatient to be dreſt, for a reaſon which may eaſily be imagined, thought the ſhaver was very tedious in preparing his ſuds, and begged him to make haſte; to which the other anſwered, with much gravity: (for he never diſcompoſed his muſcles on any account) *Feſtina lentè* is a proverb which I learnt long before I ever touched a razor. I find, friend, you are a ſcholar, replied Jones. A poor one, ſaid the barber, *non omnia poſſumus omnes.* Again! ſaid Jones; I fancy you are good at capping verſes. Excuſe me, Sir, ſaid the barber, *non tanto me dignor honore.* And then proceeding to his operation, Sir, ſaid he, ſince I have dealt in ſuds, I could never diſcover more than two reaſons for ſhaving, the one is to get a beard, and the other to get rid of one. I conjecture, Sir, it may not be long ſince you ſhaved, from the former of theſe motives. Upon my word, you have had good ſucceſs; for one may ſay of your beard, that it is *tondenti gravior.* I

conjecture, ſays Jones, that thou art a very comical fellow. You miſtake me widely, Sir, ſaid the barber, I am too much addicted to the ſtudy of philoſophy; *hinc illæ lacrimæ*, Sir, that's my misfortune. Too much learning hath been my ruin. Indeed, ſays Jones, I confeſs, friend, you have more learning than generally belongs to your trade; but I can't ſee how it can have injured you. Alas! Sir, anſwered the ſhaver, my father diſinherited me for it. He was a dancing maſter; and becauſe I could read, before I could dance, he took an averſion to me, and left every farthing among his other children. — Will you pleaſe to have your temples — O la! I aſk your pardon, I fancy here is *hiatus in manuſcriptis*. I heard you was going to the wars: but I find it was a miſtake. Why do you conclude ſo? ſays Jones. Sure, Sir, anſwered the barber, you are too wiſe a man to carry a broken head thither; for that would be carrying coals to Newcaſtle.

Upon my word, cries Jones, thou art a very odd fellow, and I like thy humour extremely; I ſhall be very glad if thou wilt come to me after dinner, and drink a glaſs with me; I long to be better acquainted with thee.

O dear Sir! ſaid the barber, I can do you twenty times as great a favour, if you will accept of it. What is that, my friend? cries Jones. Why, I will drink a bottle with you, if you pleaſe; for I dearly love good-nature; and as you have found

me out to be a comical fellow, ſo I have no ſkill in phyſiognomy, if you are not one of the beſt-natured gentlemen in the univerſe. Jones now walked down ſtairs neatly dreſt, and perhaps the fair Adonis was not a lovelier figure; and yet he had no charms for my landlady: for as that good woman did not reſemble Venus at all in her perſon, ſo neither did ſhe in her taſte. Happy had it been for Nanny the chambermaid, if ſhe had ſeen with the eyes of her miſtreſs; for that poor girl fell ſo violently in love with Jones in five minutes, that her paſſion afterwards coſt her many a ſigh. This Nanny was extremely pretty, and altogether as coy: for ſhe had refuſed a drawer, and one or two young farmers in the neighbourhood; but the bright eyes of our hero thawed all her ice in a moment.

When Jones returned to the kitchen, his cloth was not yet laid; nor indeed was there any occaſion it ſhould, his dinner remaining in *ſtatu quo*, as did the fire which was to dreſs it. This diſappointment might have put many a philoſophical temper into a paſſion; but it had no ſuch effect on Jones. He only gave the landlady a gentle rebuke, ſaying, ſince it was ſo difficult to get it heated, he would eat the beef cold. But now the good woman, whether moved by compaſſion, or by ſhame, or by whatever other motive, I cannot tell, firſt gave her ſervants a round ſcold for diſobeying the orders which ſhe had never given, and then bidding the drawer lay

a napkin in the Sun, ſhe ſet about the matter in good earneſt, and ſoon accompliſhed it.

This Sun into which Jones was now conducted, was truly named, as *lucus à non lucendo*; for it was an apartment into which the ſun had ſcarce ever looked. It was indeed the worſt room in the houſe; and happy was it for Jones that it was ſo. However, he was now too hungry to find any fault; but having once ſatisfied his appetite, he ordered the drawer to carry a bottle of wine into a better room, and expreſſed ſome reſentment at having been ſhewn into a dungeon.

The drawer having obeyed his commands, he was, after ſome time, attended by the barber; who would not indeed have ſuffered him to wait ſo long for his company, had he not been liſtening in the kitchen to the landlady, who was entertaining a circle that ſhe had gathered round her, with the hiſtory of poor Jones, part of which ſhe had extracted from his own lips, and the other part was her own ingenious compoſition; for ſhe ſaid, he was a poor pariſh boy, taken into the houſe of 'ſquire Allworthy, where he was bred up as an apprentice, and now turned out of doors for his miſdeeds, particularly for making love to his young miſtreſs, and probably for robbing the houſe; for how elſe ſhould he come by the little money he hath? And this, ſays ſhe, is your gentleman, forſooth. A ſervant of 'ſquire Allworthy! ſays the barber, what's his name?

—Why, he told me his name was Jones, ſays ſhe, perhaps he goes by a wrong name. Nay, and he told me too that the 'ſquire maintained him as his own ſon, thof he had quatrelled with him now. And if his name be Jones, he told you the truth, ſaid the barber; for I have relations who live in that country, nay, and ſome people ſay he is his ſon. Why doth he not go by the name of his father? I can't tell that, ſaid the barber, many people's ſons don't go by the name of their father. Nay, ſaid the landlady, if I thought he was a gentleman's ſon, thof he was a bye-blow, I ſhould behave to him in anotherguess manner; for many of theſe bye-blows come to be great men; and, as my poor firſt huſband uſed to ſay, Never affront any cuſtomer that's a gentleman.

CHAP. V.

A dialogue between Mr. Jones and the barber.

THIS converſation paſſed partly while Jones was at dinner in his dungeon, and partly while he was expecting the barber in the parlour. And, as ſoon as it was ended, Mr. Benjamin, as we have ſaid, attended him, and was very kindly deſired to ſit down. Jones then filling out a glaſs of wine, drank his health by the appellation of *doctiſſime tonſorum. Ago tibi gratias, domine*, ſaid the barber; and then

looking very ſtedfaſtly at Jones, he ſaid, with great gravity, and with a ſeeming ſurpriſe, as if he had recollected a face he had ſeen before: Sir, may I crave the favour to know if your name is not Jones? To which the other anſwered, that it was. *Proh deûm atque hominum fidem*, ſays the barber, how ſtrangely things come to paſs! Mr. Jones, I am your moſt obedient ſervant. I find you do not know me, which indeed is no wonder, ſince you never ſaw me but once, and then you was very young. Pray, Sir, how doth the good 'ſquire Allworthy? how doth *ille optimus omnium patronus?* I find, ſaid Jones, you do indeed know me; but I have not the like happineſs of recollecting you. — I do not wonder at that, cries Benjamin; but I am ſurpriſed I did not know you ſooner, for you are not in the leaſt altered. And pray, Sir, may I without offence enquire whither you are travelling this way? Fill the glaſs, Mr. Barber, ſaid Jones, and aſk no more queſtions. Nay, Sir, anſwered Benjamin, I would not be troubleſome; and I hope you don't think me to be a man of an impertinent curioſity, for that is a vice which nobody can lay to my charge; but I aſk pardon, for when a gentleman of your figure travels without his ſervants, we may ſuppoſe him to be, as we ſay, in *caſu incognito*, and perhaps I ought not to have mentioned your name. I own, ſays Jones, I did not expect to have been ſo well known in this country as I find I am; yet, for particular reaſons, I ſhall be

obliged to you if you will not mention my name to any other perſon, till I am gone from hence. *Pauca verba*, anſwered the barber; and I wiſh no other here knew you but myſelf; for ſome people have tongues; but I promiſe you I can keep a ſecret. My enemies will allow me that virtue. And yet that is not the characteriſtic of your profeſſion, Mr. Barber, anſwered Jones. Alas! Sir, replied Benjamin, *non ſi malè nunc & olim ſic erat.* I was not born nor bred a barber, I aſſure you. I have ſpent moſt of my time among gentlemen, and though I ſay it, I underſtand ſomething of gentility. And if you had thought me as worthy of your confidence as you have ſome other people, I ſhould have ſhewn you I could have kept a ſecret better. I ſhould not have degraded your name in a public kitchen; for indeed, Sir, ſome people have not uſed you well; for beſides making a public proclamation of what you told them of a quarrel between yourſelf and 'ſquire Allworthy, they added lies of their own, things which I knew to be lies. You ſurpriſe me greatly, cries Jones. Upon my word, Sir, anſwered Benjamin, I tell the truth, and I need not tell you my landlady was the perſon. I am ſure it moved me to hear the ſtory, and I hope it is all falſe; for I have a great reſpect for you, I do aſſure you I have, and have had, ever ſince the good-nature you ſhewed to Black George, which was talked of all over the country, and I received more than one letter about it. Indeed it made you beloved

by every body. You will pardon me, therefore; for it was real concern at what I heard, made me aſk many queſtions; for I have no impertinent curioſity about me; but I love good-nature, and thence became *amoris abundantia ergà te.*

Every profeſſion of friendſhip eaſily gains credit with the miſerable; it is no wonder, therefore, if Jones, who, beſides his being miſerable, was extremely open-hearted, very readily believed all the profeſſions of Benjamin, and received him into his boſom. The ſcraps of Latin, ſome of which Benjamin applied properly enough, though it did not ſavour of profound literature, ſeemed yet to indicate ſomething ſuperior to a common barber, and ſo indeed did his whole behaviour. Jones therefore believed the truth of what he had ſaid, as to his original and education, and at length, after much entreaty, he ſaid: Since you have heard, my friend, ſo much of my affairs, and ſeem ſo deſirous to know the truth, if you will have patience to hear it, I will inform you of the whole. Patience! cries Benjamin, that I will, if the chapter was never ſo long, and I am very much obliged to you for the honour you do me.

Jones now began, and related the whole hiſtory, forgetting only a circumſtance or two, namely, every thing which paſſed on that day in which he had fought with Thwackum, and ended with his reſolution to go to ſea, till the rebellion in the north

north had made him change his purpoſe, and had brought him to the place where he then was.

Little Benjamin, who had been all attention, never once interrupted the narrative; but when it was ended, he could not help obſerving, that there muſt be ſurely ſomething more invented by his enemies, and told Mr. Allworthy againſt him, or ſo good a man would never have diſmiſſed one he had loved ſo tenderly, in ſuch a manner. To which Jones anſwered, he doubted not but ſuch villainous arts had been made uſe of to deſtroy him.

And ſurely it was ſcarce poſſible for any one to have avoided making the ſame remark with the barber; who had not, indeed, heard from Jones one ſingle circumſtance upon which he was condemned; for his actions were not now placed in thoſe injurious lights, in which they had been miſrepreſented to Allworthy: nor could he mention thoſe many falſe accuſations, which had been from time to time preferred againſt him to Allworthy; for with none of theſe he was himſelf acquainted. He had likewiſe, as we have obſerved, omitted many material facts in his preſent relation. Upon the whole, indeed, every thing now appeared in ſuch favourable colours to Jones, that malice itſelf would have found it no eaſy matter to fix any blame upon him.

Not that Jones deſired to conceal or to diſguiſe the truth; nay, he would have been more unwilling

to have ſuffered any cenſure to fall on Mr. Allworthy for puniſhing him, than on his own actions for deſerving it; but, in reality, ſo it happened, and ſo it always will happen: for let a man be never ſo honeſt, the account of his own conduct will, in ſpite of himſelf, be ſo very favourable, that his vices will come purified through his lips, and, like foul liquors well ſtrained, will leave all their foulneſs behind. Fot though the facts themſelves may appear, yet ſo different will be the motives, circumſtances, and conſequences, when a man tells his own ſtory, and when his enemy tells it, that we ſcarce can recognize the facts to be one and the ſame.

Though the barber had drank down this ſtory with greedy ears, he was not yet ſatisfied. There was a circumſtance behind, which his curioſity, cold as it was, moſt eagerly longed for. Jones had mentioned the fact of his amour, and of his being the rival of Blifil, but had cautiouſly concealed the name of the young lady. The barber, therefore, after ſome heſitation, and many hum's and ha's, at laſt begged leave to crave the name of the lady, who appeared to be the principal cauſe of all this miſchief. Jones pauſed a moment, and then ſaid: Since I have truſted you with ſo much, and ſince, I am afraid, her name is become too public already on this occaſion, I will not conceal it from you. Her name is Sophia Weſtern.

Proh deûm atque hominum fidem! 'ſquire Weſtern

hath a daughter grown a woman! Ay, and ſuch a woman, cries Jones, that the world cannot match. No eye ever ſaw any thing ſo beautiful; but that is her leaſt excellence. Such ſenſe! ſuch goodneſs! O! I could praiſe her for ever! and yet ſhould omit half her virtues. Mr. Weſtern a daughter grown up! cries the barber, I remember the father a boy: well, *Tempus edax rerum.*

The wine being now at an end, the barber preſſed very eagerly to be his bottle; but Jones abſolutely refuſed, ſaying, he had already drank more than he ought, and that he now choſe to retire to his room, where he wiſhed he could procure himſelf a book. A book! cries Benjamin, what book would you have? Latin or Engliſh? I have ſome curious books in both languages. Such as *Eraſmi Colloquia, Ovid de Triſtibus, Gradus ad Parnaſſum;* and in Engliſh I have ſeveral of the beſt books, though ſome of them are a little torn; but I have a great part of Stowe's Chronicle; the ſixth volume of the Pope's Homer, the third volume of the Spectator; the ſecond volume of Echard's Roman Hiſtory; the Craftſman; Robinſon Cruſoe; Thomas a Kempis; and two volumes of Tom Brown's works.

Thoſe laſt, cries Jones, are books I never ſaw, ſo if you pleaſe to lend me one of thoſe volumes. The barber aſſured him, he would be highly entertained; for he looked upon the author to have been one of the greateſt wits that ever the nation

produced. He then ſtepped to his houſe, which was hard by, and immediately returned; after which, the barber having received very ſtrict injunctions of ſecrecy from Jones, and having ſworn inviolably to maintain it, they ſeparated; the barber went home, and Jones retired to his chamber.

CHAP. VI.

In which more of the talents of Mr. Benjamin will appear, as well as who this extraordinary perſon was.

IN the morning Jones grew a little uneaſy at the deſertion of his ſurgeon, as he apprehended ſome inconvenience, or even danger, might attend the not dreſſing his wound: he enquired therefore of the drawer, what other ſurgeons were to be met with in that neighbourhood? The drawer told him, there was one not far off; but he had known him often refuſe to be concerned after another had been ſent for before him. But, Sir, ſays he, if you will take my advice, there is not a man in the kingdom can do your buſineſs better than the barber who was with you laſt night. We look upon him to be one of the ableſt men at a cut in all this neighbourhood. For though he hath not been here above three months, he hath done ſeveral great cures.

The drawer was preſently diſpatched for Little Benjamin, who being acquainted in what capacity

he was wanted, prepared himſelf accordingly, and attended; but with ſo different an air and aſpect from that which he wore when his baſon was under his arm, that he could ſcarce be known to be the ſame perſon.

So, *Tonſor*, ſays Jones, I find you have more trades than one; how came you not to inform me of this laſt night? A ſurgeon, anſwered Benjamin, with great gravity, is a profeſſion, not a trade. The reaſon why I did not acquaint you laſt night that I profeſſed this art, was that I then concluded you was under the hands of another gentleman, and I never love to interfere with my brethren in their buſineſs. *Ars omnibus communis.* But now, Sir, if you pleaſe, I will inſpect your head, and when I ſee into your ſkull, I will give my opinion of your caſe.

Jones had no great faith in this new profeſſor; however, he ſuffered him to open the bandage, and to look at his wound, which as ſoon as he had done, Benjamin began to groan and ſhake his head violently. Upon which Jones, in a peeviſh manner, bid him not play the fool, but tell him in what condition he found him. Shall I anſwer you as a ſurgeon, or a friend? ſaid Benjamin. As a friend, and ſeriouſly, ſaid Jones. Why then, upon my ſoul, cries Benjamin, it would require a great deal of art to keep you from being well after a very few dreſſings; and if you will ſuffer me to

apply ſome ſalve of mine, I will anſwer for the ſucceſs. Jones gave his conſent, and the plaſter was applied accordingly.

There, Sir, cries Benjamin, now I will, if you pleaſe, reſume my former ſelf; but a man is obliged to keep up ſome dignity in his countenance whilſt he is performing theſe operations, or the world will not ſubmit to be handled by him. You can't imagine, Sir, of how much conſequence a grave aſpect is to a grave character. A barber may make you laugh, but a ſurgeon ought rather to make you cry.

Mr. Barber, or Mr. Surgeon, or Mr. Barber-ſurgeon, ſaid Jones—O dear Sir! anſwered Benjamin, interrupting him, *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.* You recal to my mind that cruel ſeparation of the united fraternities, ſo much to the prejudice of both bodies, as all ſeparations muſt be, according to the old adage, *Vis unita fortior;* which to be ſure there are not wanting ſome of one or of the other fraternity who are able to conſtrue. What a blow was this to me who unite both in my own perſon! — Well, by whatever name you pleaſe to be called, continued Jones, you certainly are one of the oddeſt, moſt comical fellows I ever met with, and muſt have ſomething very ſurpriſing in your ſtory, which you muſt confeſs I have a right to hear. I do confeſs it, anſwered Benjamin, and will very readily acquaint you with it, when you have ſufficient

leiſure; for I promiſe you it will require a good deal of time. Jones told him, he could never be more at leiſure than at preſent. Well then, ſaid Benjamin, I will obey you; but firſt I will faſten the door, that none may interrupt us. He did ſo, and then advancing with a ſolemn air to Jones, ſaid: I muſt begin by telling you, Sir, that you yourſelf have been the greateſt enemy I ever had. Jones was a little ſtartled at this ſudden declaration. I your enemy, Sir! ſays he, with much amazement, and ſome ſternneſs in his look. Nay, be not angry, ſaid Benjamin, for I promiſe you I am not. You are perfectly innocent of having intended me any wrong; for you was then an infant; but I ſhall, I believe, unriddle all this the moment I mention my name. Did you never hear, Sir, of one Partridge, who had the honour of being reputed your father, and the misfortune of being ruined by that honour? I have indeed heard of that Partridge, ſays Jones, and I have always believed myſelf to be his ſon. Well, Sir, anſwered Benjamin, I am that Partridge; but I here abſolve you from all filial duty; for I do aſſure you, you are no ſon of mine. How! replied Jones, and is it poſſible that a falſe ſuſpicion ſhould have drawn all the ill conſequences upon you, with which I am too well acquainted? It is poſſible, cries Benjamin, for it is ſo; but though it is natural enough for men to hate even the innocent cauſes of their ſufferings, yet I am of a different temper,

I have loved you ever ſince I heard of your behaviour to Black George, as I told you; and I am convinced, from this extraordinary meeting, that you are born to make me amends for all I have ſuffered on that account. Beſides, I dreamt, the night before I ſaw you, that I ſtumbled over a ſtool without hurting myſelf; which plainly ſhewed me ſomething good was towards me; and laſt night I dreamt again, that I rode behind you on a milk-white mare, which is a very excellent dream, and betokens much good fortune, which I am reſolved to purſue, unleſs you have the cruelty to deny me.

I ſhould be very glad, Mr. Partridge, anſwered Jones, to have it in my power to make you amends for your ſufferings on my account; though at preſent I ſee no likelihood of it: however, I aſſure you I will deny you nothing which is in my power to grant.

It is in your power ſure enough, replied Benjamin; for I deſire nothing more than leave to attend you in this expedition. Nay, I have ſo entirely ſet my heart upon it, that if you ſhould refuſe me, you will kill both a barber and a ſurgeon in one breath.

Jones anſwered ſmiling, that he ſhould be very ſorry to be the occaſion of ſo much miſchief to the public. He then advanced many prudential reaſons, in order to diſſuade Benjamin (whom we ſhall hereafter call Partridge) from his purpoſe;

but all were in vain. Partridge relied ſtrongly on his dream of the milk-white mare. Beſides, Sir, ſays he, I promiſe you, I have as good an inclination to the cauſe as any man can poſſibly have; and go I will, whether you admit me to go in your company or not.

Jones, who was as much pleaſed with Partridge, as Partridge could be with him, and who had not conſulted his own inclination, but the good of the other in deſiring him to ſtay behind, when he found his friend ſo reſolute, at laſt gave his conſent; but then recollecting himſelf, he ſaid: Perhaps, Mr. Partridge, you think I ſhall be able to ſupport you, but I really am not; and then taking out his purſe, he told out nine guineas, which he declared were his whole fortune.

Partridge anſwered, that his dependance was only on his future favour: for he was thoroughly convinced he would ſhortly have enough in his power. At preſent, Sir, ſaid he, I believe I am rather the richer man of the two; but all I have is at your ſervice, and at your diſpoſal. I inſiſt upon your taking the whole, and I beg only to attend you in the quality of your ſervant, *Nil deſperandum Teucro duce & auſpice Teucro;* but to this generous propoſal concerning the money, Jones would by no means ſubmit.

It was reſolved to ſet out the next morning, when a difficulty aroſe concerning the baggage;

for the portmanteau of Mr. Jones was too large to be carried without a horſe.

If I may preſume to give my advice, ſays Partridge, this portmanteau, with every thing in it, except a few ſhirts, ſhould be left behind. Thoſe I ſhall be eaſily able to carry for you, and the reſt of your cloaths will remain very ſafely locked up in my houſe.

This method was no ſooner propoſed than agreed to, and then the barber departed, in order to prepare every thing for his intended expedition.

CHAP. VII.

Containing better reaſons than any which have yet appeared for the conduct of Partridge; an apology for the weakneſs of Jones; and ſome farther anecdotes concerning my landlady.

THOUGH Partridge was one of the moſt ſuperſtitious of men, he would hardly, perhaps, have deſired to accompany Jones on his expedition merely from the omens of the joint-ſtool, and white mare, if his proſpect had been no better than to have ſhared the plunder gained in the field of battle. In fact, when Partridge came to ruminate on the relation he had heard from Jones, he could not reconcile to himſelf, that Mr. Allworthy ſhould turn his ſon (for ſo he moſt firmly believed him to be)

out of doors, for any reaſon which he had heard aſſigned. He concluded therefore, that the whole was a fiction, and that Jones, of whom he had often from his correſpondents heard the wildeſt character, had in reality run away from his father. It came into his head, therefore, that if he could prevail with the young gentleman to return back to his father, he ſhould by that means render a ſervice to Allworthy, which would obliterate all his former anger; nay, indeed, he conceived that very anger was counterfeited, and that Allworthy had ſacrificed him to his own reputation. And this ſuſpicion, indeed, he well accounted for, from the tender behaviour of that excellent man to the foundling child; from his great ſeverity to Partridge, who knowing himſelf to be innocent, could not conceive that any other ſhould think him guilty; laſtly, from the allowance which he had privately received long after the annuity had been publickly taken from him; and which he looked upon as a kind of ſmart-money, or rather by way of atonement for injuſtice: for it is very uncommon, I believe, for men to aſcribe the benefactions they receive to pure charity, when they can poſſibly impute them to any other motive. If he could by any means, therefore, perſuade the young gentleman to return home, he doubted not but that he ſhould again be received into the favour of Allworthy, and well rewarded for his pains; nay, and ſhould be again reſtored to his native country; a

reſtoration which Ulyſſes himſelf never wiſhed more heartily than poor Partridge.

As for Jones, he was well ſatisfied with the truth of what the other had aſſerted, and believed that Partridge had no other inducements but love to him, and zeal for the cauſe; a blameable want of caution and diffidence in the veracity of others, in which he was highly worthy of cenſure. To ſay the truth, there are but two ways by which men become poſſeſſed of this excellent quality. The one is from long experience, and the other is from nature; which laſt, I preſume, is often meant by genius, or great natural parts; and it is infinitely the better of the two, not only as we are maſters of it much earlier in life, but as it is much more infallible and concluſive: for a man who hath been impoſed on by ever ſo many, may ſtill hope to find others more honeſt; whereas he who receives certain neceſſary admonitions from within, that this is impoſſible, muſt have very little underſtanding indeed, if he ever renders himſelf liable to be once deceived. As Jones had not this gift from nature, he was too young to have gained it by experience; for at the diffident wiſdom which is to be acquired this way, we ſeldom arrive till very late in life; which is perhaps the reaſon why ſome old men are apt to deſpiſe the underſtandings of all thoſe who are a little younger than themſelves.

Jones ſpent moſt part of the day in the company of a new acquaintance. This was no other than

the landlord of the houſe, or rather the huſband of the landlady. He had but lately made his deſcent down ſtairs, after a long fit of the gout, in which diſtemper he was generally confined to his room during one half of the year; and during the reſt, he walked about the houſe, ſmoaked his pipe, and drank his bottle with his friends, without concerning himſelf in the leaſt with any kind of buſineſs. He had been bred, as they call it, a gentleman, that is, bred up to do nothing, and had ſpent a very ſmall fortune, which he inherited from an induſtrious farmer his uncle, in hunting, horſe-racing, and cock-fighting, and had been married by my landlady for certain purpoſes, which he had long ſince deſiſted from anſwering; for which ſhe hated him heartily. But as he was a ſurly kind of a fellow, ſo ſhe contented herſelf with frequently upbraiding him by diſadvantageous compariſons with her firſt huſband, whoſe praiſe ſhe had eternally in her mouth; and as ſhe was for the moſt part miſtreſs of the profit, ſo ſhe was ſatisfied to take upon herſelf the care and government of the family, and after a long ſucceſsleſs ſtruggle, to ſuffer her huſband to be maſter of himſelf.

In the evening, when Jones retired to his room, a ſmall diſpute aroſe between this fond couple concerning him. What, ſays the wife, you have been tippling with the gentleman! I ſee. Yes, anſwered the huſband, we have cracked a bottle

together, and a very gentleman-like man he is, and hath a very pretty notion of horſe-fleſh. Indeed he is young, and hath not ſeen much of the world: for I believe he hath been at very few horſe-races. O ho! he is one of your order, is he? replies the landlady; he muſt be a gentleman to be ſure, if he is a horſe-racer. The devil fetch ſuch gentry; I am ſure I wiſh I had never ſeen any of them. I have reaſon to love horſe-racers truly! That you have, ſays the huſband; for I was one, you know. Yes, anſwered ſhe, you are a pure one indeed. As my firſt huſband uſed to ſay, I may put all the good I have ever got by you in my eyes, and ſee never the worſe. D—n your firſt huſband, cries he. — Don't d—n a better man than yourſelf, anſwered the wife; if he had been alive, you durſt not have done it. Then you think, ſays he, I have not ſo much courage as yourſelf: for you have d—n'd him often in my hearing. If I did, ſays ſhe, I have repented of it, many's the good time and oft. And if he was ſo good to forgive me a word ſpoken in haſte, or ſo, it doth not become ſuch a one as you to twitter me. He was a huſband to me, he was; and if ever I did make uſe of an ill word, or ſo, in a paſſion, I never called him raſcal; I ſhould have told a lie, if I had called him raſcal. Much more ſhe ſaid, but not in his hearing: for having lighted his pipe, he ſtaggered off as faſt as he could. We ſhall therefore tranſcribe no more of her ſpeech, as it approached ſtill nearer

and nearer to a ſubject too indelicate to find any place in this hiſtory.

Early in the morning, Partridge appeared at the bed-ſide of Jones, ready equipped for the journey, with his knapſack at his back. This was his own workmanſhip; for beſides his other trades, he was no indifferent taylor. He had already put up his whole ſtock of linen in it, conſiſting of four ſhirts, to which he now added eight for Mr. Jones; and then packing up the portmanteau, he was departing with it towards his own houſe, but was ſtopt in his way by the landlady, who refuſed to ſuffer any removals till after the payment of the reckoning.

The landlady was, as we have ſaid, abſolute governeſs in theſe regions; it was therefore neceſſary to comply with her rules; ſo the bill was preſently writ out, which amounted to a much larger ſum than might have been expected, from the entertainment which Jones had met with. But here we are obliged to diſcloſe ſome maxims, which publicans hold to be the grand myſteries of their trade. The firſt is, if they have any thing good in their houſe, (which indeed very ſeldom happens) to produce it only to perſons who travel with great equipages. 2dly, to charge the ſame for the very worſt proviſions, as if they were the beſt. And, laſtly, if any of their gueſts call but for little, to make them pay a double price for every thing they have, ſo that the amount by the head may be much the ſame.

The bill being made and diſcharged, Jones ſet forward with Partridge, carrying his knapſack; nor did the landlady condeſcend to wiſh him a good journey: for this was, it ſeems, an inn frequented by people of faſhion; and I know not whence it is, but all thoſe who get their livelihood by people of faſhion, contract as much inſolence to the reſt of mankind, as if they really belonged to that rank themſelves.

CHAP. VIII.

Jones arrives at Glouceſter, and goes to the Bell; the character of that houſe, and of a petty-fogger, which he there meets with.

MR. Jones, and Partridge, or Little Benjamin, (which epithet of Little was perhaps given him ironically, he being in reality near ſix feet high) having left their laſt quarters in the manner before deſcribed, travelled on to Glouceſter, without meeting any adventure worth relating.

Being arrived here, they choſe for their houſe of entertainment the ſign of the Bell, an excellent houſe indeed, and which I do moſt ſeriouſly recommend to every reader who ſhall viſit this ancient city. The maſter of it is brother to the great preacher Whitefield; but is abſolutely untainted with the pernicious principles of methodiſm, or of any other heretical

heretical ſect. He is indeed a very honeſt plain man, and, in my opinion, not likely to create any diſturbance either in church or ſtate. His wife hath, I believe, had much pretenſion to beauty, and is ſtill a very fine woman. Her perſon and deportment might have made a ſhining figure in the politeſt aſſemblies; but though ſhe muſt be conſcious of this, and many other perfections, ſhe ſeems perfectly contented with, and reſigned to, that ſtate of life to which ſhe is called; and this reſignation is entirely owing to the prudence and wiſdom of her temper: for ſhe is at preſent as free from any methodiſtical notions as her huſband. I ſay at preſent: for ſhe freely confeſſes that her brother's documents made at firſt ſome impreſſion upon her, and that ſhe had put herſelf to the expence of a long hood, in order to attend the extraordinary emotions of the ſpirit; but having found during an experiment of three weeks, no emotions, ſhe ſays, worth a farthing, ſhe very wiſely laid by her hood, and abandoned the ſect. To be conciſe, ſhe is a very friendly, good-natured woman; and ſo induſtrious to oblige, that the gueſts muſt be of a very moroſe diſpoſition who are not extremely well ſatisfied in her houſe.

Mrs. Whitefield happened to be in the yard when Jones and his attendant marched in. Her ſagacity ſoon diſcovered in the air of our hero ſomething which diſtinguiſhed him from the vulgar. She ordered her ſervants, therefore, immediately

to ſhew him into a room, and preſently afterwards invited him to dinner with herſelf; which invitation he very thankfully accepted: for indeed much leſs agreeable company than that of Mrs. Whitefield, and a much worſe entertainment than ſhe had provided, would have been welcome, after ſo long faſting, and ſo long a walk.

Beſides Mr. Jones and the good governeſs of the manſion, there ſat down at table an attorney of Saliſbury, indeed the very ſame who had brought the news of Mrs. Blifil's death to Mr. Allworthy, and whoſe name, which, I think, we did not before mention, was Dowling: there was likewiſe preſent another perſon, who ſtiled himſelf a lawyer, and who lived ſomewhere near Lidlinch, in Somerſetſhire. This fellow, I ſay, ſtiled himſelf a lawyer, but was indeed a moſt vile petty-fogger, without ſenſe or knowledge of any kind; one of thoſe who may be termed train-bearers to the law; a ſort of ſupernumeraries in the profeſſion, who are the hackneys of attornies, and will ride more miles for half a crown than a poſt-boy.

During the time of dinner, the Somerſetſhire lawyer recollected the face of Jones, which he had ſeen at Mr. Allworthy's: for he had often viſited in that gentleman's kitchen. He therefore took occaſion to enquire after the good family there, with that familiarity which would have become an intimate friend or acquaintance of Mr. Allworthy;

and indeed he did all in his power to inſinuate himſelf to be ſuch, though he had never had the honour of ſpeaking to any perſon in that family higher than the butler. Jones anſwered all his queſtions with much civility, though he never remembered to have ſeen the petty-fogger before, and though he concluded from the outward appearance and behaviour of the man, that he uſurped a freedom with his betters, to which he was by no means entitled.

As the converſation of fellows of this kind, is of all others the moſt deteſtable to men of any ſenſe, the cloth was no ſooner removed than Mr. Jones withdrew, and a little barbarouſly left poor Mrs. Whitefield to do a penance, which I have often heard Mr. Timothy Harris, and other publicans of good taſte, lament, as the ſevereſt lot annexed to their calling, namely, that of being obliged to keep company with their gueſts.

Jones had no ſooner quitted the room, than the petty-fogger, in a whiſpering tone, aſked Mrs. Whitefield, if ſhe knew who that fine ſpark was? She anſwered, ſhe had never ſeen the gentleman before. The gentleman, indeed! replied the petty-fogger; a pretty gentleman truly! Why, he's the baſtard of a fellow who was hanged for horſe-ſtealing. He was dropt at 'ſquire Allworthy's door, where one of the ſervants found him in a box ſo full of rain-water, that he would certainly have been drowned,

had he not been reſerved for another fate. Ay, ay, you need not mention it, I proteſt; we underſtand what that fate is very well, cries Dowling, with a moſt facetious grin. Well, continued the other, the 'ſquire ordered him to be taken in: for he is a timberſome man every body knows, and was afraid of drawing himſelf into a ſcrape; and there the baſtard was bred up, and fed and cloathified all to the world like any gentleman; and there he got one of the ſervant maids with child, and perſuaded her to ſwear it to the 'ſquire himſelf; and afterwards he broke the arm of one Mr. Thwackum a clergyman, only becauſe he reprimanded him for following whores; and afterwards he ſnapt a piſtol at Mr. Blifil behind his back; and once when 'ſquire Allworthy was ſick, he got a drum, and beat it all over the houſe, to prevent him from ſleeping: and twenty other pranks he hath played; for all which, about four or five days ago, juſt before I left the country, the 'ſquire ſtripp'd him ſtark naked, and turned him out of doors.

And very juſtly too, I proteſt, cries Dowling; I would turn my own ſon out of doors, if he was guilty of half as much. And pray what is the name of this pretty gentleman?

The name o' un! anſwered the petty-fogger, why, he is called Thomas Jones.

Jones! anſwered Dowling, a little eagerly, what, Mr. Jones that lived at Mr. Allworthy's! was that

the gentleman that dined with us? The very ſame, ſaid the other, I have heard of the gentleman, cries Dowling, often; but I never heard any ill character of him. And I am ſure, ſays Mrs. Whitefield, if half what this gentleman hath ſaid be true, Mr. Jones hath the moſt deceitful countenance I ever ſaw; for ſure his looks promiſe ſomething very different; and I muſt ſay, for the little I have ſeen of him, he is as civil a well-bred man as you would wiſh to converſe with.

The petty-fogger calling to mind that he had not been ſworn, as he uſually was, before he gave his evidence, now bound what he had declared with ſo many oaths and imprecations, that the landlady's ears were ſhocked, and ſhe put a ſtop to his ſwearing, by aſſuring him of her belief. Upon which he ſaid: I hope, Madam, you imagine I would ſcorn to tell ſuch things of any man, unleſs I knew them to be true. What intereſt have I in taking away the reputation of a man who never injured me? I promiſe you every ſyllable of what I have ſaid is fact, and the whole country knows it.

As Mrs. Whitefield had no reaſon to ſuſpect that the petty-fogger had any motive or temptation to abuſe Jones, the reader cannot blame her for believing what he ſo confidently affirmed with many oaths. She accordingly gave up her ſkill in phyſiognomy, and hence forwards conceived ſo ill an opinion of her gueſt, that ſhe heartily wiſhed him out of her houſe.

This diſlike was now farther increaſed by a report which Mr. Whitefield made from the kitchen, where Partridge had informed the company, that though he carried the knapſack, and contented himſelf with ſtaying among ſervants, while Tom Jones (as he called him) was regaling in the parlour, he was not his ſervant, but only a friend and companion, and as good a gentleman as Mr. Jones himſelf.

Dowling ſat all this while ſilent, biting his fingers, making faces, grinning, and looking wonderfully arch; at laſt he opened his lips, and proteſted that the gentleman looked like another ſort of man. He then called for his bill with the utmoſt haſte, declared he muſt be at Hereford that evening, lamented his great hurry of buſineſs, and wiſhed he could divide himſelf into twenty pieces, in order to be at once in twenty places.

The petty-fogger now likewiſe departed, and then Jones deſired the favour of Mrs. Whitefield's company to drink tea with him; but ſhe refuſed, and with a manner ſo different from that with which ſhe had received him at dinner, that it a little ſurpriſed him. And now he ſoon perceived her behaviour totally changed; for inſtead of that natural affability which we have juſt before celebrated, ſhe wore a conſtrained ſeverity on her countenance, which was ſo diſagreeable to Mr. Jones, that he reſolved, however late, to quit the houſe that evening.

He did indeed account ſomewhat unfairly for this

ſudden change: for beſides ſome hard and unjuſt ſurmiſes concerning female fickleneſs and mutability, he began to ſuſpect that he owed this want of civility to his want of horſes; a ſort of animals which, as they dirty no ſheets, are thought, in inns, to pay better for their beds than their riders, and are therefore conſidered as the more deſirable company; but Mrs. Whitefield, to do her juſtice, had a much more liberal way of thinking. She was perfectly well-bred, and could be very civil to a gentleman, though he walked on foot. In reality, ſhe looked on our hero as a ſorry ſcoundrel, and therefore treated him as ſuch; for which not even Jones himſelf, had he known as much as the reader, could have blamed her; nay, on the contrary, he muſt have approved her conduct, and have eſteemed her the more for the diſreſpect ſhewn towards himſelf. This is indeed a moſt aggravating circumſtance which attends depriving men unjuſtly of their reputation; for a man who is conſcious of having an ill character, cannot juſtly be angry with thoſe who neglect and ſlight him; but ought rather to deſpiſe ſuch as affect his converſation, unleſs where a perfect intimacy muſt have convinced them that their friend's character hath been falſely and injuriouſly aſperſed.

This was not, however, the caſe of Jones; for as he was a perfect ſtranger to the truth, ſo he was with good reaſon offended at the treatment he received. He therefore paid his reckoning and departed, highly

againſt the will of Mr. Partridge, who having remonſtrated much againſt it to no purpoſe, at laſt condeſcended to take up his knapſack and to attend his friend.

CHAP. IX.

Containing ſeveral dialogues between Jones and Partridge concerning love, cold, hunger, and other matters; with the lucky and narrow eſcape of Partridge, as he was on the very brink of making a fatal diſcovery to his friend.

THE ſhadows began now to deſcend larger from the high mountains: the feathered creation had betaken themſelves to their reſt. Now the higheſt order of mortals were ſitting down to their dinners, and the loweſt order to their ſuppers. In a word, the clock ſtruck five juſt as Mr. Jones took his leave of Glouceſter; an hour at which (as it was now mid-winter) the dirty fingers of night would have drawn her ſable curtain over the univerſe, had not the moon forbid her, who now, with a face as broad and as red as thoſe of ſome jolly mortals, who, like her, turn night into day, began to riſe from her bed, where ſhe had ſlumbered away the day, in order to ſit up all night. Jones had not travelled far before he paid his compliments to that beautiful planet, and turning to his companion,

aſked him, if he had ever beheld ſo delicious an evening? Partridge making no ready anſwer to his queſtion, he proceeded to comment on the beauty of the moon, and repeated ſome paſſages from Milton, who hath certainly excelled all other poets in his deſcription of the heavenly luminaries. He then told Partridge the ſtory from the Spectator, of two lovers who had agreed to entertain themſelves, when they were at a great diſtance from each other, by repairing, at a certain fixed hour, to look at the moon; thus pleaſing themſelves with the thought that they were both employed in contemplating the ſame object at the ſame time. Thoſe lovers, added he, muſt have had ſouls truly capable of feeling all the tenderneſs of the ſublimeſt of all human paſſions. Very probably, cries Partridge: but I envy them more, if they had bodies incapable of feeling cold; for I am almoſt frozen to death, and am very much afraid I ſhall loſe a piece of my noſe before we get to another houſe of entertainment. Nay, truly, we may well expect ſome judgment ſhould happen to us for our folly in running away ſo by night from one of the moſt excellent inns I ever ſet my foot into. I am ſure I never ſaw more good things in my life, and the greateſt lord in the land cannot live better in his own houſe than he may there. And to forſake ſuch a houſe, and go a rambling about the country, the lord knows whither, *per devia rura viarum*, I ſay nothing for my part; but

ſome people might not have charity enough to conclude we were in our ſober ſenſes. Fie upon it, Mr. Partridge! ſays Jones, have a better heart: conſider you are going to face an enemy; and are you afraid of facing a little cold? I wiſh, indeed, we had a guide to adviſe which of theſe roads we ſhould take. May I be ſo bold, ſays Partridge, to offer my advice? *Interdum ſtultus opportuna loquitur.* Why, which of them, cries Jones, would you recommend? Truly neither of them, anſwered Partridge. The only road we can be certain of finding, is the road we came. A good hearty pace will bring us back to Glouceſter in an hour; but if we go forward, the lord Harry knows when we ſhall arrive at any place; for I ſee at leaſt fifty miles before me, and no houſe in all the way. You ſee, indeed, a very fair proſpect, ſays Jones, which receives great additional beauty from the extreme luſtre of the moon. However, I will keep the left-hand track, as that ſeems to lead directly to thoſe hills, which we were informed lie not far from Worceſter. And here, if you are inclined to quit me, you may, and return back again; but, for my part, I am reſolved to go forward.

It is unkind in you, Sir, ſays Partridge, to ſuſpect me of any ſuch intention. What I have adviſed hath been as much on your account as on my own; but ſince you are determined to go on, I am as much determined to follow. *I præ, ſequar te.*

They now travelled ſome miles without ſpeaking to each other, during which ſuſpence of diſcourſe, Jones often ſighed, and Benjamin groaned as bitterly, though from a very different reaſon. At length Jones made a full ſtop, and turning about, cries: Who knows, Partridge, but the loveliest creature in the univerſe may have her eyes now fixed on that very moon which I behold at this inſtant? Very likely, Sir, anſwered Partridge; and if my eyes were fixed on a good ſirloin of roaſt beef, the devil might take the moon and her horns into the bargain. Did ever Tramontane make ſuch an anſwer? cries Jones. Prithee, Partridge, waſt thou ever ſuſceptible of love in thy life, or hath time worn away all the traces of it from thy memory? Alack-a-day, cries Partridge, well would it have been for me if I had never known what love was! *Infandum, Regina, jubes renovare dolorem.* I am ſure I have taſted all the tenderneſſes, and ſublimities, and bitterneſſes of the paſſion. Was your miſtreſs unkind then? ſays Jones. Very unkind indeed, Sir, anſwered Partridge; for ſhe married me, and made one of the moſt confounded wives in the world. However, heaven be praiſed, ſhe's gone; and if I believed ſhe was in the moon, according to the book I once read, which teaches that to be the receptacle of departed ſpirits, I would never look at it for fear of ſeeing her; but I wiſh, Sir, that the moon was a looking-glaſs for your ſake,

and that Miſs Sophia Weſtern was now placed before it. My dear Partridge, cries Jones, what a thought was there! A thought which I am certain could never have entered into any mind but that of a lover. O Partridge, could I hope once again to ſee that face! but, alas! all thoſe golden dreams are vaniſhed for ever, and my only refuge from future miſery is to forget the object of all my former happineſs. And do you really deſpair of ever ſeeing Miſs Weſtern again? anſwered Partridge. If you will follow my advice, I will engage you ſhall not only ſee her, but have her in your arms. Ha! do not awaken a thought of that nature, cries Jones. I have ſtruggled ſufficiently to conquer all ſuch wiſhes already. Nay, anſwered Partridge, if you do not wiſh to have your miſtreſs in your arms, you are a moſt extraordinary lover indeed. Well, well, ſays Jones, let us avoid this ſubject; but pray what is your advice? To give it you in the military phraſe then, ſays Partridge, as we are ſoldiers; to the right about. Let us return the way we came; we may yet reach Glouceſter to-night, though late; whereas, if we proceed, we are likely, for ought I ſee, to ramble about for ever without coming either to houſe or home. I have already told you my reſolution is to go on, anſwered Jones; but I would have you go back. I am obliged to you for your company hither; and I beg you to accept a guinea as a ſmall inſtance of my gratitude. Nay,

it would be cruel in me to ſuffer you to go any farther; for, to deal plainly with you, my chief end and deſire is a glorious death in the ſervice of my king and country. As for your money, replied Partridge, I beg, Sir, you will put it up; I will receive none of you at this time; for at preſent I am, I believe, the richer man of the two. And as your reſolution is to go on, ſo mine is to follow you if you do. Nay, now my preſence appears neceſſary to take care of you, ſince your intentions are ſo deſperate; for I promiſe you my views are much more prudent: as you are reſolved to fall in battle, if you can, ſo I am reſolved as firmly to come to no hurt, if I can help it. And indeed I have the comfort to think there will be but little danger; for a popiſh prieſt told me the other day, the buſineſs would ſoon be over, and he believed without a battle. A popiſh prieſt, cries Jones, I have heard, is not always to be believed when he ſpeaks in behalf of his religion. Yes, but ſo far, anſwered the other, from ſpeaking in behalf of his religion, he aſſured me, the catholics did not expect to be any gainers by the change; for that prince Charles was as good a proteſtant as any in England; and that nothing but regard to right made him and the reſt of the popiſh party to be Jacobites. I believe him to be as much a proteſtant as I believe he hath any right, ſays Jones, and I make no doubt of our ſucceſs, but not without a battle. So that I am not ſo ſanguine as

your friend the popiſh prieſt. Nay, to be ſure, Sir, anſwered Partridge, all the prophecies I have ever read, ſpeak of a great deal of blood to be ſpilt in the quarrel, and the miller with three thumbs, who is now alive, is to hold the horſes of three kings, up to his knees in blood. Lord have mercy upon us all, and ſend better times! With what ſtuff and nonſenſe haſt thou filled thy head? anſwered Jones. This too, I ſuppoſe, comes from the popiſh prieſt. Monſters and prodigies are the proper arguments to ſupport monſtrous and abſurd doctrines. The cauſe of king George is the cauſe of liberty and true religion. In other words, it is the cauſe of common ſenſe, my boy, and I warrant you will ſucceed, though Briareus himſelf was to riſe again with his hundred thumbs, and to turn miller. Partridge made no reply to this. He was indeed caſt into the utmoſt confuſion by this declaration of Jones. For, to inform the reader of a ſecret, which we had no proper opportunity of revealing before, Partridge was in truth a Jacobite, and had concluded that Jones was of the ſame party, and was now proceeding to join the rebels. An opinion which was not without foundation. For the tall long-ſided dame, mentioned by Hudibras; that many-eyed, many-tongued, many-mouthed, many-eared monſter of Virgil, had related the ſtory of the quarrel between Jones and the officer, with her uſual regard to truth. She had indeed changed the name of Sophia into that of the Pretender, and

had reported, that drinking his health was the cauſe for which Jones was knocked down. This Partridge had heard, and moſt firmly believed. 'Tis no wonder, therefore, that he had thence entertained the above-mentioned opinion of Jones; and which he had almoſt diſcovered to him before he found out his own miſtake. And at this the reader will be the leſs inclined to wonder, if he pleaſes to recollect the doubtful phraſe in which Jones firſt communicated his reſolution to Mr. Partridge; and, indeed, had the words been leſs ambiguous, Partridge might very well have conſtrued them as he did; being perſuaded, as he was, that the whole nation were of the ſame inclination in their hearts: nor did it ſtagger him that Jones had travelled in the company of ſoldiers; for he had the ſame opinion of the army which he had of the reſt of the people.

But however well affected he might be to James or Charles, he was ſtill much more attached to Little Benjamin than to either; for which reaſon he no ſooner diſcovered the principles of his fellow-traveller, than he thought proper to conceal, and outwardly to give up his own to the man on whom he depended for the making his fortune, ſince he by no means believed the affairs of Jones to be ſo deſperate as they really were with Mr. Allworthy: for as he had kept a conſtant correſpondence with ſome of his neighbours ſince he left that country, he had heard much, indeed more than was

true, of the great affection Mr. Allworthy bore this young man, who, as Partridge had been inſtructed, was to be that gentleman's heir, and whom, as we have ſaid, he did not in the leaſt doubt to be his ſon.

He imagined, therefore, that whatever quarrel was between them, it would be certainly made up at the return of Mr. Jones; an event from which he promiſed great advantages, if he could take this opportunity of ingratiating himſelf with that young gentleman; and if he could by any means be inſtrumental in procuring his return, he doubted not, as we have before ſaid, but it would as highly advance him in the favour of Mr. Allworthy.

We have already obſerved, that he was a very good-natured fellow, and he had himſelf declared the violent attachment he had to the perſon and character of Jones; but poſſibly the views which I have juſt before mentioned, might likewiſe have ſome little ſhare in prompting him to undertake this expedition, at leaſt in urging him to continue it, after he had diſcovered that his maſter and himſelf, like ſome prudent fathers and ſons, though they travelled together in great friendſhip, had embraced oppoſite parties. I am led into this conjecture, by having remarked, that, though love, friendſhip, eſteem, and ſuch like, have very powerful operations in the human mind, intereſt, however, is an ingredient ſeldom omitted by wiſe men, when they would work

work others to their own purpoſes. This is indeed a moſt excellent medicine, and like Ward's pill, flies at once to the particular part of the body on which you deſire to operate, whether it be the tongue, the hand, or any other member, where it ſcarce ever fails of immediately producing the deſired effect.

CHAP. X.

In which our travellers meet with a very extraordinary adventure.

JUST as Jones and his friend came to the end of their dialogue in the preceding chapter, they arrived at the bottom of a very ſteep hill. Here Jones ſtopt ſhort, and directing his eyes upwards, ſtood for a while ſilent. At length he called to his companion, and ſaid: Partridge, I wiſh I was at the top of this hill; it muſt certainly afford a moſt charming proſpect, eſpecially by this light: for the ſolemn gloom which the moon caſts on all objects, is beyond expreſſion beautiful, eſpecially to an imagination which is deſirous of cultivating melancholy ideas. Very probably, anſwered Partridge; but if the top of the hill be propereſt to produce melancholy thoughts, I ſuppoſe the bottom is the likelieſt to produce merry ones, and theſe I take to be much the better of the two. I proteſt you

have made my blood run cold with the very mentioning the top of that mountain; which ſeems to me to be one of the higheſt in the world. No, no, if we look for any thing, let it be for a place under-ground, to ſcreen ourſelves from the froſt. — Do ſo, ſaid Jones, let it be but within hearing of this place, and I will hollow to you at my return back. Surely, Sir, you are not mad, ſaid Partridge. Indeed, I am, anſwered Jones, if aſcending this hill be madneſs: but as you complain ſo much of the cold already, I would have you ſtay below; I will certainly return to you within an hour. Pardon me, Sir, cries Partridge, I have determined to follow you wherever you go. Indeed he was now afraid to ſtay behind; for though he was coward enough in all reſpects, yet his chief fear was that of ghoſts, with which the preſent time of night, and the wildneſs of the place, extremely well ſuited.

At this inſtant Partridge eſpied a glimmering light through ſome trees, which ſeemed very near to them. He immediately cried out, in a rapture: Oh, Sir! heaven hath at laſt heard my prayers, and hath brought us to a houſe; perhaps it may be an inn. Let me beſeech you, Sir, if you have any compaſſion either for me or yourſelf, do not deſpiſe the goodneſs of providence, but let us go directly to yon light. Whether it be a public-houſe or no, I am ſure, if they be chriſtians that

dwell there, they will not refuſe a little houſe-room to perſons in our miſerable condition. Jones at length yielded to the earneſt ſupplications of Partridge, and both together made directly towards the place whence the light iſſued.

They ſoon arrived at the door of this houſe or cottage: for it might be called either, without much impropriety. Here Jones knocked ſeveral times, without receiving any anſwer from within; at which Partridge, whoſe head was full of nothing but of ghoſts, devils, witches, and ſuch like, began to tremble, crying: Lord have mercy upon us! ſure the people muſt be all dead. I can ſee no light neither now, and yet I am certain I ſaw a candle burning but a moment before. — Well! I have heard of ſuch things. — What haſt thou heard of? ſaid Jones. The people are either faſt aſleep, or probably, as this is a lonely place, are afraid to open their door. He then began to vociferate pretty loudly, and at laſt an old woman opening an upper caſement, aſked, who they were, and what they wanted? Jones anſwered, they were travellers who had loſt their way, and having ſeen a light in the window, had been led thither, in hopes of finding ſome fire to warm themſelves. Whoever you are, cries the woman, you have no buſineſs here; nor ſhall I open the door to any body at this time of night. Partridge, whom the ſound of a human voice had recovered from his fright, fell

to the moſt earneſt ſupplications to be admitted for a few minutes to the fire, ſaying, he was almoſt dead with the cold, to which fear had indeed contributed equally with the froſt. He aſſured her, that the gentleman who ſpoke to her, was one of the greateſt 'ſquires in the country, and made uſe of every argument, ſave one, which Jones afterwards effectually added, and this was the promiſe of half a crown: a bribe too great to be reſiſted by ſuch a perſon, eſpecially as the genteel appearance of Jones, which the light of the moon plainly diſcovered to her, together with his affable behaviour, had entirely ſubdued thoſe apprehenſions of thieves which ſhe had at firſt conceived. She agreed, therefore, at laſt, to let them in, where Partridge, to his infinite joy, found a good fire ready for his reception.

The poor fellow, however, had no ſooner warmed himſelf, than thoſe thoughts which were always uppermoſt in his mind, began a little to diſturb his brain. There was no article of his creed in which he had a ſtronger faith, than he had in witchcraft; nor can the reader conceive a figure more adapted to inſpire this idea, than the old woman who now ſtood before him. She anſwered exactly to that picture drawn by Otway in his Orphan. Indeed, if this woman had lived in the reign of James the Firſt, her appearance alone would have hanged her, almoſt without any evidence.

Many circumſtances likewiſe conſpired to confirm Partridge in his opinion. Her living, as he then imagined, by herſelf in ſo lonely a place; and in a houſe, the outſide of which ſeemed much too good for her; but its inſide was furniſhed in the moſt neat and elegant manner. To ſay the truth, Jones himſelf was not a little ſurpriſed at what he ſaw: for, beſides the extraordinary neatneſs of the room, it was adorned with a great number of nicknacks, and curioſities, which might have engaged the attention of a virtuoſo.

While Jones was admiring theſe things, and Partridge ſat trembling with the firm belief that he was in the houſe of a witch, the old woman ſaid: I hope, gentlemen, you will make what haſte you can; for I expect my maſter preſently, and I would not for double the money he ſhould find you here. Then you have a maſter? cried Jones: indeed you will excuſe me, good woman, but I was ſurpriſed to ſee all thoſe fine things in your houſe. Ah, Sir! ſaid ſhe, if the twentieth part of theſe things were mine, I ſhould think myſelf a rich woman; but pray, Sir, do not ſtay much longer; for I look for him in every minute. — Why ſure he would not be angry with you, ſaid Jones, for doing a common act of charity. Alack-a-day, Sir! ſaid ſhe, he is a ſtrange man, not at all like other people. He keeps no company with any body, and ſeldom walks out but by night, for he doth

not care to be ſeen; and all the country people are as much afraid of meeting him; for his dreſs is enough to frighten thoſe who are not uſed to it. They call him, the Man of the Hill, (for there he walks by night) and the country people are not, I believe, more afraid of the devil himſelf. He would be terribly angry if he found you here. Pray, Sir, ſays Partridge, don't let us offend the gentleman: I am ready to walk, and was never warmer in my life. — Do, pray, Sir, let us go — here are piſtols over the chimney; who knows whether they be charged or no, or what he may do with them? Fear nothing, Partridge, cries Jones, I will ſecure thee from danger. — Nay, for matter o' that, he never doth any miſchief, ſaid the woman; but to be ſure it is neceſſary he ſhould keep ſome arms for his own ſafety; for his houſe hath been beſet more than once, and it is not many nights ago, that we thought we heard thieves about it: for my own part, I have often wondered that he is not murdered by ſome villain or other, as he walks out by himſelf at ſuch hours; but then, as I ſaid, the people are afraid of him, and beſides, they think, I ſuppoſe, he hath nothing about him worth taking. I ſhould imagine, by this collection of rarities, cries Jones, that your maſter hath been a traveller. Yes, Sir, anſwered ſhe, he hath been a very great one; there be few gentlemen that know more of all matters than he; I fancy he

hath been croſt in love, or whatever it is, I know not, but I have lived with him above theſe thirty years, and in all that time he hath hardly ſpoke to ſix living people. She then again ſolicited their departure, in which ſhe was backed by Partridge; but Jones purpoſely protracted the time: for his curioſity was greatly raiſed to ſee this extraordinary perſon. Though the old woman, therefore, concluded every one of her anſwers with deſiring him to be gone, and Partridge proceeded ſo far as to pull him by the ſleeve, he ſtill continued to invent new queſtions, till the old woman, with an affrighted countenance, declared, ſhe heard her maſter's ſignal; and, at the ſame inſtant, more than one voice was heard without the door, crying: D — n your blood, ſhew us your money this inſtant. Your money, you villain, or we will blow your brains about your ears.

O, good heaven! cries the old woman, ſome villains, to be ſure, have attacked my maſter. O la! what ſhall I do? what ſhall I do? How, cries Jones, how! — Are theſe piſtols loaded? O! good Sir, there is nothing in them, indeed — O, pray don't murder us, gentlemen! (for in reality ſhe now had the ſame opinion of thoſe within, as ſhe had of thoſe without.) Jones made her no anſwer; but ſnatching an old broad-ſword which hung in the room, he inſtantly ſallied out, where he found the old gentleman ſtruggling with two ruffians, and begging

for mercy. Jones aſked no queſtions, but fell ſo briſkly to work with his broad-ſword, that the fellows immediately quitted their hold; and, without offering to attack our hero, betook themſelves to their heels, and made their eſcape; for he did not attempt to purſue them, being contented with having delivered the old gentleman; and indeed he concluded he had pretty well done their buſineſs: for both of them, as they ran off, cried out, with bitter oaths, that they were dead men.

Jones preſently ran to lift up the old gentleman, who had been thrown down in the ſcuffle, expreſſing at the ſame time great concern, leſt he ſhould have received any harm from the villains. The old man ſtared a moment at Jones, and then cried: — No, Sir, no, I have very little harm, I thank you. Lord have mercy upon me! I ſee, Sir, ſaid Jones, you are not free from apprehenſions even of thoſe who have had the happineſs to be your deliverers; nor can I blame any ſuſpicions which you may have; but, indeed, you have no real occaſion for any; here are none but your friends preſent. Having miſt our way this cold night, we took the liberty of warming ourſelves at your fire, whence we were juſt departing when we heard you call for aſſiſtance, which, I muſt ſay, providence alone ſeems to have ſent you. Providence indeed, cries the old gentleman, if it be ſo. — So it is, I aſſure you, cries Jones, here is your own ſword, Sir. I have uſed it in your defence,

and I now return it into your own hand. The old man having received the ſword, which was ſtained with the blood of his enemies, looked ſtedfaſtly at Jones during ſome moments, and then with a ſigh, cried out: You will pardon me, young gentleman; I was not always of a ſuſpicious temper, nor am I a friend to ingratitude. Be thankful then, cries Jones, to that providence to which you owe your deliverance; as to my part, I have only diſcharged the common duties of humanity, and what I would have done for any fellow creature in your ſituation. Let me look at you a little longer, cries the old gentleman — You are a human creature then? — Well, perhaps you are. Come, pray walk into my little hut. You have been my deliverer indeed.

The old woman was diſtracted between the fears which ſhe had of her maſter, and for him; and Partridge was, if poſſible, in a greater fright. The former of theſe, however, when ſhe heard her maſter ſpeak kindly to Jones, and perceived what had happened, came again to herſelf; but Partridge no ſooner ſaw the gentleman, than the ſtrangeneſs of his dreſs infuſed greater terrors into that poor fellow, than he had before felt either from the ſtrange deſcription which he had heard, or from the uproar which had happened at the door.

To ſay the truth, it was an appearance which might have affected a more conſtant mind than that of Mr. Partridge. This perſon was of the talleſt

ſize, with a long beard as white as ſnow. His body was cloathed with the ſkin of an aſs, made ſomething into the form of a coat. He wore likewiſe boots on his legs, and a cap on his head, both compoſed of the ſkin of ſome other animals.

As ſoon as the old gentleman came into his houſe, the old woman began her congratulations on his happy eſcape from the ruffians. Yes, cried he, I have eſcaped indeed, thanks to my preſerver. O, the bleſſing on him! anſwered ſhe, he is a good gentleman, I warrant him. I was afraid your worſhip would have been angry with me for letting him in; and to be certain I ſhould not have done it, had not I ſeen, by the moon-light, that he was a gentleman, and almoſt frozen to death. And to be certain it muſt have been ſome good angel that ſent him hither, and tempted me to do it.

I am afraid, Sir, ſaid the old gentleman to Jones, that I have nothing in this houſe which you can either eat or drink, unleſs you will accept a dram of brandy; of which I can give you ſome moſt excellent, and which I have had by me theſe thirty years. Jones declined this offer in a very civil and proper ſpeech; and then the other aſked him, whither he was travelling when he miſt his way? ſaying: I muſt own myſelf ſurpriſed to ſee ſuch a perſon as you appear to be journeying on foot at this time of night. I ſuppoſe, Sir, you are a gentleman of theſe parts: for you do not look like one who is uſed to

travel far without horſes.

Appearances, cried Jones, are often deceitful; men ſometimes look like what they are not. I aſſure you, I am not of this country, and whither I am travelling, in reality I ſcarce know myſelf.

Whoever you are, or whitherſoever you are going, anſwered the old man, I have obligations to you which I can never return.

I once more, replied Jones, affirm, that you have none: for there can be no merit in having hazarded that in your ſervice, on which I ſet no value. And nothing is ſo contemptible in my eyes as life.

I am ſorry, young gentleman, anſwered the ſtranger, that you have any reaſon to be ſo unhappy at your years.

Indeed I am, Sir, anſwered Jones, the moſt unhappy of mankind. — Perhaps you have had a friend, or a miſtreſs, replied the other. How could you, cries Jones, mention two words ſufficient to drive me to diſtraction? Either of them are enough to drive any man to diſtraction, anſwered the old man. I enquire no farther, Sir. Perhaps my curioſity hath led me too far already.

Indeed, Sir, cries Jones, I cannot cenſure a paſſion, which I feel at this inſtant in the higheſt degree. You will pardon me, when I aſſure you, that every thing which I have ſeen or heard ſince I firſt entered this houſe, hath conſpired to raiſe the greateſt curioſity in me. Something very extraordinary muſt

have determined you to this courſe of life, and I have reaſon to fear your own hiſtory is not without misfortunes.

Here the old gentleman again ſighed, and remained ſilent for ſome minutes; at laſt, looking earneſtly on Jones, he ſaid: I have read that a good countenance is a letter of recommendation; if ſo, none ever can be more ſtrongly recommended than yourſelf. If I did not feel ſome yearning towards you from another conſideration, I muſt be the moſt ungrateful monſter upon earth; and I am really concerned it is no otherwiſe in my power, than by words, to convince you of my gratitude.

Jones after a moment's heſitation, anſwered, that it was in his power by words to gratify him extremely. I have confeſt a curioſity, ſaid he, Sir; need I ſay how much obliged I ſhould be to you, if you would condeſcend to gratify it? Will you ſuffer me, therefore, to beg, unleſs any conſideration reſtrains you, that you would be pleaſed to acquaint me what motives have induced you thus to withdraw from the ſociety of mankind, and to betake yourſelf to a courſe of life to which it ſufficiently appears you were not born?

I ſcarce think myſelf at liberty to refuſe you any thing, after what hath happened, replied the old man: if you deſire therefore to hear the ſtory of an unhappy man, I will relate it to you. Indeed you judge rightly, in thinking there is commonly

ſomething extraordinary in the fortunes of thoſe who fly from ſociety: for, however it may ſeem a paradox, or even a contradiction, certain it is that great philanthropy chiefly inclines us to avoid and deteſt mankind; not on account ſo much of their private and ſelfiſh vices, but for thoſe of a relative kind; ſuch as envy, malice, treachery, cruelty, with every other ſpecies of malevolence. Theſe are the vices which true philanthropy abhors, and which rather than ſee and converſe with, ſhe avoids ſociety itſelf. However, without a compliment to you, you do not appear to me one of thoſe whom I ſhould ſhun or deteſt; nay, I muſt ſay, in what little hath dropt from you, there appears ſome parity in our fortunes; I hope however yours will conclude more ſucceſsfully.

Here ſome compliments paſſed between our hero and his hoſt, and then the latter was going to begin his hiſtory, when Partridge interrupted him. His apprehenſions had now pretty well left him; but ſome effects of his terrors remained; he therefore reminded the gentleman of that excellent brandy which he had mentioned. This was preſently brought, and Partridge ſwallowed a large bumper.

The gentleman then, without any farther preface, began as you may read in the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

In which the Man of the Hill begins to relate his hiſtory.

I WAS born in a village of Somerſetſhire, called Mark, in the year 1657; my father was one of thoſe whom they call gentlemen farmers. He had a little eſtate of about 300 l. a year of his own, and rented another eſtate of near the ſame value. He was prudent and induſtrious, and ſo good a huſbandman, that he might have led a very eaſy and comfortable life, had not an arrant vixen of a wife ſoured his domeſtic quiet. But though this circumſtance perhaps made him miſerable, it did not make him poor: for he confined her almoſt entirely at home, and rather choſe to bear eternal upbraidings in his own houſe, than to injure his fortune by indulging her in the extravagancies ſhe deſired abroad.

By this Xanthippe (So was the wife of Socrates called, ſaid Partridge) By this Xanthippe he had two ſons, of which I was the younger. He deſigned to give us both good education; but my elder brother, who, unhappily for him, was the favourite of my mother, utterly neglected his learning; inſomuch that after having been five or ſix years at ſchool with little or no improvement, my father

being told by his maſter, that it would be to no purpoſe to keep him longer there, at laſt complied with my mother in taking him home from the hands of that tyrant, as ſhe called his maſter; though indeed he gave the lad much leſs correction than his idleneſs deſerved, but much more, it ſeems, than the young gentleman liked, who conſtantly complained to his mother of his ſevere treatment, and ſhe as conſtantly gave him a hearing.

Yes, yes, cries Partridge, I have ſeen ſuch mothers; I have been abuſed myſelf by them, and very unjuſtly; ſuch parents deſerve correction as much as their children.

Jones chid the pedagogue for his interruption, and then the ſtranger proceeded. My brother now, at the age of fifteen, bid adieu to all learning, and to every thing elſe but to his dog and gun, with which latter he became ſo expert, that, though perhaps you may think it incredible, he could not only hit a ſtanding mark with great certainty, but hath actually ſhot a crow as it was flying in the air. He was likewiſe excellent at finding a hare ſitting, and was ſoon reputed one of the beſt ſportſmen in the country. A reputation which both he and his mother enjoyed as much as if he had been thought the fineſt ſcholar.

The ſituation of my brother made me at firſt think my lot the harder, in being continued at ſchool; but I ſoon changed my opinion; for as

I advanced pretty faſt in learning, my labours became eaſy, and my exerciſe ſo delightful, that holidays were my moſt unpleaſant time: for my mother, who never loved me, now apprehending that I had the greater ſhare of my father's affection, and finding, or at leaſt thinking, that I was more taken notice of by ſome gentlemen of learning, and particularly by the parſon of the pariſh, than my brother, ſhe now hated my ſight, and made home ſo diſagreeable to me, that what is called by ſchool-boys Black Monday, was to me the whiteſt in the whole year.

Having, at length, gone through the ſchool at Taunton, I was thence removed to Exeter college in Oxford, where I remained four years; at the end of which an accident took me off entirely from my ſtudies; and hence I may truly date the riſe of all which happened to me afterwards in life.

There was at the ſame college with myſelf one Sir George Greſham, a young fellow who was intitled to a very conſiderable fortune; which he was not, by the will of his father, to come into full poſſeſſion of, till he arrived at the age of twenty-five. However, the liberality of his guardians gave him little cauſe to regret the abundant caution of his father: for they allowed him five hundred pound a year while he remained at the univerſity, where he kept his horſes and his whore, and lived

as

as wicked and as profligate a life, as he could have done, had he been never ſo entirely maſter of his fortune; for, beſides the five hundred a year which he received from his guardians, he found means to ſpend a thouſand more. He was above the age of twenty-one, and had no difficulty in gaining what credit he pleaſed.

This young fellow, among many other tolerable bad qualities, had one very diabolical. He had a great delight in deſtroying and ruining the youth of inferior fortune, by drawing them into expences which they could not afford ſo well as himſelf; and the better, and worthier, and ſoberer, any young man was, the greater pleaſure and triumph had he in his deſtruction; thus acting the character which is recorded of the devil, and going about ſeeking whom he might devour.

It was my misfortune to fall into an acquaintance and intimacy with this gentleman. My reputation of diligence in my ſtudies made me a deſirable object of his miſchievous intention; and my own inclination made it ſufficiently eaſy for him to effect his purpoſe; for though I had applied myſelf with much induſtry to books, in which I took great delight, there were other pleaſures in which I was capable of taking much greater; for I was high-mettled, had a violent flow of animal ſpirits, was a little ambitious, and extremely amorous.

I had not long contracted an intimacy with Sir

George, before I became a partaker of all his pleaſures; and when I was once entered on that ſcene, neither my inclination, nor my ſpirit, would ſuffer me to play an under-part. I was ſecond to none of the company in any acts of debauchery; nay, I ſoon diſtinguiſhed myſelf ſo notably in all riots and diſorders, that my name generally ſtood firſt in the roll of delinquents; and inſtead of being lamented as the unfortunate pupil of Sir George, I was now accuſed as the perſon who had miſled and debauched that hopeful young gentleman; for though he was the ring-leader, and promoter of all the miſchief, he was never ſo conſidered. I fell at laſt under the cenſure of the vice-chancellor, and very narrowly eſcaped expulſion.

You will eaſily believe, Sir, that ſuch a life as I am now deſcribing, muſt be incompatible with my further progreſs in learning; and that in proportion as I addicted myſelf more and more to looſe pleaſure, I muſt grow more and more remiſs in application to my ſtudies. This was truly the conſequence; but this was not all. My expences now greatly exceeded not only my former income, but thoſe additions which I extorted from my poor generous father, on pretences of ſums being neceſſary for preparing for my approaching degree of batchelor of arts. Theſe demands, however, grew at laſt ſo frequent and exorbitant, that my father, by ſlow degrees, opened his ears to the accounts which he

received from many quarters of my preſent behaviour, and which my mother failed not to echo very faithfully and loudly; adding: Ay, this is the fine gentleman, the ſcholar who doth ſo much honour to his family, and is to be the making of it. I thought what all this learning would come to. He is to be the ruin of us all, I find, after his elder brother hath been denied neceſſaries for his ſake, to perfect his education forſooth, for which he was to pay us ſuch intereſt: I thought what the intereſt would come to; with much more of the ſame kind; but I have, I believe, ſatisfied you with this taſte.

My father, therefore, began now to return remonſtrances, inſtead of money, to my demands, which brought my affairs perhaps a little ſooner to a criſis; but had he remitted me his whole income, you will imagine it could have ſufficed a very ſhort time to ſupport one who kept pace with the expences of Sir George Greſham.

It is more than poſſible, that the diſtreſs I was now in for money, and the impracticability of going on in this manner, might have reſtored me at once to my ſenſes and to my ſtudies, had I opened my eyes, before I became involved in debts, from which I ſaw no hopes of ever extricating myſelf. This was indeed the great art of Sir George, and by which he accompliſhed the ruin of many, whom he afterwards laughed at as fools and coxcombs, for

vying, as he called it, with a man of his fortune. To bring this about, he would now and then advance a little money himſelf, in order to ſupport the credit of the unfortunate youth with other people; till, by means of that very credit, he was irretrievably undone.

My mind being, by theſe means, grown as deſperate as my fortune, there was ſcarce a wickedneſs which I did not meditate, in order for my relief. Self-murder itſelf became the ſubject of my ſerious deliberation; and I had certainly reſolved on it, had not a more ſhameful, though perhaps leſs ſinful thought expelled it from my head. Here he heſitated a moment, and then cried out: I proteſt, ſo many years have not waſhed away the ſhame of this act, and I ſhall bluſh while I relate it. Jones deſired him to paſs over any thing that might give him pain in the relation; but Partridge eagerly cried out: O pray, Sir! let us hear this; I had rather hear this than all the reſt; as I hope to be ſaved, I will never mention a word of it. Jones was going to rebuke him, but the ſtranger prevented it, by proceeding thus: I had a chum, a very prudent, frugal young lad, who, though he had no very large allowance, had by his parſimony heaped up upwards of forty guineas, which I knew he kept in his ſcrutore. I took therefore an opportunity of purloining his key from his breeches-pocket while he was aſleep, and thus made myſelf

maſter of all his riches. After which I again conveyed his key into his pocket, and counterfeiting ſleep, though I never once cloſed my eyes, lay in bed till after he aroſe and went to prayers, an exerciſe to which I had long been unaccuſtomed.

Timorous thieves, by extreme caution, often ſubject themſelves to diſcoveries, which thoſe of a bolder kind eſcape. Thus it happened to me; for had I boldly broke open his ſcrutore, I had, perhaps, eſcaped even his ſuſpicion; but as it was plain that the perſon who robbed him had poſſeſſed himſelf of his key, he had no doubt, when he firſt miſſed his money, but that his chum was certainly the thief. Now as he was of a fearful diſpoſition, and much my inferior in ſtrength, and, I believe, in courage, he did not dare to confront me with my guilt, for fear of worſe bodily conſequences, which might happen to him. He repaired therefore immediately to the vice-chancellor, and, upon ſwearing to the robbery, and to the circumſtances of it, very eaſily obtained a warrant againſt one who had now ſo bad a character through the whole univerſity.

Luckily for me I lay out of the college the next evening; for that day I attended a young lady in a chaiſe to Whitney, where we ſtaid all night; and in our return the next morning to Oxford, I met one of my cronies, who acquainted me with ſufficient news concerning myſelf to make me turn my horſe another way.

Pray, Sir, did he mention any thing of the warrant? ſaid Partridge. But Jones begged the gentleman to proceed, without regarding any impertinent queſtions; which he did as follows:

Having now abandoned all thoughts of returning to Oxford, the next thing which offered itſelf was a journey to London. I imparted this intention to my female companion, who at firſt remonſtrated againſt it; but upon producing my wealth, ſhe immediately conſented. We then ſtruck acroſs the country into the great Cirenceſter road, and made ſuch haſte, that we ſpent the next evening (ſave one) in London.

When you conſider the place where I now was, and the company with whom I was, you will, I fancy, conceive that a very ſhort time brought me to an end of that ſum of which I had ſo iniquitouſly poſſeſſed myſelf.

I was now reduced to a much higher degree of diſtreſs than before; the neceſſaries of life began to be numbered among my wants; and what made my caſe ſtill the more grievous, was, that my paramour, of whom I was now grown immoderately fond, ſhared the ſame diſtreſſes with myſelf. To ſee a woman you love in diſtreſs; to be unable to relieve her, and, at the ſame time, to reflect that you have brought her into this ſituation, is, perhaps, a curſe of which no imagination can repreſent the horrors to thoſe who have not felt

it. I believe it from my ſoul, cries Jones; and I pity you from the bottom of my heart. He then took two or three diſorderly turns about the room, and at laſt begged pardon, and flung himſelf into his chair, crying: I thank heaven I have eſcaped that.

This circumſtance, continued the gentleman, ſo ſeverely aggravated the horrors of my preſent ſituation, that they became abſolutely intolerable. I could with leſs pain endure the raging of my own natural unſatisfied appetites, even hunger or thirſt, than I could ſubmit to leave ungratified the moſt whimſical deſires of a woman, on whom I ſo extravagantly doated, that, though I knew ſhe had been the miſtreſs of half my acquaintance, I firmly intended to marry her. But the good creature was unwilling to conſent to an action which the world might think ſo much to my diſadvantage. And, as poſſibly ſhe compaſſionated the daily anxieties which ſhe muſt have perceived me ſuffer on her account, ſhe reſolved to put an end to my diſtreſs. She ſoon indeed found means to relieve me from my troubleſome and perplexed ſituation: for while I was diſtracted with various inventions to ſupply her with pleaſures, ſhe very kindly — betrayed me to one of her former lovers at Oxford, by whoſe care and diligence I was immediately apprehended and committed to gaol.

Here I firſt began ſeriouſly to reflect on the

miſcarriages of my former life; on the errors I had been guilty of; on the misfortunes which I had brought on myſelf; and on the grief which I muſt have occaſioned to one of the beſt of fathers. When I added to all theſe the perfidy of my miſtreſs, ſuch was the horror of my mind, that life, inſtead of being longer deſirable, grew the object of my abhorrence; and I could have gladly embraced death, as my deareſt friend, if it had offered itſelf to my choice unattended by ſhame.

The time of the aſſizes ſoon came, and I was removed by *Habeas Corpus* to Oxford, where I expected certain conviction and condemnation; but, to my great ſurpriſe, none appeared againſt me, and I was, at the end of the ſeſſions, diſcharged for want of proſecution. In ſhort, my chum had left Oxford, and, whether from indolence, or from what other motive, I am ignorant, had declined concerning himſelf any farther in the affair.

Perhaps, cries Partridge, he did not care to have your blood upon his hands, and he was in the right on't. If any perſon was to be hanged upon my evidence, I ſhould never be able to lie alone afterwards, for fear of ſeeing his ghoſt.

I ſhall ſhortly doubt, Partridge, ſays Jones, whether thou art more brave or wiſe. You may laugh at me, Sir, if you pleaſe, anſwered Partridge; but if you will hear a very ſhort ſtory which I can

tell, and which is moſt certainly true, perhaps you may change your opinion. In the pariſh where I was born — Here Jones would have ſilenced him; but the ſtranger interceded that he might be permitted to tell his ſtory, and in the mean time promiſed to recollect the remainder of his own.

Partridge then proceeded thus: In the pariſh where I was born, there lived a farmer whoſe name was Bridle, and he had a ſon named Francis, a good hopeful young fellow: I was at the grammar-ſchool with him, where I remember he was got into Ovid's Epiſtles, and he could conſtrue you three lines together ſometimes without looking into a dictionary. Beſides all this, he was a very good lad, never miſſed church o' ſundays, and was reckoned one of the beſt Pſalm-ſingers in the whole pariſh. He would indeed now and then take a cup too much, and that was the only fault he had. — Well, but to come to the ghoſt, cries Jones. Never fear, Sir, I ſhall come to him ſoon enough, anſwered Partridge. You muſt know then, that farmer Bridle loſt a mare, a ſorrel one to the beſt of my remembrance; and ſo it fell out that this young Francis ſhortly afterward being at a fair at Hindon, and, as I think, it was on — I can't remember the day; and being as he was, what ſhould he happen to meet, but a man upon his father's mare? Frank called out preſently: Stop thief; and it being in the middle of the

fair, it was impoſſible, you know, for the man to make his eſcape. So they apprehended him, and carried him before the juſtice; I remember it was juſtice Willoughby of Noyle, a very worthy good gentleman; and he committed him to priſon, and bound Frank in a recognizance, I think they call it, a hard word compounded of *re* and *cognoſco*; but it differs in its meaning from the uſe of the ſimple, as many other compounds do. Well, at laſt, down came my lord juſtice Page to hold the aſſizes, and ſo the fellow was had up, and Frank was had up as a witneſs. To be ſure I ſhall never forget the face of the judge, when he began to aſk him, what he had to ſay againſt the priſoner? He made poor Frank tremble and ſhake in his ſhoes. Well, you fellow, ſays my lord, what have you to ſay? Don't ſtand humming and hawing, but ſpeak out; but however he ſoon turned altogether as civil to Frank, and began to thunder at the fellow; and when he aſked him, if he had any thing to ſay for himſelf? the fellow ſaid, he had found the horſe. Ay! anſwered the judge, thou art a lucky fellow; I have travelled the circuit theſe forty years, and never found a horſe in my life; but I'll tell thee what, friend, thou waſt more lucky than thou didſt know of: for thou didſt not only find a horſe, but a halter too, I promiſe thee. To be ſure I ſhall never forget the word. Upon which every body fell a laughing, as how could they help it?

Nay, and twenty other jeſts he made, which I can't remember now. There was ſomething about his ſkill in horſe-fleſh, which made all the folks laugh. To be certain the judge muſt have been a very brave man, as well as a man of much learning. It is indeed charming ſport to hear trials upon life and death. One thing I own I thought a little hard, that the priſoner's counſel was not ſuffered to ſpeak for him, though he deſired only to be heard one very ſhort word; but my lord would not hearken to him, though he ſuffered a counſellor to talk againſt him for above half an hour. I thought it hard, I own, that there ſhould be ſo many of them; my lord, and the court, and the jury, and the counſellors, and the witneſſes, all upon one poor man, and he too in chains. Well, the fellow was hanged, as to be ſure it could be no otherwiſe, and poor Frank could never be eaſy about it. He never was in the dark alone, but he fancied he ſaw the fellow's ſpirit. Well, and is this thy ſtory? cries Jones. No, no, anſwered Partridge; O lord have mercy upon me! — I am juſt now coming to the matter; for one night, coming from the alehouſe in a long narrow dark lane, there he ran directly up againſt him, and the ſpirit was all in white, and fell upon Frank; and Frank, who is a ſturdy lad, fell upon the ſpirit again, and there they had a tuſſel together, and poor Frank was dreadfully beat: indeed he made

a ſhift at laſt to crawl home; but what with the beating, and what with the fright, he lay ill above a fortnight; and all this is moſt certainly true, and the whole pariſh will bear witneſs to it.

The ſtranger ſmiled at this ſtory, and Jones burſt into a loud fit of laughter, upon which Partridge cried: Ay, you may laugh, Sir, and ſo did ſome others, particularly a 'ſquire, who is thought to be no better than an atheiſt; who forſooth, becauſe there was a calf with a white face found dead in the ſame lane the next morning, would fain have it, that the battle was between Frank and that, as if a calf would ſet upon a man. Beſides, Frank told me he knew it to be a ſpirit, and could ſwear to him in any court in chriſtendom; and he had not drank above a quart or two, or ſuch a matter of liquor at the time. Lud have mercy upon us, and keep us all from dipping our hands in blood, I ſay!

Well, Sir, ſaid Jones to the ſtranger, Mr. Partridge hath finiſhed his ſtory, and I hope will give you no future interruption, if you will be ſo kind to proceed. He then reſumed his narration; but as he hath taken breath for a while, we think it proper to give it to our reader, and ſhall therefore put an end to this chapter.

CHAP. XII.

In which the Man of the Hill continues his hiſtory.

I HAD now regained my liberty, ſaid the ſtranger, but I had loſt my reputation; for there is a wide difference between the caſe of a man who is barely acquitted of a crime in a court of juſtice, and of him who is acquitted in his own heart, and in the opinion of the people. I was conſcious of my guilt, and aſhamed to look any one in the face, ſo reſolved to leave Oxford the next morning, before the day-light diſcovered me to the eyes of any beholders.

When I had got clear of the city, it firſt entered into my head to return home to my father, and endeavour to obtain his forgiveneſs; but as I had no reaſon to doubt his knowledge of all which had paſt, and as I was well aſſured of his great averſion to all acts of diſhoneſty, I could entertain no hopes of being received by him, eſpecially ſince I was too certain of all the good offices in the power of my mother: nay, had my father's pardon been as ſure, as I conceived his reſentment to be, I yet queſtion whether I could have had the aſſurance to behold him, or whether I could, upon any terms, have ſubmitted to live and converſe with thoſe, who, I

was convinced, knew me to have been guilty of ſo baſe an action.

I haſtened therefore back to London, the beſt retirement of either grief or ſhame, unleſs for perſons of a very public character; for here you have the advantage of ſolitude without its diſadvantage, ſince you may be alone and in company at the ſame time; and while you walk or ſit unobſerved, noiſe, hurry, and a conſtant ſucceſſion of objects, entertain the mind, and prevent the ſpirits from preying on themſelves, or rather on grief or ſhame, which are the moſt unwholeſome diet in the world; and on which (though there are many who never taſte either but in public) there are ſome who can feed very plentifully, and very fatally, when alone.

But as there is ſcarce any human good without its concomitant evil, ſo there are people who find an inconvenience in this unobſerving temper of mankind; I mean perſons who have no money; for as you are not put out of countenance, ſo neither are you cloathed or fed by thoſe who do not know you. And a man may be as eaſily ſtarved in Leadenhall-market as in the deſerts of Arabia.

It was at preſent my fortune to be deſtitute of that great evil, as it is apprehended to be by ſeveral writers, who, I ſuppoſe, were over-burthened with it, namely, money. With ſubmiſſion, Sir, ſaid Partridge, I do not remember any writers who have called it *malorum*; but *irritamenta malorum*.

Effodiuntur opes irritamenta malorum. Well, Sir, continued the ſtranger, whether it be an evil, or only the cauſe of evil, I was entirely void of it, and, at the ſame time, of friends, and, as I thought, of acquaintance; when one evening, as I was paſſing through the Inner Temple, very hungry, and very miſerable, I heard a voice on a ſudden hailing me with great familiarity by my chriſtian name; and upon my turning about, I preſently recollected the perſon who ſo ſaluted me, to have been my fellow-collegiate; one who had left the univerſity above a year, and long before any of my misfortunes had befallen me. This gentleman, whoſe name was Watſon, ſhook me heartily by the hand, and expreſſing great joy at meeting me, propoſed our immediately drinking a bottle together. I firſt declined the propoſal, and pretended buſineſs; but as he was very earneſt and preſſing, hunger at laſt overcame my pride, and I fairly confeſſed to him I had no money in my pocket; yet not without framing a lie for an excuſe, and imputing it to my having changed my breeches that morning. Mr. Watſon anſwered: I thought, Jack, you and I had been too old acquaintance for you to mention ſuch a matter. He then took me by the arm, and was pulling me along; but I gave him very little trouble, for my own inclinations pulled me much ſtronger than he could do.

We then went into the Friars, which you know is

the ſcene of all mirth and jollity. Here, when we arrived at the tavern, Mr. Watſon applied himſelf to the drawer only, without taking the leaſt notice of the cook; for he had no ſuſpicion but that I had dined long ſince. However, as the caſe was really otherwiſe, I forged another falſhood, and told my companion, I had been at the further end of the city on buſineſs of conſequence, and had ſnapt up a mutton-chop in haſte; ſo that I was again hungry and wiſhed he would add a beef-ſteak to his bottle. Some people, cries Partridge, ought to have good memories, or did you find juſt money enough in your breeches to pay for the mutton-chop? Your obſervation is right, anſwered the ſtranger, and I believe ſuch blunders are inſeparable from all dealing in untruth. — But to proceed — I began now to feel myſelf extremely happy. The meat and wine ſoon revived my ſpirits to a high pitch, and I enjoyed much pleaſure in the converſation of my old acquaintance, the rather as I thought him entirely ignorant of what had happened at the univerſity ſince his leaving it.

But he did not ſuffer me to remain long in this agreeable deluſion; for taking a bumper in one hand, and holding me by the other: Here, my boy, cries he, here's wiſhing you joy of your being ſo honourably acquitted of that affair laid to your charge. I was thunder-ſtruck with confuſion at thoſe words, which Watſon obſerving, proceeded thus — Nay, never be

be aſhamed, man; thou haſt been acquitted, and no one now dares call thee guilty; but prithee do tell me, who am thy friend, I hope thou didſt really rob him; for rat me if it was not a meritorious action to ſtrip ſuch a ſneaking pitiful raſcal; and inſtead of the two hundred guineas, I wiſh you had taken as many thouſands. Come, come, my boy, don't be ſhy of confeſſing to me: you are not now brought before one of the pimps. D—n me, if I don't honour you for it; for, as I hope for ſalvation, I would have made no manner of ſcruple of doing the ſame thing.

This declaration a little relieved my abaſhment; and as wine had now ſomewhat opened my heart, I very freely acknowledged the robbery, but acquainted him, that he had been miſinformed as to the ſum taken, which was little more than a fifth part of what he had mentioned.

I am ſorry for it with all my heart, quoth he, and I wiſh thee better ſucceſs another time. Though, if you will take my advice, you ſhall have no occaſion to run any ſuch riſque. Here, ſaid he, (taking ſome dice out of his pocket) here's the ſtuff. Here are the implements; here are the little doctors which cure the diſtempers of the purſe. Follow but my counſel, and I will ſhew you a way to empty the pocket of a queer cull, without any danger of the nubbing cheat.

Nubbing cheat! cries Partridge; pray, Sir, what is that?

Why that, Sir, ſays the ſtranger, is a cant phraſe for the gallows; for as gameſters differ little from highwaymen in their morals, ſo do they very much reſemble them in their language.

We had now each drank our bottle, when Mr. Watſon ſaid, the board was ſitting, and that he muſt attend, earneſtly preſſing me, at the ſame time, to go with him and try my fortune. I anſwered, he knew that was at preſent out of my power, as I had informed him of the emptineſs of my pocket. To ſay the truth, I doubted not, from his many ſtrong expreſſions of friendſhip, but that he would offer to lend me a ſmall ſum for that purpoſe; but he anſwered: Never mind that, man, e'en boldly run a levant; (Partridge was going to enquire the meaning of that word; but Jones ſtopped his mouth) but be circumſpect as to the man. I will tip you the proper perſon, which may be neceſſary, as you do not know the town, nor can diſtinguiſh a rum cull from a queer one.

The bill was now brought, when Watſon paid his ſhare, and was departing. I reminded him, not without bluſhing, of my having no money. He anſwered: That ſignifies nothing, ſcore it behind the door, or make a bold bruſh, and take no notice —Or—ſtay, ſays he, I will go down ſtairs firſt, and then do you take up my money, and ſcore the whole reckoning at the bar, and I will wait for you at the corner. I expreſſed ſome diſlike at this, and

hinted my expectation that he would have depoſited the whole; but he ſwore he had not another ſixpence in his pocket.

He then went down, and I was prevailed on to take up the money and follow him, which I did cloſe enough to hear him tell the drawer the reckoning was upon the table. The drawer paſſed by me up ſtairs; but I made ſuch haſte into the ſtreet, that I heard nothing of his diſappointment, nor did I mention a ſyllable at the bar, according to my inſtructions.

We now went directly to the gaming-table, where Mr. Watſon, to my ſurpriſe, pulled out a large ſum of money, and placed it before him, as did many others; all of them, no doubt, conſidering their own heaps as ſo many decoy birds, which were to intice and draw over the heaps of their neighbours.

Here it would be tedious to relate all the freaks which fortune, or rather the dice, played in this her temple. Mountains of gold were in a few moments reduced to nothing at one part of the table, and roſe as ſuddenly in another. The rich grew in a moment poor, and the poor as ſuddenly became rich; ſo that it ſeemed a philoſopher could no where have ſo well inſtructed his pupils in the contempt of riches, at leaſt he could no where have better inculcated the uncertainty of the duration.

For my own part, after having conſiderably improved my ſmall eſtate, I at laſt entirely demoliſhed

it. Mr. Watſon too, after much variety of luck, roſe from the table in ſome heat, and declared, he had loſt a cool hundred, and would play no longer. Then coming up to me, he aſked me to return with him to the tavern; but I poſitively refuſed, ſaying, I would not bring myſelf a ſecond time into ſuch a dilemma, and eſpecially as he had loſt all his money, and was now in my own condition. Pooh! ſays he, I have juſt borrowed a couple of guineas of a friend; and one of them is at your ſervice. He immediately put one of them into my hand, and I no longer reſiſted his inclination.

I was at firſt a little ſhocked at returning to the ſame houſe whence we had departed in ſo unhandſome a manner; but when the drawer, with very civil addreſs, told us, he believed we had forgot to pay our reckoning, I became perfectly eaſy, and very readily gave him a guinea, bid him pay himſelf, and acquieſced in the unjuſt charge which had been laid on my memory.

Mr. Watſon now beſpoke the moſt extravagant ſupper he could well think of, and though he had contented himſelf with ſimple claret before, nothing now but the moſt precious Burgundy would ſerve his purpoſe.

Our company was ſoon increaſed by the addition of ſeveral gentlemen from the gaming-table; moſt of whom, as I afterwards found, came not to the tavern to drink, but in the way of buſineſs; for the

true gameſters pretended to be ill, and refuſed their glaſs, while they plied heartily two young fellows, who were to be afterwards pillaged, as indeed they were without mercy. Of this plunder I had the good fortune to be a ſharer, though I was not yet let into the ſecret.

There was one remarkable accident attended this tavern play; for the money, by degrees, totally diſappeared, ſo that, though at the beginning the table was half covered with gold, yet before the play ended, which it did not till the next day, being ſunday, at noon, there was ſcarce a ſingle guinea to be ſeen on the table; and this was the ſtranger, as every perſon preſent except myſelf declared he had loſt; and what was become of the money, unleſs the devil himſelf carried it away, is difficult to determine.

Moſt certainly he did, ſays Partridge, for evil ſpirits can carry away any thing without being ſeen, though there were never ſo many folks in the room; and I ſhould not have been ſurpriſed if he had carried away all the company of a ſet of wicked wretches, who were at play in ſermon-time. And I could tell you a true ſtory, if I would, where the devil took a man out of bed from another man's wife, and carried him away through the key-hole of the door. I've ſeen the very houſe where it was done, and no-body hath lived in it theſe thirty years.

Though Jones was a little offended by the

impertinence of Partridge, he could not however avoid ſmiling at his ſimplicity. The ſtranger did the ſame, and then proceeded with his ſtory, as will be ſeen in the next chapter.

CHAP. XIII.

In which the foregoing ſtory is farther continued.

MY fellow-collegiate had now entered me in a new ſcene of life. I ſoon became acquainted with the whole fraternity of ſharpers, and was let into their ſecrets. I mean into the knowledge of thoſe groſs cheats which are proper to impoſe upon the raw and unexperienced: for there are ſome tricks of a finer kind, which are known only to a few of the gang, who are at the head of their profeſſion; a degree of honour beyond my expectation: for drink, to which I was immoderately addicted, and the natural warmth of my paſſions, prevented me from arriving at any great ſucceſs in an art, which requires as much coolneſs as the moſt auſtere ſchool of philoſophy.

Mr. Watſon, with whom I now lived in the cloſeſt amity, had unluckily the former failing to a very great exceſs; ſo that inſtead of making a fortune by his profeſſion, as ſome others did, he was alternately rich and poor, and was often obliged to ſurrender to his cooler friends over a bottle

which they never taſted, that plunder that he had taken from culls at the public table.

However, we both made a ſhift to pick up an uncomfortable livelihood, and for two years I continued of the calling, during which time I taſted all the varieties of fortune; ſometimes flouriſhing in affluence, and at others being obliged to ſtruggle with almoſt incredible difficulties. To-day wallowing in luxury, and to-morrow reduced to the coarſeſt and moſt homely fare; my fine clothes being often on my back in the evening, and at the pawnſhop the next morning.

One night, as I was returning pennyleſs from the gaming-table, I obſerved a very great diſturbance, and a large mob gathered together in the ſtreet. As I was in no danger from pick-pockets, I ventured into the croud, where, upon enquiry, I found that a man had been robbed and very ill uſed by ſome ruffians. The wounded man appeared very bloody, and ſeemed ſcarce able to ſupport himſelf on his legs. As I had not therefore been deprived of my humanity by my preſent life and converſation, though they had left me very little of either honeſty or ſhame, I immediately offered my aſſiſtance to the unhappy perſon, who thankfully accepted it, and putting himſelf under my conduct, begged me to convey him to ſome tavern, where he might ſend for a ſurgeon, being, as he ſaid, faint with loſs of blood. He ſeemed indeed highly pleaſed

at finding one who appeared in the dreſs of a gentleman: for as to all the reſt of the company preſent, their outſide was ſuch that he could not wiſely place any confidence in them.

I took the poor man by the arm, and led him to the tavern where we kept our rendezvous, as it happened to be the neareſt at hand. A ſurgeon happening luckily to be in the houſe, immediately attended, and applied himſelf to dreſſing his wounds, which I had the pleaſure to hear were not likely to be mortal.

The ſurgeon having very expeditiouſly and dextrouſly finiſhed his buſineſs, began to enquire in what part of the town the wounded man lodged; who anſwered, that he was come to town that very morning; that his horſe was at an inn in Piccadilly, and that he had no other lodging, and very little or no acquaintance in town.

This ſurgeon, whoſe name I have forgot, though I remember it began with an R, had the firſt character in his profeſſion, and was ſerjeant-ſurgeon to the king. He had moreover many good qualities, and was a very generous, good-natured man, and ready to do any ſervice to his fellow-creatures. He offered his patient the uſe of his chariot to carry him to his inn, and at the ſame time whiſpered in his ear, that if he wanted any money, he would furniſh him.

The poor man was not now capable of returning

thanks for this generous offer: for having had his eyes for ſome time ſtedfaſtly on me, he threw himſelf back in his chair, crying: O, my ſon! my ſon! and then fainted away.

Many of the people preſent imagined this accident had happened through his loſs of blood; but I, who at the ſame time began to recollect the features of my father, was now confirmed in my ſuſpicion, and ſatisfied that it was he himſelf who appeared before me. I preſently ran to him, raiſed him in my arms, and kiſſed his cold lips with the utmoſt eagerneſs. Here I muſt draw a curtain over a ſcene which I cannot deſcribe: for though I did not loſe my being, as my father for a while did, my ſenſes were however ſo overpowered with affright and ſurpriſe, that I am a ſtranger to what paſſed during ſome minutes, and indeed till my father had again recovered from his ſwoon; and I found myſelf in his arms, both tenderly embracing each other, while the tears trickled apace down the cheeks of each of us.

Moſt of thoſe preſent ſeemed affected by this ſcene, which we, who might be conſidered as the actors in it, were deſirous of removing from the eyes of all ſpectators, as faſt as we could; my father therefore accepted the kind offer of the ſurgeon's chariot, and I attended him in it to his inn.

When we were alone together, he gently upbraided me with having neglected to write to him during

ſo long a time, but entirely omitted the mention of that crime which had occaſioned it. He then informed me of my mother's death, and inſiſted on my returning home with him, ſaying, that he had long ſuffered the greateſt anxiety on my account; that he knew not whether he had moſt feared my death, or wiſhed it; ſince he had ſo many more dreadful apprehenſions for me. At laſt he ſaid, a neighbouring gentleman, who had juſt recovered a ſon from the ſame place, informed him where I was, and that to reclaim me from this courſe of life, was the ſole cauſe of his journey to London. He thanked heaven he had ſucceeded ſo far as to find me out by means of an accident which had like to have proved fatal to him; and had the pleaſure to think he partly owed his preſervation to my humanity, with which he profeſt himſelf to be more delighted than he ſhould have been with my filial piety, if I had known that the object of all my care was my own father.

Vice had not ſo depraved my heart, as to excite in it an inſenſibility of ſo much paternal affection, though ſo unworthily beſtowed. I preſently promiſed to obey his commands in my return home with him, as ſoon as he was able to travel, which indeed he was in a very few days, by the aſſiſtance of that excellent ſurgeon who had undertaken his cure.

The day preceding my father's journey (before

which time I ſcarce ever left him) I went to take my leave of ſome of my moſt intimate acquaintance, particularly of Watſon, who diſſuaded me from burying myſelf, as he called it, out of a ſimple compliance with the fond deſires of a fooliſh old fellow. Such ſolicitations, however, had no effect, and I once more ſaw my own home. My father now greatly ſolicited me to think of marriage; but my inclinations were utterly averſe to any ſuch thoughts. I had taſted of love already, and perhaps you know the extravagant exceſſes of that moſt tender and moſt violent paſſion. Here the old gentleman pauſed, and looked earneſtly at Jones; whoſe countenance within a minute's ſpace diſplayed the extremities of both red and white. Upon which the old man, without making any obſervations, renewed his narrative.

Being now provided with all the neceſſaries of life, I betook myſelf once again to ſtudy, and that, with a more inordinate application than I had ever done formerly. The books which now employed my time ſolely, were thoſe, as well antient as modern, which treat of true philoſophy, a word which is by many thought to be the ſubject only of farce and ridicule. I now read over the works of Ariſtotle and Plato, with the reſt of thoſe ineſtimable treaſures which antient Greece had bequeathed to the world.

Theſe authors, though they inſtructed me in no

ſcience by which men may promiſe to themſelves to acquire the leaſt riches, or worldly power, taught me, however, the art of deſpiſing the higheſt acquiſitions of both. They elevate the mind, and ſteel and harden it againſt the capricious invaſions of fortune. They not only inſtruct in the knowledge of wiſdom, but confirm men in her habits, and demonſtrate plainly, that this muſt be our guide, if we propoſe ever to arrive at the greateſt worldly happineſs; or to defend ourſelves with any tolerable ſecurity againſt the miſery which every where ſurrounds and inveſts us.

To this I added another ſtudy, compared to which all the philoſophy taught by the wiſeſt heathens is little better than a dream, and is indeed as full of vanity as the ſilliеſt jeſter ever pleaſed to repreſent it. This is that divine wiſdom which is alone to be found in the holy ſcriptures: for they impart to us the knowledge and aſſurance of things much more worthy our attention, than all which this world can offer to our acceptance; of things which heaven itſelf hath condeſcended to reveal to us, and to the ſmalleſt knowledge of which the higheſt human wit unaſſiſted could never aſcend. I began now to think all the time I had ſpent with the beſt heathen writers, was little more than labour loſt: for however pleaſant and delightful their leſſons may be, or however adequate to the right regulation of our conduct with reſpect to this world only;

yet when compared with the glory revealed in ſcripture, their higheſt documents will appear as trifling, and of as little conſequence as the rules by which children regulate their childiſh little games and paſtime. True it is, that philoſophy makes us wiſer, but chriſtianity makes us better men. Philoſophy elevates and ſteels the mind, chriſtianity ſoftens and ſweetens it. The former makes us the objects of human admiration, the latter of divine love. That inſures us a temporal, but this an eternal happineſs. — But I am afraid I tire you with my rhapſody.

Not at all, cries Partridge; Lud forbid we ſhould be tired with good things.

I had ſpent, continued the ſtranger, about four years in the moſt delightful manner to myſelf, totally given up to contemplation, and entirely unembarraſſed with the affairs of the world, when I loſt the beſt of fathers, and one whom I ſo entirely loved, that my grief at his loſs exceeds all deſcription. I now abandoned my books, and gave myſelf up for a whole month to the efforts of melancholy and deſpair. Time, however, the beſt phyſician of the mind, at length brought me relief. Ay, ay, *Tempus edax rerum*, ſaid Partridge. I then, continued the ſtranger, betook myſelf again to my former ſtudies, which I may ſay perfected my cure: for philoſophy and religion may be called the exerciſes of the mind, and, when this is diſordered, they are as

wholeſome as exerciſe can be to a diſtempered body. They do indeed produce ſimilar effects with exerciſe: for they ſtrengthen and confirm the mind; till man becomes, in the noble ſtrain of Horace,

Fortis, & in ſeipſo totus teres atque rotundus,
Externi ne quid valeat per læve morari:
In quem manca ruit ſemper fortuna. —*

Here Jones ſmiled at ſome conceit which intruded itſelf into his imagination; but the ſtranger, I believe, perceived it not, and proceeded thus:

My circumſtances were now greatly altered by the death of that beſt of men: for my brother, who was now become maſter of the houſe, differed ſo widely from me in his inclinations, and our purſuits in life had been ſo very various, that we were the worſt of company to each other; but what made our living together ſtill more diſagreeable, was the little harmony which could ſubſiſt between the few who reſorted to me, and the numerous train of ſportſmen who often attended my brother from the field to the table: for ſuch fellows, beſides the noiſe and nonſenſe with which they perſecute the ears of ſober men, endeavour always to attack

* Firm in himſelf, who on himſelf relies,
Poliſh'd and round, who runs his proper courſe,
And breaks misfortunes with ſuperior force.

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them with affront and contempt. This was ſo much the caſe, that neither I myſelf, nor my friends, could ever ſit down to a meal with them, without being treated with deriſion, becauſe we were unacquainted with the phraſes of ſportſmen. For men of true learning, and almoſt univerſal knowledge, always compaſſionate the ignorance of others; but fellows who excel in ſome little, low, contemptible art, are always certain to deſpiſe thoſe who are unacquainted with that art.

In ſhort, we ſoon ſeparated, and I went by the advice of a phyſician to drink the Bath waters: for my violent affliction, added to a ſedentary life, had thrown me into a kind of paralytic diſorder, for which thoſe waters are accounted an almoſt certain cure. The ſecond day after my arrival, as I was walking by the river, the ſun ſhone ſo intenſely hot, (though it was early in the year) that I retired to the ſhelter of ſome willows, and ſat down by the river-ſide. Here I had not been ſeated long before I heard a perſon on the other ſide the willows, ſighing and bemoaning himſelf bitterly. On a ſudden, having uttered a moſt impious oath, he cried: I am reſolved to bear it no longer, and directly threw himſelf into the water. I immediately ſtarted, and ran towards the place, calling at the ſame time as loudly as I could for aſſiſtance. An angler happened luckily to be a fiſhing a little below me, though ſome very high ſedge had hid him from

my ſight. He immediately came up, and both of us together, not without ſome hazard of our lives, drew the body to the ſhore. At firſt we perceived no ſign of life remaining; but having held the body up by the heels, (for we ſoon had aſſiſtance enough) it diſcharged a vaſt quantity of water at the mouth, and at length began to diſcover ſome ſymptoms of breathing, and a little afterwards to move both its hands and its legs.

An apothecary, who happened to be preſent among others, adviſed that the body, which ſeemed now to have pretty well emptied itſelf of water, and which began to have many convulſive motions, ſhould be directly taken up, and carried into a warm bed. This was accordingly performed, the apothecary and myſelf attending.

As we were going towards an inn, for we knew not the man's lodgings, luckily a woman met us, who after ſome violent ſcreaming, told us, that the gentleman lodged at her houſe.

When I had ſeen the man ſafely depoſited there, I left him to the care of the apothecary, who, I ſuppoſe, uſed all the right methods with him; for the next morning I heard he had perfectly recovered his ſenſes.

I then went to viſit him, intending to ſearch out, as well as I could, the cauſe of his having attempted ſo deſperate an act, and to prevent, as far as I was able, his purſuing ſuch wicked intentions for the

the future. I was no ſooner admitted into his chamber, than we both inſtantly knew each other; for who ſhould this perſon be but my good friend Mr. Watſon! Here I will not trouble you with what paſt at our firſt interview: for I would avoid prolixity as much as poſſible. Pray let us hear all, cries Partridge, I want mightily to know what brought him to Bath.

You ſhall hear every thing material, anſwered the ſtranger; and then proceeded to relate what we ſhall proceed to write, after we have given a ſhort breathing time to both ourſelves and the reader.

CHAP. XIV.

In which the Man of the Hill concludes his hiſtory.

MR. Watſon, continued the ſtranger, very freely acquainted me, that the unhappy ſituation of his circumſtances, occaſioned by a tide of ill-luck, had in a manner forced him to a reſolution of deſtroying himſelf.

I now began to argue very ſeriouſly with him, in oppoſition to this heatheniſh, or indeed diabolical principle of the lawfulneſs of ſelf-murder; and ſaid every thing which occurred to me on the ſubject; but to my great concern, it ſeemed to have very little effect on him. He ſeemed not at all to repent

of what he had done, and gave me reaſon to fear, he would ſoon make a ſecond attempt of the like horrible kind.

When I had finiſhed my diſcourſe, inſtead of endeavouring to anſwer my arguments, he looked me ſtedfaſtly in the face, and with a ſmile ſaid: You are ſtrangely altered, my good friend, ſince I remember you. I queſtion whether any of our biſhops could make a better argument againſt ſuicide than you have entertained me with; but unleſs you can find ſomebody who will lend me a cool hundred, I muſt either hang, or drown, or ſtarve; and in my opinion the laſt death is the moſt terrible of the three.

I anſwered him very gravely, that I was indeed altered ſince I had ſeen him laſt; that I had found leiſure to look into my follies, and to repent of them. I then adviſed him to purſue the ſame ſteps; and at laſt concluded with an aſſurance, that I myſelf would lend him a hundred pound, if it would be of any ſervice to his affairs, and he would not put it into the power of a die to deprive him of it.

Mr. Watſon, who ſeemed almoſt compoſed in ſlumber by the former part of my diſcourſe, was rouſed by the latter. He ſeized my hand eagerly, gave me a thouſand thanks, and declared I was a friend indeed; adding, that he hoped I had a better opinion of him, than to imagine he had profited ſo little by experience, as to put any confidence in thoſe damned dice, which had ſo often deceived him.

No, no, cries he, let me but once handſomely be ſet up again, and if ever fortune makes a broken merchant of me afterwards, I will forgive her.

I very well underſtood the language of ſetting up, and broken merchant. I therefore ſaid to him with a very grave face: Mr. Watſon, you muſt endeavour to find out ſome buſineſs, or employment, by which you may procure yourſelf a livelihood; and I promiſe you, could I ſee any probability of being repaid hereafter, I would advance a much larger ſum than what you have mentioned, to equip you in any fair and honourable calling; but, as to gaming, beſides the baſeneſs and wickedneſs of making it a profeſſion, you are really, to my own knowledge, unfit for it, and it will end in your certain ruin.

Why now, that's ſtrange, anſwered he, neither you, nor any of my friends, would ever allow me to know any thing of the matter, and yet, I believe, I am as good a hand at every game as any of you all; and I heartily wiſh I was to play with you only for your whole fortune; I ſhould deſire no better ſport, and I would let you name your game into the bargain: but come, my dear boy, have you the hundred in your pocket?

I anſwered, I had only a bill for 50l. which I delivered him, and promiſed to bring him the reſt next morning; and after giving him a little more advice, took my leave.

I was indeed better than my word: for I returned

to him that very afternoon. When I entered the room, I found him ſitting up in his bed at cards with a notorious gameſter. This ſight, you will imagine, ſhocked me not a little; to which I may add the mortification of ſeeing my bill delivered by him to his antagoniſt, and thirty guineas only given in exchange for it.

The other gameſter preſently quitted the room, and then Watſon declared, he was aſhamed to ſee me; but, ſays he, I find luck runs ſo damnably againſt me, that I will reſolve to leave off play for ever. I have thought of the kind propoſal you made me ever ſince, and I promiſe you there ſhall be no fault in me, if I do not put it in execution.

Though I had no great faith in his promiſes, I produced him the remainder of the hundred in conſequence of my own; for which he gave me a note, which was all I ever expected to ſee in return for my money.

We were prevented from any further diſcourſe at preſent, by the arrival of the apothecary; who, with much joy in his countenance, and without even aſking his patient how he did, proclaimed, there was great news arrived in a letter to himſelf, which he ſaid would ſhortly be public; that the duke of Monmouth was landed in the weſt with a vaſt army of Dutch; and that another vaſt fleet hovered over the coaſt of Norfolk, and was to make a deſcent there, in order to favour the duke's enterpriſe with a diverſion on that ſide.

This apothecary was one of the greateſt politicians of his time. He was more delighted with the moſt paultry packet, than with the beſt patient; and the higheſt joy he was capable of, he received from having a piece of news in his poſſeſſion an hour or two ſooner than any other perſon in the town. His advices, however, were ſeldom authentic; for he would ſwallow almoſt any thing as a truth; a humour which many made uſe of to impoſe upon him.

Thus it happened with what he at preſent communicated; for it was known within a ſhort time afterwards, that the duke was really landed; but that his army conſiſted only of a few attendants; and as to the diverſion in Norfolk, it was entirely falſe.

The apothecary ſtaid no longer in the room than while he acquainted us with his news; and then, without ſaying a ſyllable to his patient on any other ſubject, departed to ſpread his advices all over the town.

Events of this nature in the public are generally apt to eclipſe all private concerns. Our diſcourſe, therefore, now became entirely political. For my own part, I had been for ſome time very ſeriouſly affected with the danger to which the proteſtant religion was ſo viſibly expoſed, under a popiſh prince; and thought the apprehenſion of it alone ſufficient to juſtify that inſurrection: for no real ſecurity can ever be found againſt the perſecuting ſpirit of popery, when armed with power, except the depriving it of

that power, as woeful experience preſently ſhewed. You know how king James behaved after getting the better of his attempt; how little he valued either his royal word, or coronation oath, or the liberties and rights of his people. But all had not the ſenſe to foreſee this at firſt; and therefore the duke of Monmouth was weakly ſupported; yet all could feel when the evil came upon them; and therefore all united, at laſt, to drive out that king, againſt whoſe excluſion a great party among us had ſo warmly contended, during the reign of his brother, and for whom they now fought with ſuch zeal and affection.

What you ſay, interrupted Jones, is very true; and it hath often ſtruck me, as the moſt wonderful thing I ever read of in hiſtory, that ſo ſoon after this convincing experience, which brought our whole nation to join ſo unanimouſly in expelling king James, for the preſervation of our religion and liberties, there ſhould be a party among us mad enough to deſire the placing his family again on the throne. You are not in earneſt; anſwered the old man: there can be no ſuch party. As bad an opinion as I have of mankind, I cannot believe them infatuated to ſuch a degree. There may be ſome hot-headed papiſts, led by their prieſts to engage in this deſperate cauſe, and think it a holy war: but that proteſtants, that are members of the church of England, ſhould be ſuch apoſtates, ſuch *Felos de ſe*, I cannot believe it; no, no, young man, unacquainted

as I am with what hath paſt in the world for theſe laſt thirty years, I cannot be ſo impoſed upon as to credit ſo fooliſh a tale: but I ſee you have a mind to ſport with my ignorance. Can it be poſſible, replied Jones, that you have lived ſo much out of the world as not to know that during that time there have been two rebellions in favour of the ſon of king James, one of which is now actually raging in the very heart of the kingdom? At theſe words the old gentleman ſtarted up, and, in a moſt ſolemn tone of voice, conjured Jones by his maker to tell him, if what he ſaid was really true: which the other as ſolemnly affirming, he walked ſeveral turns about the room, in a profound ſilence, then cried, then laughed, and, at laſt, fell down on his knees, and bleſſed god, in a loud thankſgiving prayer, for having delivered him from all ſociety with human nature, which could be capable of ſuch monſtrous extravagances. After which, being reminded by Jones that he had broke off his ſtory, he reſumed it again in this manner:

As mankind, in the days I was ſpeaking of, were not yet arrived to that pitch of madneſs which I find they are capable of now, and which, to be ſure, I have only eſcaped by living alone, and at a diſtance from the contagion, there was a conſiderable riſing in favour of Monmouth; and my principles ſtrongly inclining me to take the ſame part, I determined to join him; and Mr. Watſon, from different motives, concurring in the ſame reſolution, (for the ſpirit of a

gameſter will carry a man as far upon ſuch an occaſion as the ſpirit of patriotiſm) we ſoon provided ourſelves with all neceſſaries, and went to the duke at Bridgewater.

The unfortunate event of this enterpriſe you are, I conclude, as well acquainted with as myſelf. I eſcaped, together with Mr. Watſon, from the battle at Sedgemore, in which action I received a ſlight wound. We rode near forty miles together on the Exeter road, and then abandoning our horſes, ſcrambled, as well as we could, through the fields and bye-roads, till we arrived at a little wild hut on a common, where a poor old woman took all the care of us ſhe could, and dreſſed my wound with ſalve, which quickly healed it.

Pray, Sir, where was the wound? ſays Partridge. The ſtranger ſatisfied him it was in his arm, and then continued his narrative. Here, Sir, ſaid he, Mr. Watſon left me the next morning, in order, as he pretended, to get us ſome proviſion from the town of Cullumpton; but — can I relate it? or can you believe it? — This Mr. Watſon, this friend, this baſe, barbarous, treacherous villain, betrayed me to a party of horſe belonging to king James, and, at his return, delivered me into their hands.

The ſoldiers, being ſix in number, had now ſeized me, and were conducting me to Taunton goal; but neither my preſent ſituation, nor the apprehenſions

of what might happen to me, were half ſo irkſome to my mind, as the company of my falſe friend, who, having ſurrendered himſelf, was likewiſe conſidered as a priſoner, though he was better treated, as being to make his peace at my expence. He at firſt endeavoured to excuſe his treachery; but when he received nothing but ſcorn and upbraiding from me, he ſoon changed his note, abuſed me as the moſt atrocious and malicious rebel, and laid all his own guilt to my charge, who, as he declared, had ſolicited, and even threatened him, to make him take up arms againſt his gracious, as well as lawful, ſovereign.

This falſe evidence (for, in reality, he had been much the forwarder of the two) ſtung me to the quick, and raiſed an indignation ſcarce conceivable by thoſe who have not felt it. However, fortune at length took pity on me; for as we were got a little beyond Wellington, in a narrow lane, my guards received a falſe alarm, that near fifty of the enemy were at hand, upon which they ſhifted for themſelves, and left me and my betrayer to do the ſame. That villain immediately ran from me, and I am glad he did, or I ſhould have certainly endeavoured, though I had no arms, to have executed vengeance on his baſeneſs.

I was now once more at liberty, and immediately withdrawing from the highway into the fields, I travelled on, ſcarce knowing which way I went, and making it my chief care to avoid all public roads,

and all towns, nay, even the moſt homely houſes; for I imagined every human creature whom I ſaw, deſirous of betraying me.

At laſt, after rambling ſeveral days about the country, during which the fields afforded me the ſame bed, and the ſame food, which nature beſtows on our ſavage brothers of the creation, I at length arrived at this place, where the ſolitude and wildneſs of the country invited me to fix my abode. The firſt perſon with whom I took up my habitation was the mother of this old woman, with whom I remained concealed, till the news of the glorious revolution put an end to all my apprehenſions of danger, and gave me an opportunity of once more viſiting my own home, and of enquiring a little into my affairs, which I ſoon ſettled as agreeably to my brother as to myſelf; having reſigned every thing to him, for which he paid me the ſum of a thouſand pounds, and ſettled on me an annuity for life.

His behaviour in this laſt inſtance, as in all others, was ſelfiſh and ungenerous. I could not look on him as my friend, nor indeed did he deſire that I ſhould; ſo I preſently took my leave of him, as well as of my other acquaintance; and from that day to this, my hiſtory is little better than a blank.

And is it poſſible, Sir, ſaid Jones, that you can have reſided here, from that day to this? O no, Sir, anſwered the gentleman, I have been a great traveller, and there are few parts of Europe with

which I am not acquainted. I have not, Sir, cried Jones, the aſſurance to aſk it of you now. Indeed it would be cruel, after ſo much breath as you have already ſpent. But you will give me leave to wiſh for ſome further opportunity of hearing the excellent obſervations, which a man of your ſenſe and knowledge of the world muſt have made in ſo long a courſe of travels. Indeed, young gentleman, anſwered the ſtranger, I will endeavour to ſatisfy your curioſity on this head likewiſe, as far as I am able. Jones attempted freſh apologies, but was prevented; and while he and Partridge ſat with greedy and impatient ears, the ſtranger proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP. XV.

A brief hiſtory of Europe. And a curious diſcourſe between Mr. Jones and the Man of the Hill.

IN Italy the landlords are very ſilent. In France they are more talkative, but yet civil. In Germany and Holland they are generally very impertinent. And as for their honeſty, I believe it is pretty equal in all thoſe countries. The *laquais de louage* are ſure to loſe no opportunity of cheating you: and as for the poſtilions, I think they are pretty much alike all the world over. Theſe, Sir, are the

obſervations on men, which I made in my travels; for theſe were the only men I ever converſed with. My deſign, when I went abroad, was to divert myſelf by ſeeing the wondrous variety of proſpects, beaſts, birds, fiſhes, inſects, and vegetables, with which god hath been pleaſed to enrich the ſeveral parts of this globe. A variety which, as it muſt give great pleaſure to a contemplative beholder, ſo doth it admirably diſplay the power, and wiſdom, and goodneſs of the creator. Indeed, to ſay the truth, there is but one work in his whole creation that doth him any diſhonour, and with that I have long ſince avoided holding any converſation.

You will pardon me, cries Jones, but I have always imagined, that there is in this very work you mention, as great variety as in all the reſt; for beſides the difference of inclinations, cuſtoms and climates have, I am told, introduced the utmoſt diverſity into human nature. Very little indeed, anſwered the other; thoſe who travel in order to acquaint themſelves with the different manners of men, might ſpare themſelves much pains, by going to a carnival at Venice; for there they will ſee at once all which they can diſcover in the ſeveral courts of Europe. The ſame hypocriſy, the ſame fraud; in ſhort, the ſame follies and vices, dreſſed in different habits. In Spain, theſe are equipped with much gravity; and in Italy, with vaſt ſplendor. In France, a knave is dreſſed like a fop; and in

the northern countries, like a ſloven. But human nature is every where the ſame, every where the object of deteſtation and ſcorn.

As for my own part, I paſt through all theſe nations, as you perhaps may have done through a crowd at a ſhew, joſtling to get by them, holding my noſe with one hand, and defending my pockets with the other, without ſpeaking a word to any of them, while I was preſſing on to ſee what I wanted to ſee; which, however entertaining it might be in itſelf, ſcarce made me amends for the trouble the company gave me.

Did not you find ſome of the nations, among which you travelled, leſs troubleſome to you than others? ſaid Jones. O yes, replied the old man; the Turks were much more tolerable to me than the Chriſtians. For they are men of profound taciturnity, and never diſturb a ſtranger with queſtions. Now and then indeed they beſtow a ſhort curſe upon him, or ſpit in his face as he walks the ſtreets, but then they have done with him; and a man may live an age in their country without hearing a dozen words from them. But of all the people I ever ſaw, heaven defend me from the French. With their damned prate and civilities, and doing the honour of their nation to ſtrangers, (as they are pleaſed to call it) but indeed ſetting forth their own vanity, they are ſo troubleſome, that I had infinitely rather paſs my life with the Hottentots,

than ſet my foot in Paris again. They are a naſty people, but their naſtineſs is moſtly without; whereas in France, and ſome other nations I won't name, it is all within, and makes them ſtink much more to my reaſon, than that of Hottentots does to my noſe.

Thus, Sir, I have ended the hiſtory of my life; for as to all that ſeries of years, during which I have lived retired here, it affords no variety to entertain you, and may be almoſt conſidered as one day. The retirement hath been ſo complete, that I could hardly have enjoyed a more abſolute ſolitude in the deſerts of the Thebais, than here in the midſt of this populous kingdom. As I have no eſtate, I am plagued with no tenants or ſtewards; my annuity is paid me pretty regularly, as indeed it ought to be; for it is much leſs than what I might have expected, in return for what I gave up. Viſits I admit none; and the old woman who keeps my houſe knows, that her place entirely depends upon her ſaving me all the trouble of buying the things that I want, keeping off all ſolicitation or buſineſs from me, and holding her tongue whenever I am within hearing. As my walks are all by night, I am pretty ſecure in this wild, unfrequented place, from meeting any company. Some few perſons I have met by chance, and ſent them home heartily frighted, as, from the oddneſs of my dreſs and figure, they took me for a ghoſt or a hobgoblin. But

what hath happened to-night ſhews, that even here I cannot be ſafe from the villainy of men; for without your aſſiſtance I had not only been robbed, but very probably murdered.

Jones thanked the ſtranger for the trouble he had taken in relating his ſtory, and then expreſſed ſome wonder how he could poſſibly endure a life of ſuch ſolitude; in which, ſays he, you may well complain of the want of variety. Indeed, I am aſtoniſhed how you have filled up, or rather killed, ſo much of your time.

I am not at all ſurpriſed, anſwered the other, that to one whoſe affections and thoughts are fixed on the world, my hours ſhould appear to have wanted employment in this place; but there is one ſingle act, for which the whole life of man is infinitely too ſhort. What time can ſuffice for the contemplation and worſhip of that glorious, immortal, and eternal being, among the works of whoſe ſtupendous creation, not only this globe, but even thoſe numberleſs luminaries which we may here behold ſpangling all the ſky, though they ſhould, many of them, be ſuns lighting different ſyſtems of worlds, may poſſibly appear but as a few atoms, oppoſed to the whole earth which we inhabit? Can a man who, by divine meditations, is admitted, as it were, into the converſation of this ineffable, incomprehenſible majeſty, think days, or years, or ages, too long for the continuance of ſo raviſhing

an honour! Shall the trifling amuſements, the palling pleaſures, the ſilly buſineſs of the world, roll away our hours too ſwiftly from us; and ſhall the pace of time ſeem ſluggiſh to a mind exerciſed in ſtudies ſo high, ſo important, and ſo glorious! As no time is ſufficient, ſo no place is improper for this great concern. On what object can we caſt our eyes, which may not inſpire us with ideas of his power, of his wiſdom, and of his goodneſs? It is not neceſſary, that the riſing ſun ſhould dart his fiery glories over the eaſtern horizon; nor that the boiſterous winds ſhould ruſh from their caverns, and ſhake the lofty foreſt; not that the opening clouds ſhould pour their deluges on the plains: it is not neceſſary, I ſay, that any of theſe ſhould proclaim his majeſty; there is not an inſect, not a vegetable, of ſo low an order in the creation, as not to be honoured with bearing marks of the attributes of its great creator; marks not only of his power, but of his wiſdom and goodneſs. Man alone, the king of this globe, the laſt and greateſt work of the ſupreme being, below the ſun; man alone hath baſely diſhonoured his own nature, and by diſhoneſty, cruelty, ingratitude, and treachery, hath called his maker's goodneſs in queſtion, by puzzling us to account how a benevolent being ſhould form ſo fooliſh, and ſo vile an animal. Yet this is the being from whoſe converſation you think, I ſuppoſe, that I have been unfortunately reſtrained;

reſtrained; and without whoſe bleſſed ſociety, life, in your opinion, muſt be tedious and inſipid.

In the former part of what you ſaid, replied Jones, I moſt heartily and readily concur; but I believe, as well as hope, that the abhorrence which you expreſs for mankind, in the concluſion, is much too general. Indeed, you here fall into an error, which, in my little experience, I have obſerved to be a very common one, by taking the character of mankind from the worſt and baſeſt among them; whereas indeed, as an excellent writer obſerves, nothing ſhould be eſteemed as characteriſtical of a ſpecies, but what is to be found among the beſt and moſt perfect individuals of that ſpecies. This error, I believe, is generally committed by thoſe who, from want of proper caution in the choice of their friends and acquaintance, have ſuffered injuries from bad and worthleſs men; two or three inſtances of which are very unjuſtly charged on all human nature.

I think I had experience enough of it, anſwered the other. My firſt miſtreſs, and my firſt friend, betrayed me in the baſeſt manner, and in matters which threatened to be of the worſt of conſequences, even to bring me to a ſhameful death.

But you will pardon me, cries Jones, if I deſire you to reflect who that miſtreſs, and who that friend were. What better, my good Sir, could be expected in love derived from the ſtews, or in friendſhip firſt produced and nouriſhed at the gaming-table?

To take the characters of women from the former inſtance, or of men from the latter, would be as unjuſt as to aſſert, that air is a nauſeous and unwholeſome element, becauſe we find it ſo in a jakes. I have lived but a ſhort time in the world, and yet have known men worthy of the higheſt friendſhip, and women of the higheſt love.

Alas! young man, anſwered the ſtranger, you have lived, you confeſs, but a very ſhort time in the world; I was ſomewhat older than you when I was of the ſame opinion.

You might have remained ſo ſtill, replies Jones, if you had not been unfortunate, I will venture to ſay incautious, in the placing your affections. If there was indeed much more wickedneſs in the world than there is, it would not prove ſuch general aſſertions againſt human nature, ſince much of this arrives by mere accident, and many a man who commits evil, is not totally bad and corrupt in his heart. In truth, none ſeem to have any title to aſſert human nature to be neceſſarily and univerſally evil, but thoſe whoſe own minds afford them one inſtance of this natural depravity; which is not, I am convinced, your caſe.

And ſuch, ſaid the ſtranger, will be always the moſt backward to aſſert any ſuch thing. Knaves will no more endeavour to perſuade us of the baſeneſs of mankind, than a highwayman will inform you that there are thieves on the road.

This would indeed be a method to put you on your guard, and to defeat their own purpoſes. For which reaſon, though knaves, as I remember, are very apt to abuſe particular perſons; yet they never caſt any reflection on human nature in general. The old gentleman ſpoke this ſo warmly, that as Jones deſpaired of making a convert, and was unwilling to offend, he returned no anſwer.

The day now began to ſend forth its firſt ſtreams of light, when Jones made an apology to the ſtranger for his having ſtaid ſo long, and perhaps detained him from his reſt. The ſtranger anſwered, he never wanted reſt leſs than at preſent; for that day and night were indifferent ſeaſons to him, and that he commonly made uſe of the former for the time of his repoſe, and of the latter for his walks and lucubrations. However, ſaid he, it is now a moſt lovely morning, and if you can bear any longer to be without your own reſt or food, I will gladly entertain you with the ſight of ſome very fine proſpects, which I believe you have not yet ſeen.

Jones very readily embraced this offer, and they immediately ſet forward together from the cottage. As for Partridge, he had fallen into a profound repoſe, juſt as the ſtranger had finiſhed his ſtory; for his curioſity was ſatisfied, and the ſubſequent diſcourſe was not forcible enough in its operation to conjure down the charms of ſleep. Jones therefore left him to enjoy his nap; and as the

reader may perhaps be, at this ſeaſon, glad of the ſame favour, we will here put an end to the eighth book of our hiſtory.

THE HISTORY OF A FOUNDLING.

BOOK IX.

Containing twelve hours.

CHAP. I.

Of thoſe who lawfully may, and of thoſe who may not write ſuch hiſtories as this.

AMONG other good uſes for which I have thought proper to inſtitute theſe ſeveral introductory chapters, I have conſidered them as a kind of mark or ſtamp, which may hereafter enable a very indifferent reader to diſtinguiſh what is true and genuine in this hiſtoric kind of writing, from what is falſe and counterfeit. Indeed it ſeems likely that ſome ſuch mark may ſhortly become neceſſary, ſince the favourable reception which two or three authors have lately procured for their works of this nature from the public, will probably ſerve as an encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a ſwarm of fooliſh novels, and monſtrous romances will be

produced, either to the great impoveriſhing of bookſellers, or to the great loſs of time, and depravation of morals in the reader; nay, often to the ſpreading of ſcandal and calumny, and to the prejudice of the characters of many worthy and honeſt people.

I queſtion not but the ingenious author of the Spectator was principally induced to prefix Greek and Latin mottos to every paper from the ſame conſideration of guarding againſt the purſuit of thoſe ſcribblers, who, having no talents of a writer but what is taught by the writing-maſter, are yet nowiſe afraid nor aſhamed to aſſume the ſame titles with the greateſt genius, than their good brother in the fable was of braying in the lion's ſkin.

By the device therefore of his motto, it became impracticable for any man to preſume to imitate the Spectator, without underſtanding at leaſt one ſentence in the learned languages. In the ſame manner I have now ſecured myſelf from the imitation of thoſe who are utterly incapable of any degree of reflection, and whoſe learning is not equal to any eſſay.

I would not be here underſtood to inſinuate, that the greateſt merit of ſuch hiſtorical productions can ever lie in theſe introductory chapters; but, in fact, thoſe parts which contain mere narrative only, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator, than thoſe which are compoſed of obſervation and

reflection. Here I mean ſuch imitators as Rowe was of Shakeſpear, or as Horace hints ſome of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and four faces.

To invent good ſtories, and to tell them well, are poſſibly very rare talents, and yet I have obſerved few perſons who have ſcrupled to aim at both; and if we examine the romances and novels with which the world abounds, I think we may fairly conclude, that moſt of the authors would not have attempted to ſhew their teeth (if the expreſſion may be allowed me) in any other way of writing; nor could indeed have ſtrung together a dozen ſentences on any other ſubject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctique... paſſim**, may be more truly ſaid of the hiſtorian and biographer, than of any other ſpecies of writing: for all the arts and ſciences (even criticiſm itſelf) require ſome little degree of learning and knowledge. Poetry indeed may perhaps be thought an exception; but then it demands numbers, or ſomething like numbers; whereas to the compoſition of novels and romances, nothing is neceſſary but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of uſing them. This, I conceive, their productions ſhew to be the opinion of the authors themſelves; and this muſt be the opinion of their readers, if indeed there be any ſuch.

* —— Each deſperate blockhead dares to write,
Verſe is the trade of ev'ry living wight.
FRANCIS.

Hence we are to derive that univerſal contempt, which the world, who always denominate the whole from the majority, have caſt on all hiſtorical writers, who do not draw their materials from records. And it is the apprehenſion of this contempt, that hath made us ſo cautiouſly avoid the term romance, a name with which we might otherwiſe have been well enough contented. Though, as we have good authority for all our characters, no leſs indeed than the vaſt authentic doomſday-book of nature, as is elſewhere hinted, our labours have ſufficient title to the name of hiſtory. Certainly they deſerve ſome diſtinction from thoſe works, which one of the wittieſt of men regarded only as proceeding from a *pruritus*, or indeed rather from a looſeneſs of the brain.

But beſides the diſhonour which is thus caſt on one of the moſt uſeful as well as entertaining of all kinds of writing, there is juſt reaſon to apprehend, that by encouraging ſuch authors, we ſhall propagate much diſhonour of another kind; I mean to the characters of many good and valuable members of ſociety: for the dulleſt writers, no more than the dulleſt companions, are always inoffenſive. They have both enough of language to be indecent and abuſive. And ſurely, if the opinion juſt above cited be true, we cannot wonder, that works ſo naſtily derived ſhould be naſty themſelves, or have a tendency to make others ſo.

To prevent, therefore, for the future, ſuch intemperate abuſes of leiſure, of letters, and of the liberty of the preſs, eſpecially as the world ſeems at preſent to be more than uſually threatened with them, I ſhall here venture to mention ſome qualifications, every one of which are in a pretty high degree neceſſary to this order of hiſtorians.

The firſt is genius, without a full vein of which, no ſtudy, ſays Horace, can avail us. By genius I would underſtand that power, or rather thoſe powers of the mind, which are capable of penetrating into all things within our reach and knowledge, and of diſtinguiſhing their eſſential differences. Theſe are no other than invention and judgment; and they are both called by the collective name of genius, as they are of thoſe gifts of nature which we bring with us into the world. Concerning each of which, many ſeem to have fallen into very great errors: for by invention, I believe, is generally underſtood a creative faculty; which would indeed prove moſt romance-writers to have the higheſt pretenſions to it; whereas by invention is really meant no more (and ſo the word ſignifies) than diſcovery, or finding out; or, to explain it at large, a quick and ſagacious penetration into the true eſſence of all the objects of our contemplation. This, I think, can rarely exiſt, without the concomitancy of judgment: for how we can be ſaid to have diſcovered the true eſſence of two things, without diſcerning their

difference, ſeems to me hard to conceive. Now this laſt is the undiſputed province of judgment, and yet ſome few men of wit have agreed with all the dull fellows in the world, in repreſenting theſe two to have been ſeldom or never the property of one and the ſame perſon.

But though they ſhould be ſo, they are not ſufficient for our purpoſe, without a good ſhare of learning; for which I could again cite the authority of Horace, and of many others, if any was neceſſary to prove that tools are of no ſervice to a workman, when they are not ſharpened by art, or when he wants rules to direct him in his work, or hath no matter to work upon. All theſe uſes are ſupplied by learning: for nature can only furniſh us with capacity, or, as I have choſe to illuſtrate it, with the tools of our profeſſion; learning muſt fit them for uſe, muſt direct them in it; and laſtly, muſt contribute, part at leaſt, of the materials. A competent knowledge of hiſtory and of the *Belles Lettres*, is here abſolutely neceſſary; and without this ſhare of knowledge at leaſt, to affect the character of an hiſtorian, is as vain as to endeavour at building a houſe without timber or mortar, or brick or ſtone. Homer and Milton, who, though they added the ornament of numbers to their works, were both hiſtorians of our order, were maſters of all the learning of their times.

Again, there is another ſort of knowledge beyond the power of learning to beſtow, and this is to be had by

converſation. So neceſſary is this to the underſtanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than thoſe learned pedants, whoſe lives have been entirely conſumed in colleges, and among books: for however exquiſitely human nature may have been deſcribed by writers, the true practical ſyſtem can be learnt only in the world. Indeed the like happens in every other kind of knowledge. Neither phyſic, nor law, are to be practically known from books. Nay, the farmer, the planter, the gardener, muſt perfect by experience what he hath acquired the rudiments of by reading. How accurately ſoever the ingenious Mr. Miller may have deſcribed the plant, he himſelf would adviſe his diſciple to ſee it in the garden. As we muſt perceive, that after the niceſt ſtrokes of a Shakeſpear, or a Johnſon, of a Wycherley, or an Otway, ſome touches of nature will eſcape the reader, which the judicious action of a Garrick, of a Cibber, or a Clive*, can convey to him; ſo on the real ſtage, the character ſhews himſelf in a ſtronger and bolder light, than he can be deſcribed. And if this be the caſe in thoſe fine

* There is a peculiar propriety in mentioning this great actor, and theſe two moſt juſtly celebrated actreſſes in this place; as they have all formed themſelves on the ſtudy of nature only; and not on the imitation of their predeceſſors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them; a degree of merit which the ſervile herd of imitators can never poſſibly arrive at.

and nervous deſcriptions, which great authors themſelves have taken from life, how much more ſtrongly will it hold when the writer himſelf takes his lines not from nature, but from books! Such characters are only the faint copy of a copy, and can have neither the juſtneſs nor the ſpirit of an original.

Now this converſation in our hiſtorian muſt be univerſal, that is, with all ranks and degrees of men: for the knowledge of what is called high-life, will not inſtruct him in low, nor, *e converſo*, will his being acquainted with the inferior part of mankind, teach him the manners of the ſuperior. And though it may be thought that the knowledge of either may ſufficiently enable him to deſcribe at leaſt that in which he hath been converſant; yet he will even here fall greatly ſhort of perfection: for the follies of either rank do in reality illuſtrate each other. For inſtance, the affectation of high-life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the ſimplicity of the low; and again, the rudeneſs and barbarity of this latter, ſtrikes with much ſtronger ideas of abſurdity, when contraſted with, and oppoſed to, the politeneſs which controuls the former. Beſides, to ſay the truth, the manners of our hiſtorian will be improved by both theſe converſations: for in the one he will eaſily find examples of plainneſs, honeſty, and ſincerity; in the other, of refinement, elegance, and a liberality of ſpirit; which laſt

quality I myſelf have ſcarce ever ſeen in men of low birth and education.

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto given my hiſtorian avail him, unleſs he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. The author who will make me weep, ſays Horace, muſt firſt weep himſelf. In reality, no man can paint a diſtreſs well, which he doth not feel while he is painting it; nor do I doubt, but that the moſt pathetic and affecting ſcenes have been writ with tears. In the ſame manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily, but where I have laughed before him; unleſs it ſhould happen at any time, that, inſtead of laughing with me, he ſhould be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the caſe at ſome paſſages in this chapter, from which apprehenſion I will here put an end to it.

CHAP. II.

Containing a very ſurpriſing adventure indeed, which Mr. Jones met with in his walk with the Man of the Hill.

AURORA now firſt opened her caſement, *Anglicè*, the day began to break, when Jones walked forth in company with the ſtranger, and mounted Mazard Hill; of which they had no ſooner gained the ſummit, than one of the moſt noble proſpects in the world preſented itſelf to their view, and which we would likewiſe preſent to the reader; but for two reaſons. Firſt, we deſpair of making thoſe who have ſeen this proſpect, admire our deſcription. Secondly, we very much doubt whether thoſe who have not ſeen it, would underſtand it.

Jones ſtood for ſome minutes fixed in one poſture, and directing his eyes towards the ſouth; upon which the old gentleman aſked, what he was looking at with ſo much attention? Alas, Sir! anſwered he with a ſigh, I was endeavouring to trace out my own journey hither. Good heavens! what a diſtance is Glouceſter from us! What a vaſt track of land muſt be between me and my own home! Ay, ay, young gentleman, cries the other, and, by your ſighing, from what you love better than

your own home, or I am miſtaken. I perceive now the object of your contemplation is not within your ſight, and yet I fancy you have a pleaſure in looking that way. Jones anſwered with a ſmile: I find, old friend, you have not yet forgot the ſenſations of your youth. — I own my thoughts were employed as you have gueſſed.

They now walked to that part of the hill which looks to the north-weſt, and which hangs over a vaſt and extenſive wood. Here they were no ſooner arrived, than they heard at a diſtance the moſt violent ſcreams of a woman, proceeding from the wood below them. Jones liſtened a moment, and then, without ſaying a word to his companion, (for indeed the occaſion ſeemed ſufficiently preſſing) ran, or rather ſlid, down the hill, and without the leaſt apprehenſion or concern for his own ſafety, made directly to the thicket whence the ſound had iſſued.

He had not entered far into the wood, before he beheld a moſt ſhocking ſight indeed, a woman ſtript half-naked, under the hands of a ruffian, who had put his garter round her neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a tree. Jones aſked no queſtions at this interval; but fell inſtantly upon the villain, and made ſuch good uſe of his truſty oaken ſtick, that he laid him ſprawling on the ground, before he could defend himſelf, indeed almoſt before he knew he was attacked; nor did

he ceaſe the proſecution of his blows, till the woman herſelf begged him to forbear, ſaying, ſhe believed he had ſufficiently done his buſineſs.

The poor wretch then fell upon her knees to Jones, and gave him a thouſand thanks for her deliverance: he preſently lifted her up, and told her, he was highly pleaſed with the extraordinary accident which had ſent him thither for her relief, where it was ſo improbable ſhe ſhould find any; adding, that heaven ſeemed to have deſigned him as the happy inſtrument of her protection. Nay, anſwered ſhe, I could almoſt conceive you to be ſome good angel; and to ſay the truth, you look more like an angel than a man, in my eye. Indeed he was a charming figure, and if a very fine perſon, and a moſt comely ſet of features, adorned with youth, health, ſtrength, freſhneſs, ſpirit, and good-nature, can make a man reſemble an angel, he certainly had that reſemblance.

The redeemed captive had not altogether ſo much of the human-angelic ſpecies: ſhe ſeemed to be, at leaſt, of the middle age, nor had her face much appearance of beauty; but her cloaths being torn from all the upper part of her body, her breaſts, which were well formed, and extremely white, attracted the eyes of her deliverer, and for a few moments they ſtood ſilent, and gazing at each other; till the ruffian on the ground beginning to move, Jones took the garter which had been intended

for

for another purpoſe, and bound both his hands behind him. And now, on contemplating his face, he diſcovered, greatly to his ſurpriſe, and perhaps not a little to his ſatisfaction, this very perſon to be no other than enſign Northerton. Nor had the enſign forgotten his former antagoniſt, whom he knew the moment he came to himſelf. His ſurpriſe was equal to that of Jones; but I conceive his pleaſure was rather leſs on this occaſion.

Jones helped Northerton upon his legs, and then looking him ſtedfaſtly in the face: I fancy, Sir, ſaid he, you did not expect to meet me any more in this world, and I confeſs I had as little expectation to find you here. However, fortune, I ſee, hath brought us once more together, and hath given me ſatisfaction for the injury I have received, even without my own knowledge.

It is very much like a man of honour indeed, anſwered Northerton, to take ſatisfaction by knocking a man down behind his back. Neither am I capable of giving you ſatisfaction here, as I have no ſword; but if you dare behave like a gentleman, let us go where I can furniſh myſelf with one, and I will do by you as a man of honour ought.

Doth it become ſuch a villain as you are, cries Jones, to contaminate the name of honour by aſſuming it? But I ſhall waſte no time in diſcourſe with you. — Juſtice requires ſatisfaction of you

now, and ſhall have it. Then turning to the woman, he aſked her, if ſhe was near her home; or, if not, whether ſhe was acquainted with any houſe in the neighbourhood, where ſhe might procure herſelf ſome decent cloaths, in order to proceed to a juſtice of the peace?

She anſwered, ſhe was an entire ſtranger in that part of the world. Jones then recollecting himſelf, ſaid he had a friend near, who would direct them; indeed he wondered at his not following; but, in fact, the good Man of the Hill, when our hero departed, ſat himſelf down on the brow, where, though he had a gun in his hand, he, with great patience and unconcern, had attended the iſſue.

Jones then ſtepping without the wood, perceived the old man ſitting as we have juſt deſcribed him: he preſently exerted his utmoſt agility, and with ſurpriſing expedition aſcended the hill.

The old man adviſed him to carry the woman to Upton, which, he ſaid, was the neareſt town, and there he would be ſure of furniſhing her with all manner of conveniencies. Jones having received his direction to the place, took his leave of the Man of the Hill, and deſiring him to direct Partridge the ſame way, returned haſtily to the wood.

Our hero, at his departure to make this enquiry of his friend, had conſidered, that as the ruffian's hands were tied behind him, he was incapable of executing any wicked purpoſes on the poor woman.

Beſides, he knew he ſhould not be beyond the reach of her voice, and could return ſoon enough to prevent any miſchief. He had moreover declared to the villain, that if he attempted the leaſt inſult, he would be himſelf immediately the executioner of vengeance on him. But Jones unluckily forgot that, though the hands of Northerton were tied, his legs were at liberty: nor did he lay the leaſt injunction on the priſoner, that he ſhould not make what uſe of theſe he pleaſed. Northerton therefore having given no parole of that kind, thought he might, without any breach of honour, depart, not being obliged, as he imagined, by any rules, to wait for a formal diſcharge. He therefore took up his legs, which were at liberty, and walked off through the wood, which favoured his retreat; nor did the woman, whoſe eyes were perhaps rather turned towards her deliverer, once think of his eſcape, or give herſelf any concern or trouble to prevent it.

Jones therefore, at his return, found the woman alone. He would have ſpent ſome time in ſearching for Northerton; but ſhe would not permit him; earneſtly entreating that he would accompany her to the town whither they had been directed. As to the fellow's eſcape, ſaid ſhe, it gives me no uneaſineſs: for philoſophy and chriſtianity both preach up forgiveneſs of injuries. But for you, Sir, I am concerned at the trouble I give you;

nay, indeed, my nakedneſs may well make me aſhamed to look you in the face; and if it was not for the ſake of your protection, I ſhould wiſh to go alone.

Jones offered her his coat; but, I know not for what reaſon, ſhe abſolutely refuſed the moſt earneſt ſolicitations to accept it. He then begged her to forget both the cauſes of her confuſion. With regard to the former, ſays he, I have done no more than my duty in protecting you; and as for the latter, I will entirely remove it, by walking before you all the way; for I would not have my eyes offend you, and I could not anſwer for my power of reſiſting the attractive charms of ſo much beauty.

Thus our hero and the redeemed lady walked in the ſame manner as Orpheus and Eurydice marched heretofore: but though I cannot believe that Jones was deſignedly tempted by his fair one to look behind him, yet as ſhe frequently wanted his aſſiſtance to help her over ſtiles, and had beſides many trips and other accidents, he was often obliged to turn about. However, he had better fortune than what attended poor Orpheus; for he brought his companion, or rather follower, ſafe into the famous town of Upton.

CHAP. III.

The arrival of Mr. Jones, with his lady, at the inn; with a very full deſcription of the battle of Upton.

THOUGH the reader, we doubt not, is very eager to know who this lady was, and how ſhe fell into the hands of Mr. Northerton; we muſt beg him to ſuſpend his curioſity for a ſhort time, as we are obliged, for ſome very good reaſons, which hereafter perhaps he may gueſs, to delay his ſatisfaction a little longer.

Mr. Jones and his fair companion no ſooner entered the town, than they went directly to that inn which, in their eyes, preſented the faireſt appearance to the ſtreet. Here Jones, having ordered a ſervant to ſhew a room above ſtairs, was aſcending, when the diſhevelled fair haſtily following, was laid hold on by the maſter of the houſe, who cried: Hey day, where is that beggar wench going? Stay below ſtairs, I deſire you; but Jones at that inſtant thundered from above: Let the lady come up, in ſo authoritative a voice, that the good man inſtantly withdrew his hands, and the lady made the beſt of her way to the chamber.

Here Jones wiſhed her joy of her ſafe arrival, and then departed, in order, as he promiſed, to ſend the landlady up with ſome cloaths. The poor woman thanked him heartily for all his kindneſs, and ſaid, ſhe hoped ſhe ſhould ſee him again ſoon, to thank him a thouſand times more. During this ſhort converſation, ſhe covered her white boſom as well as ſhe could poſſibly with her arms: for Jones could not avoid ſtealing a ſly peep, or two, though he took all imaginable care to avoid giving any offence.

Our travellers had happened to take up their reſidence at a houſe of exceeding good repute, whither Iriſh ladies of ſtrict virtue, and many northern laſſes of the ſame predicament, were accuſtomed to reſort in their way to Bath. The landlady therefore would by no means have admitted any converſation of a diſreputable kind to paſs under her roof. Indeed ſo foul and contagious are all ſuch proceedings, that they contaminate the very innocent ſcenes where they are committed, and give the name of a bad houſe, or of a houſe of ill repute, to all thoſe where they are ſuffered to be carried on.

Not that I would intimate, that ſuch ſtrict chaſtity as was preſerved in the temple of Veſta, can poſſibly be maintained at a public inn. My good landlady did not hope for ſuch a bleſſing, nor would any of the ladies I have ſpoken of, or indeed any others of the moſt rigid note, have expected or inſiſted on any ſuch thing. But to exclude all vulgar

concubinage, and to drive all whores in rags from within the walls, is within the power of every one. This my landlady very ſtrictly adhered to; and this her virtuous gueſts, who did not travel in rags, would very reaſonably have expected of her.

Now it required no very blameable degree of ſuſpicion, to imagine that Mr. Jones and his ragged companion had certain purpoſes in their intention, which, though tolerated in ſome chriſtian countries, connived at in others, and practiſed in all, are however as expreſsly forbidden as murder, or any other horrid vice, by that religion which is univerſally believed in thoſe countries. The landlady therefore had no ſooner received an intimation of the entrance of the above ſaid perſons, than ſhe began to meditate the moſt expeditious means for their expulſion. In order to this, ſhe had provided herſelf with a long and deadly inſtrument, with which, in times of peace, the chambermaid was wont to demoliſh the labours of the induſtrious ſpider. In vulgar phraſe, ſhe had taken up the broom-ſtick, and was juſt about to ſally from the kitchen, when Jones accoſted her with a demand of a gown, and other veſtments, to cover the half-naked woman above ſtairs.

Nothing can be more provoking to the human temper, nor more dangerous to that cardinal virtue, patience, than ſolicitations of extraordinary offices of kindneſs, on behalf of thoſe very perſons with whom we are highly incenſed. For this reaſon

Shakeſpear hath artfully introduced his Deſdemona ſoliciting favours for Caſſio of her huſband, as the means of inflaming not only his jealouſy, but his rage, to the higheſt pitch of madneſs; and we find the unfortunate Moor leſs able to command his paſſion on this occaſion, than even when he beheld his valued preſent to his wife in the hands of his ſuppoſed rival. In fact, we regard theſe efforts as inſults on our underſtanding; and to ſuch the pride of man is very difficultly brought to ſubmit.

My landlady, though a very good-tempered woman, had, I ſuppoſe, ſome of this pride in her compoſition; for Jones had ſcarce ended his requeſt, when ſhe fell upon him with a certain weapon, which, though it be neither long, nor ſharp, nor hard, nor indeed threatens from its appearance, with either death or wound, hath been however held in great dread and abhorrence by many wiſe men; nay, by many brave ones; inſomuch that ſome who have dared to look into the mouth of a loaded cannon, have not dared to look into a mouth where this weapon was brandiſhed; and rather than run the hazard of its execution, have contented themſelves with making a moſt pitiful and ſneaking figure in the eyes of all their acquaintance.

To confeſs the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones was one of theſe; for though he was attacked and violently belaboured with the aforeſaid weapon, he could not be provoked to make any reſiſtance; but in a moſt

cowardly manner applied, with many entreaties, to his antagoniſt to deſiſt from purſuing her blows: in plain Engliſh, he only begged her with the utmoſt earneſtneſs to hear him; but before he could obtain his requeſt, my landlord himſelf entered into the fray, and embraced that ſide of the cauſe which ſeemed to ſtand very little in need of aſſiſtance.

There are a ſort of heroes who are ſuppoſed to be determined in their chuſing or avoiding a conflict, by the character and behaviour of the perſon whom they are to engage. Theſe are ſaid to know their men, and Jones, I believe, knew his woman; for though he had been ſo ſubmiſſive to her, he was no ſooner attacked by her huſband, than he demonſtrated an immediate ſpirit of reſentment, and enjoined him ſilence, under a very ſevere penalty; no leſs than that, I think, of being converted into fuel for his own fire.

The huſband, with great indignation, but with a mixture of pity, anſwered: You muſt pray firſt to be made able; I believe I am a better man than yourſelf; ay, every way, that I am; and preſently proceeded to diſcharge half a dozen whores at the lady above ſtairs; the laſt of which had ſcarce iſſued from his lips, when a ſwinging blow from the cudgel that Jones carried in his hand, aſſaulted him over the ſhoulders.

It is a queſtion whether the landlord or the landlady was the moſt expeditious in returning this

blow. My landlord, whoſe hands were empty, fell to with his fiſt, and the good wife, uplifting her broom, and aiming at the head of Jones, had probably put an immediate end to the fray, and to Jones likewiſe, had not the deſcent of this broom been prevented, — not by the miraculous intervention of any heathen deity, but by a very natural, though fortunate, accident, viz. by the arrival of Partridge; who entered the houſe at that inſtant, (for fear had cauſed him to run every ſtep from the hill) and who ſeeing the danger which threatened his maſter, or companion, (which you chuſe to call him) prevented ſo ſad a cataſtrophe, by catching hold of the landlady's arm, as it was brandiſhed aloft in the air.

The landlady ſoon perceived the impediment which prevented her blow; and being unable to reſcue her arm from the hands of Partridge, ſhe let fall the broom; and then leaving Jones to the diſcipline of her huſband, ſhe fell with the utmoſt fury on that poor fellow, who had already given ſome intimation of himſelf, by crying: Zounds! do you intend to kill my friend?

Partridge, though not much addicted to battle, would not however ſtand ſtill when his friend was attacked; nor was he much diſpleaſed with that part of the combat which fell to his ſhare: he therefore returned my landlady's blows as ſoon as he received them; and now the fight was obſtinately

maintained on all parts, and it ſeemed doubtful to which ſide fortune would incline, when the naked lady, who had liſtened at the top of the ſtairs to the dialogue which preceded the engagement, deſcended ſuddenly from above, and without weighing the unfair inequality of two to one, fell upon the poor woman who was boxing with Partridge; nor did that great champion deſiſt, but rather redoubled his fury, when he found freſh ſuccours were arrived to his aſſiſtance.

Victory muſt now have fallen to the ſide of the travellers, (for the braveſt troops muſt yield to numbers) had not Suſan the chambermaid come luckily to ſupport her miſtreſs. This Suſan was as two-handed a wench (according to the phraſe) as any in in the country, and would, I believe, have beat the famed Thaleſtris herſelf, or any of her ſubject Amazons; for her form was robuſt and manlike, and every way made for ſuch encounters. As her hands and arms were formed to give blows with great miſchief to an enemy, ſo was her face as well contrived to receive blows without any great injury to herſelf: her noſe being already flat to her face; her lips were ſo large, that no ſwelling could be perceived in them, and moreover they were ſo hard that a fiſt could hardly make any impreſſion on them. Laſtly, her cheek-bones ſtood out, as if nature had intended them for two baſtions to defend her eyes in thoſe encounters for which ſhe ſeemed ſo

well calculated, and to which ſhe was moſt wonderfully well inclined.

This fair creature entering the field of battle, immediately filed to that wing where her miſtreſs maintained ſo unequal a fight with one of either ſex. Here ſhe preſently challenged Partridge to ſingle combat. He accepted the challenge, and a moſt deſperate fight began between them.

Now the dogs of war being let looſe, began to lick their bloody lips; now victory with golden wings hung hovering in the air. Now fortune, taking her ſcales from her ſhelf, began to weigh the fates of Tom Jones, his female companion, and Partridge, againſt the landlord, his wife, and maid; all which hung in exact balance before her; when a good-natured accident put ſuddenly an end to the bloody fray, with which half of the combatants had already ſufficiently feaſted. This accident was the arrival of a coach and four; upon which my landlord and landlady immediately deſiſted from fighting, and at their entreaty obtained the ſame favour of their antagoniſts; but Suſan was not ſo kind to Partridge; for that Amazonian fair having overthrown and beſtrid her enemy, was now cuffing him luſtily with both her hands, without any regard to his requeſt of a ceſſation of arms, or to thoſe loud exclamations of murder which he roared forth.

No ſooner, however, had Jones quitted the landlord, than he flew to the reſcue of his defeated

companion, from whom he with much difficulty drew off the enraged chambermaid; but Partridge was not immediately ſenſible of his deliverance; for he ſtill lay flat on the floor, guarding his face with his hands, not did he ceaſe roaring, till Jones had forced him to look up, and to perceive that the battle was at an end.

The landlord who had no viſible hurt, and the landlady hiding her well ſcratched face with her handkerchief, ran both haſtily to the door to attend the coach, from which a young lady and her maid now alighted. Theſe the landlady preſently uſhered into that room where Mr. Jones had at firſt depoſited his fair prize, as it was the beſt appartment in the houſe. Hither they were obliged to paſs through the field of battle, which they did with the utmoſt haſte, covering their faces with their handkerchiefs, as deſirous to avoid the notice of any one. Indeed their caution was quite unneceſſary; for the poor unfortunate Helen, the fatal cauſe of all the blood-ſhed, was entirely taken up in endeavouring to conceal her own face, and Jones was no leſs occupied in reſcuing Partridge from the fury of Suſan; which being happily effected, the poor fellow immediately departed to the pump to waſh his face, and to ſtop that bloody torrent which Suſan had plentifully ſet a flowing from his noſtrils.

CHAP. IV.

In which the arrival of a man of war puts a final end to hoſtilities, and cauſes the concluſion of a firm and laſting peace between all parties.

A SERJEANT and a file of muſqueteers, with a deſerter in their cuſtody, arrived about this time. The ſerjeant preſently enquired for the principal magiſtrate of the town, and was informed by my landlord, that he himſelf was veſted in that office. He then demanded his billets, together with a mug of beer, and complaining it was cold, ſpread himſelf before the kitchen-fire.

Mr. Jones was at this time comforting the poor diſtreſſed lady, who ſat down at table in the kitchen, and leaning her head upon her arm, was bemoaning her misfortunes; but leſt my fair readers ſhould be in pain concerning a particular circumſtance, I think proper here to acquaint them, that before ſhe had quitted the room above ſtairs, ſhe had ſo well covered herſelf with a pillowbear which ſhe there found, that her regard to decency was not in the leaſt violated by the preſence of ſo many men as were now in the room.

One of the ſoldiers now went up to the ſerjeant, and whiſpered ſomething in his ear; upon which he

ſtedfaſtly fixed his eyes on the lady, and having looked at her for near a minute, he came up to her, ſaying: I aſk pardon, Madam, but I am certain I am not deceived, you can be no other perſon than captain Waters's lady.

The poor woman, who in her preſent diſtreſs had very little regarded the face of any perſon preſent, no ſooner looked at the ſerjeant, than ſhe preſently recollected him, and calling him by his name, anſwered, that ſhe was indeed the unhappy perſon he imagined her to be; but added: I wonder any one ſhould know me in this diſguiſe. To which the ſerjeant replied, he was very much ſurpriſed to ſee her ladyſhip in ſuch a dreſs, and was afraid ſome accident had happened to her. An accident hath happened to me, indeed, ſays ſhe, and I am highly obliged to this gentleman (pointing to Jones) that it was not a fatal one, or that I am now living to mention it. Whatever the gentleman hath done, cries the ſerjeant, I am ſure the captain will make him amends for it; and if I can be of any ſervice, your ladyſhip may command me, and I ſhall think myſelf very happy to have in my power to ſerve your ladyſhip; and ſo indeed may any one, for I know the captain will well reward them for it.

The landlady who heard from the ſtairs all that paſt between the ſerjeant and Mrs. Waters, came haſtily down, and running directly up to her, began

to aſk pardon for the offences ſhe had committed, begging that all might be imputed to ignorance of her quality: For, Lud! Madam, ſays ſhe, how ſhould I have imagined that a lady of your faſhion would appear in ſuch a dreſs? I am ſure, Madam, if I had once ſuſpected that your ladyſhip was your ladyſhip, I would ſooner have burnt my tongue out, than have ſaid what I have ſaid: and I hope your ladyſhip will accept of a gown, till you can get your own cloaths.

Prithee, woman, ſays Mrs. Waters, ceaſe your impertinence: how can you imagine I ſhould concern myſelf about any thing which comes from the lips of ſuch low creatures as yourſelf? But I am ſurpriſed at your aſſurance in thinking, after what is paſt, that I will condeſcend to put on any of your dirty things. I would have you know, creature, I have a ſpirit above that.

Here Jones interfered, and begged Mrs. Waters to forgive the landlady, and to accept her gown: For I muſt confeſs, cries he, our appearance was a little ſuſpicious when firſt we came in: and I am well aſſured, all this good woman did, was, as ſhe profeſſed, out of regard to the reputation of her houſe.

Yes, upon my truly was it, ſays ſhe, the gentleman ſpeaks very much like a gentleman, and, I ſee very plainly, is ſo; and to be certain the houſe is well known to be a houſe of as good reputation as any

on

on the road, and, though I ſay it, is frequented by gentry of the beſt quality, both Iriſh and Engliſh. I defy any body to ſay black is my eye, for that matter. And, as I was ſaying, if I had known your ladyſhip to be your ladyſhip, I would as ſoon have burnt my fingers as have affronted your ladyſhip; but truly where gentry come and ſpend their money, I am not willing that they ſhould be ſcandalized by a ſet of poor ſhabby vermin, that wherever they go, leave more lice than money behind them; ſuch folks never raiſe my compaſſion: for, to be certain, it is fooliſh to have any for them, and if our juſtices did as they ought, they would be all whipt out of the kingdom; for to be certain, it is what is moſt fitting for them. But as for your ladyſhip, I am heartily ſorry your ladyſhip hath had a misfortune, and if your ladyſhip will do me the honour to wear my cloaths till you can get ſome of your ladyſhip's own, to be certain, the beſt I have is at your ladyſhip's ſervice.

Whether cold, ſhame, or the perſuaſions of Mr. Jones prevailed moſt on Mrs. Waters, I will not determine; but ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be pacified by this ſpeech of my landlady, and retired with that good woman, in order to apparel herſelf in a decent manner.

My landlord was likewiſe beginning his oration to Jones, but was preſently interrupted by that generous youth, who ſhook him heartily by the

hand; and aſſured him of entire forgiveneſs, ſaying: If you are ſatisfied, my worthy friend, I promiſe you I am; and indeed in one ſenſe the landlord had the better reaſon to be ſatisfied; for he had received a belly-full of drubbing, whereas Jones had ſcarce felt a ſingle blow.

Partridge, who had been all this time waſhing his bloody noſe at the pump, returned into the kitchen at the inſtant when his maſter and the landlord were ſhaking hands with each other. As he was of a peaceable diſpoſition, he was pleaſed with thoſe ſymptoms of reconciliation; and though his face bore ſome marks of Suſan's fiſt, and many more of her nails, he rather choſe to be contented with his fortune in the laſt battle, than to endeavour at bettering it in another.

The heroic Suſan was likewiſe well contented with her victory, though it had coſt her a black-eye, which Partridge had given her at the firſt onſet. Between theſe two, therefore, a league was ſtruck, and thoſe hands which had been the inſtruments of war, became now the mediators of peace.

Matters were thus reſtored to a perfect calm, at which the ſerjeant, though it may ſeem ſo contrary to the principles of his profeſſion, teſtified his approbation. Why now, that's friendly, ſaid he; d—n me, I hate to ſee two people bear ill-will to one another, after they have had a tuſſel. The

only way, when friends quarrel, is to ſee it out fairly in a friendly manner, as a man may call it, either with a fiſt, or ſword, or piſtol, according as they like, and then let it be all over: for my own part, d—n me if ever I love my friend better than when I am fighting with him. To bear malice is more like a Frenchman than an Engliſhman.

He then propoſed a libation as a neceſſary part of the ceremony at all treaties of this kind. Perhaps the reader may here conclude that he was well verſed in ancient hiſtory; but this, though highly probable, as he cited no authority to ſupport the cuſtom, I will not affirm with any confidence. Moſt likely indeed it is, that he founded his opinion on very good authority, ſince he confirmed it with many violent oaths.

Jones no ſooner heard the propoſal, than immediately agreeing with the learned ſerjeant, he ordered a bowl, or rather a large mug, filled with the liquor uſed on theſe occaſions, to be brought in, and then began the ceremony himſelf. He placed his right hand in that of the landlord, and ſeizing the bowl with his left, uttered the uſual words, and then made his libation. After which the ſame was obſerved by all preſent. Indeed there is very little need of being particular in deſcribing the whole form, as it differed ſo little from thoſe libations of which ſo much is recorded in ancient

authors, and their modern tranſcribers. The principal difference lay in two inſtances: for, firſt, the preſent company poured the liquor only down their throats; and, 2dly, the ſerjeant, who officiated as prieſt, drank the laſt; but he preſerved, I believe, the ancient form in ſwallowing much the largeſt draught of the whole company, and in being the only perſon preſent who contributed nothing towards the libation, beſides his good offices in aſſiſting at the performance.

The good people now ranged themſelves round the kitchen-fire, where good humour ſeemed to maintain an abſolute dominion, and Partridge not only forgot his ſhameful defeat, but converted hunger into thirſt, and ſoon became extremely facetious. We muſt, however, quit this agreeable aſſembly for a while, and attend Mr. Jones to Mrs. Waters's apartment, where the dinner which he had now beſpoke, was on the table. Indeed it took no long time in preparing, having been all dreſt three days before, and required nothing more from the cook than to warm it over again.

CHAP. V.

An apology for all heroes who have good ſtomachs, with a deſcription of a battle of the amorous kind.

HEROES, notwithſtanding the high ideas, which by the means of flatterers they may entertain of themſelves, or the world may conceive of them, have certainly more of mortal than divine about them. However elevated their minds may be, their bodies at leaſt (which is much the major part of moſt) are liable to the worſt infirmities, and ſubject to the vileſt offices of human nature. Among theſe latter, the act of eating, which hath by ſeveral wiſe men been conſidered as extremely mean and derogatory from the philoſophic dignity, muſt be in ſome meaſure performed by the greateſt prince, hero, or philoſopher upon earth; nay, ſometimes nature hath been ſo frolickſome as to exact of theſe dignified characters a much more exorbitant ſhare of this office, than ſhe hath obliged thoſe of the loweſt order to perform.

To ſay the truth, as no known inhabitant of this globe is really more than man, ſo none need be aſhamed of ſubmitting to what the neceſſities of man demand; but when thoſe great perſonages I

have juſt mentioned, condeſcend to aim at confining ſuch low offices to themſelves; as when by hoarding or deſtroying, they ſeem deſirous to prevent any others from eating, they then ſurely become very low and deſpicable.

Now after this ſhort preface, we think it no diſparagement to our hero to mention the immoderate ardour with which he laid about him at this ſeaſon. Indeed it may be doubted whether Ulyſſes, who by the way ſeems to have had the beſt ſtomach of all the heroes in that eating poem of the Odyſſey, ever made a better meal. Three pounds at leaſt of that fleſh which formerly had contributed to the compoſition of an ox, was now honoured with becoming part of the individual Mr. Jones.

This particular we thought ourſelves obliged to mention, as it may account for our hero's temporary neglect of his fair companion; who eat but very little, and was indeed employed in conſiderations of a very different nature, which paſſed unobſerved by Jones, till he had entirely ſatisfied that appetite, which a faſt of twenty four hours had procured him; but his dinner was no ſooner ended, than his attention to other matters revived; with theſe matters, therefore, we ſhall now proceed to acquaint the reader.

Mr. Jones, of whoſe perſonal accompliſhments we have hitherto ſaid very little, was, in reality, one of the handſomeſt young fellows in the world. His

face, beſides being the picture of health, had in it the moſt apparent marks of ſweetneſs and good-nature. Theſe qualities were indeed ſo characteriſtical in his countenance, that, while the ſpirit and ſenſibility in his eyes, though they muſt have been perceived by an accurate obſerver, might have eſcaped the notice of the leſs diſcerning, ſo ſtrongly was this good-nature painted in his look, that it was remarked by almoſt every one who ſaw him.

It was, perhaps, as much owing to this, as to a very fine complexion, that his face had a delicacy in it almoſt inexpreſſible, and which might have given him an air rather too effeminate, had it not been joined to a moſt maſculine perſon and mien; which latter had as much in them of the Hercules, as the former had of the Adonis. He was beſides active, genteel, gay, and good-humoured, and had a flow of animal ſpirits, which enlivened every converſation where he was preſent.

When the reader hath duly reflected on theſe many charms which all centered in our hero, and conſiders at the ſame time the freſh obligations which Mrs. Waters had to him, it will be a mark more of prudery than candour to entertain a bad opinion of her, becauſe ſhe conceived a very good opinion of him.

But whatever cenſures may be paſſed upon her, it is my buſineſs to relate matters of fact with veracity. Mrs. Waters had, in truth, not only a

good opinion of our hero, but a very great affection for him. To ſpeak out boldly at once, ſhe was in love, according to the preſent univerſally received ſenſe of that phraſe, by which love is applied indiſcriminately to the deſirable objects of all our paſſions, appetites, and ſenſes, and is underſtood to be that preference which we give to one kind of food rather than to another.

But though the love to theſe ſeveral objects may poſſibly be one and the ſame in all caſes, its operations however muſt be allowed to be different; for how much ſoever we may be in love with an excellent ſirloin of beef, or bottle of Burgundy; with a damaſk roſe, or Cremona fiddle; yet do we never ſmile, nor ogle, nor dreſs, nor flatter, nor endeavour by any other arts or tricks to gain the affection of the ſaid beef, &c. Sigh indeed we ſometimes may; but it is generally in the abſence, not in the preſence of the beloved object. For otherwiſe we might poſſibly complain of their ingratitude and deafneſs, with the ſame reaſon as Paſiphae did of her bull, whom ſhe endeavoured to engage by all the coquetry practiſed with good ſucceſs in the drawing room, on the much more ſenſible, as well as tender, hearts of the fine gentlemen there.

The contrary happens in that love which operates between perſons of the ſame ſpecies, but of different ſexes. Here we are no ſooner in love, than it

becomes our principal care to engage the affection of the beloved object. For what other purpoſe indeed are our youth inſtructed in all the arts of rendering themſelves agreeable? If it was not with a view to this love, I queſtion whether any of thoſe trades which deal in ſetting off and adorning the human perſon would procure a livelihood. Nay, thoſe great poliſhers of our manners, who are by ſome thought to teach what principally diſtinguiſhes us from the brute creation, even dancing-maſters themſelves, might poſſibly find no place in ſociety. In ſhort, all the graces which young ladies and young gentlemen too learn from others; and the many improvements which, by the help of a looking-glaſs, they add of their own, are in reality thoſe very *ſpicula & faces Amoris*, ſo often mentioned by Ovid; or, as they are ſometimes called in our own language, The whole artillery of love.

Now Mrs. Waters and our hero had no ſooner ſat down together, than the former began to play this artillery upon the latter. But here, as we are about to attempt a deſcription hitherto uneſſayed either in proſe or verſe, we think proper to invoke the aſſiſtance of certain aerial beings, who will, we doubt not, come kindly to our aid on this occaſion.

Say then, ye graces, you that inhabit the heavenly manſions of Seraphina's countenance; for you are truly divine, are always in her preſence, and well

know all the arts of charming; ſay, what were the weapons now uſed to captivate the heart of Mr. Jones.

Firſt, from two lovely blue eyes, whoſe bright orbs flaſhed lightning at their diſcharge, flew forth two pointed ogles; but happily for our hero, hit only a vaſt piece of beef which he was then conveying into his plate, and harmleſs ſpent their force. The fair warrior perceived their miſcarriage, and immediately from her fair boſom drew forth a deadly ſigh. A ſigh, which none could have heard unmoved, and which was ſufficient at once to have ſwept off a dozen beaus; ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet, ſo tender, that the inſinuating air muſt have found its ſubtle way to the heart of our hero, had it not luckily been driven from his ears by the coarſe bubbling of ſome bottled ale, which at that time he was pouring forth. Many other weapons did ſhe aſſay; but the god of eating (if there be any ſuch deity; for I do not confidently aſſert it) preſerved his votary; or perhaps it may not be *dignus vindice nodus*, and the preſent ſecurity of Jones may be accounted for by natural means: for as love frequently preſerves from the attacks of hunger, ſo may hunger poſſibly, in ſome caſes, defend us againſt love.

The fair one, being enraged at her frequent diſappointments, determined on a ſhort ceſſation of arms. Which interval ſhe employed in making

ready every engine of amorous warfare for the renewing of the attack, when dinner ſhould be over.

No ſooner then was the cloth removed, than ſhe again began her operations. Firſt, having planted her right eye ſide-ways againſt Mr. Jones, ſhe ſhot from its corner a moſt penetrating glance; which, though great part of its force was ſpent before it reached our hero, did not vent itſelf abſolutely without effect. This the fair one perceiving, haſtily withdrew her eyes, and levelled them downwards, as if ſhe was concerned for what ſhe had done: though by this means ſhe deſigned only to draw him from his guard, and indeed to open his eyes, through which ſhe intended to ſurpriſe his heart. And now, gently lifting up thoſe two bright orbs which had already begun to make an impreſſion on poor Jones, ſhe diſcharged a volley of ſmall charms at once from her whole countenance in a ſmile. Not a ſmile of mirth, nor of joy, but a ſmile of affection, which moſt ladies have always ready at their command, and which ſerves them to ſhow at once their good-humour, their pretty dimples, and their white teeth.

This ſmile our hero received full in his eyes, and was immediately ſtaggered with its force. He then began to ſee the deſigns of the enemy, and indeed to feel their ſucceſs. A parley now was ſet on foot between the parties; during which the artful

fair ſo ſlily and imperceptibly carried on her attack, that ſhe had almoſt ſubdued the heart of our hero, before ſhe again repaired to acts of hoſtility. To confeſs the truth, I am afraid Mr. Jones maintained a kind of Dutch defence, and treacherouſly delivered up the garriſon, without duly weighing his allegiance to the fair Sophia. In ſhort, no ſooner had the amorous parley ended, and the lady had unmaſked the royal battery, by careleſsly letting her handkerchief drop from her neck, than the heart of Mr. Jones was entirely taken, and the fair conqueror enjoyed the uſual fruits of her victory.

Here the graces think proper to end their deſcription, and here we think proper to end the chapter.

CHAP. VI.

A friendly converſation in the kitchen, which had a very common, though not very friendly, concluſion.

WHILE our lovers were entertaining themſelves in the manner which is partly deſcribed in the foregoing chapter; they were likewiſe furniſhing out an entertainment for their good friends in the kitchen. And this in a double ſenſe, by affording them matter for their converſation, and, at the ſame time, drink to enliven their ſpirits.

There were now aſſembled round the kitchen-fire, beſides my landlord and landlady, who

occaſionally went backward and forward, Mr. Partridge, the ſerjeant, and the coachman who drove the young lady and her maid.

Partridge having acquainted the company with what he had learnt from the Man of the Hill, concerning the ſituation in which Mrs. Waters had been found by Jones, the ſerjeant proceeded to that part of her hiſtory which was known to him. He ſaid, ſhe was the wife of Mr. Waters, who was a captain in their regiment, and had often been with him at quarters. Some folks, ſays he, uſed indeed to doubt whether they were lawfully married in a church or no. But, for my part, that's no buſineſs of mine; I muſt own if I was put to my corporal oath, I believe ſhe is little better than one of us; and I fancy the captain may go to heaven when the ſun ſhines upon a rainy day. But if he does, that is neither here nor there; for he won't want company. And the lady, to give the devil his due, is a very good ſort of lady, and loves the cloth, and is always deſirous to do ſtrict juſtice to it; for ſhe hath begged off many a poor ſoldier, and, by her good-will, would never have any of them puniſhed. But yet, to be ſure, enſign Northerton and ſhe were very well acquainted together, at our laſt quarters, that is the very right and truth of the matter. But the captain he knows nothing about it; and as long as there is enough for him too, what does it ſignify?

He loves her not a bit the worſe, and, I am certain, would run any man through the body, that was to abuſe her; therefore I won't abuſe her, for my part. I only repeat what other folks ſay; and to be certain, what every body ſays, there muſt be ſome truth in. Ay, ay, a great deal of truth, I warrant you, cries Partridge; *Veritas odium parit.* All a parcel of ſcandalous ſtuff, anſwered the miſtreſs of the houſe; I am ſure, now ſhe is dreſt, ſhe looks like a very good ſort of lady, and ſhe behaves herſelf like one; for ſhe gave me a guinea for the uſe of my cloaths. A very good lady indeed, cries the landlord; and if you had not been a little too haſty, you would not have quarrelled with her as you did at firſt. You need mention that with my truly, anſwered ſhe; if it had not been for your nonſenſe, nothing had happened. You muſt be meddling with what did not belong to you, and throw in your fool's diſcourſe. Well, well, anſwered he, what's paſt cannot be mended, ſo there's an end of the matter. Yes, cries ſhe, for this once; but will it be mended ever the more hereafter? This is not the firſt time I have ſuffered for your numſkull's pate. I wiſh you would always hold your tongue in the houſe, and meddle only in matters without doors, which concern you. Don't you remember what happened about ſeven years ago? — Nay, my dear, returned he, don't rip up old ſtories. Come, come, all's well, and I am

ſorry for what I have done. The landlady was going to reply, but was prevented by the peace-making ſerjeant, ſorely to the diſpleaſure of Partridge, who was a great lover of what is called fun, and a great promoter of thoſe harmleſs quarrels which tend rather to the production of comical than tragical incidents.

The ſerjeant aſked Partridge, whither he and his maſter were travelling? None of your *magiſters*, anſwered Partridge; I am no man's ſervant, I aſſure you; for though I have had misfortunes in the world, I write gentleman after my name; and as poor and ſimple as I may appear now, I have taught grammar-ſchool in my time. *Sed, hei mihi! non ſum quod fui.* No offence, I hope, Sir, ſaid the ſerjeant; where then, if I may venture to be ſo bold, may you and your friend be travelling? — You have now denominated us right, ſays Partridge. *Amici ſumus.* And I promiſe you my friend is one of the greateſt gentlemen in the kingdom; (at which words both landlord and landlady pricked up their ears.) He is the heir of 'ſquire Allworthy. What, the 'ſquire who doth ſo much good all over the country? cries my landlady. Even he, anſwered Partridge. Then I warrant, ſays ſhe, he'll have a ſwinging great eſtate hereafter. Moſt certainly, anſwered Partridge. Well, replied the landlady, I thought the firſt moment I ſaw him, he looked like a good ſort of gentleman;

but my huſband here, to be ſure, is wiſer than any body. I own, my dear, cries he, it was a miſtake. A miſtake indeed! anſwered ſhe; but when did you ever know me to make ſuch miſtakes? — But how comes it, Sir, cries the landlord, that ſuch a great gentleman walks about the country afoot? I don't know, returned Partridge; great gentlemen have humours ſometimes. He hath now a dozen horſes and ſervants at Glouceſter; and nothing would ſerve him, but laſt night, it being very hot weather, he muſt cool himſelf with a walk to yon high hill, whither I likewiſe walked with him to bear him company; but if ever you catch me there again; for I was never ſo frightened in all my life. We met with the ſtrangeſt man there. I'll be hanged, cries the landlord, if it was not the Man of the Hill, as they call him; if indeed he be a man; but I know ſeveral people who believe it is the devil that lives there. Nay, nay, like enough, ſays Partridge; and now you put me in the head of it, I verily and ſincerely believe it was the devil, though I could not perceive his cloven foot, but perhaps he might have the power given him to hide that, ſince evil ſpirits can appear in what ſhapes they pleaſe. And pray, Sir, ſays the ſerjeant, no offence, I hope; but pray what ſort of a gentleman is the devil? For I have heard ſome of our officers ſay, there is no ſuch perſon; and that it is only a trick of the parſons, to prevent their being

being broke; for if it was publickly known that there was no devil, the parſons would be of no more uſe than we are in time of peace. Thoſe officers, ſays Partridge, are very great ſcholars, I ſuppoſe. Not much of ſchollards neither, anſwered the ſerjeant; they have not half your learning, Sir, I believe; and to be ſure, I thought there muſt be a devil, notwithſtanding what they ſaid, though one of them was a captain; for methought, thinks I to myſelf, if there be no devil, how can wicked people be ſent to him? and I have read all that upon a book. Some of your officers, quoth the landlord, will find there is a devil, to their ſhame, I believe. I don't queſtion but he'll pay off ſome old ſcores, upon my account. Here was one quartered upon me half a year, who had the conſcience to take up one of my beſt beds, though he hardly ſpent a ſhilling a day in the houſe, and ſuffered his men to roaſt cabbages at the kitchen-fire, becauſe I would not give them a dinner on a ſunday. Every good chriſtian muſt deſire there ſhould be a devil for the puniſhment of ſuch wretches. Harkee, landlord, ſaid the ſerjeant, don't abuſe the cloth; for I won't take it. D — n the cloth, anſwered the landlord, I have ſuffered enough by them. Bear witneſs, gentlemen, ſays the ſerjeant, he curſes the king, and that's high treaſon. I curſe the king! you villain, ſaid the landlord. Yes, you did, cries the ſerjeant, you

curſed the cloth, and that's curſing the king. It's all one and the ſame; for every man who curſes the cloth, would curſe the king if he durſt; ſo for matter o' that, it's all one and the ſame thing. Excuſe me there, Mr. ſerjeant, quoth Partridge, that's a *non ſequitur*. None of your outlandiſh linguo, anſwered the ſerjeant, leaping from his ſeat; I will not ſit ſtill and hear the cloth abuſed. — You miſtake me, friend, cries Partridge, I did not mean to abuſe the cloth; I only ſaid your concluſion was a *non ſequitur* *. You are another, cries the ſerjeant, an' you come to that. No more a *ſequitur* than yourſelf. You are a pack of raſcals, and I'll prove it; for I will fight the beſt man of you all for twenty pound. This challenge effectually ſilenced Partridge, whoſe ſtomach for drubbing did not ſo ſoon return after the hearty meal which he had lately been treated with; but the coachman, whoſe bones were leſs ſore, and appetite for fighting was ſomewhat ſharper, did not ſo eaſily brook the affront, of which he conceived ſome part at leaſt fell to his ſhare. He ſtarted therefore from his ſeat, and advancing to the ſerjeant, ſwore he looked on himſelf to be as good a man as any in the army, and offered to box for a guinea. The military

* This word, which the ſerjeant unhappily miſtook for an affront, is a term in logic, and means that the concluſion doth not follow from the premiſſes.

man accepted the combat, but refuſed the wager; upon which both immediately ſtript and engaged, till the driver of horſes was ſo well mauled by the leader of men, that he was obliged to exhauſt his ſmall remainder of breath in begging for quarter.

The young lady was now deſirous to depart, and had given orders for her coach to be prepared; but all in vain, for the coachman was diſabled from performing his office for that evening. An ancient heathen would perhaps have imputed this diſability to the god of drink, no leſs than to the god of war; for, in reality, both the combatants had ſacrificed as well to the former deity as to the latter. To ſpeak plainly, they were both dead drunk, nor was Partridge in a much better ſituation. As for my landlord, drinking was his trade; and the liquor had no more effect on him, than it had on any other veſſel in his houſe.

The miſtreſs of the inn being ſummoned to attend Mr. Jones and his companion, at their tea, gave a full relation of the latter part of the foregoing ſcene; and at the ſame time expreſſed great concern for the young lady, who, ſhe ſaid, was under the utmoſt uneaſineſs at being prevented from purſuing her journey. She is a ſweet pretty creature, added ſhe, and I am certain I have ſeen her face before. I fancy ſhe is in love, and running away from her friends. Who knows but ſome young gentleman or other, may be expecting her, with a heart as heavy as her own?

Jones fetched a hearty ſigh at theſe words; of which, though Mrs. Waters obſerved it, ſhe took no notice while the landlady continued in the room; but after the departure of that good woman, ſhe could not forbear giving our hero certain hints of her ſuſpecting ſome very dangerous rival in his affections. The aukward behaviour of Mr. Jones on this occaſion convinced her of the truth, without his giving her a direct anſwer to any of her queſtions; but ſhe was not nice enough in her amours to be greatly concerned at the diſcovery. The beauty of Jones highly charmed her eye; but, as ſhe could not ſee his heart, ſhe gave herſelf no concern about it. She could feaſt heartily at the table of love, without reflecting that ſome other already had been, or hereafter might be, feaſted with the ſame repaſt. A ſentiment which, if it deals but little in refinement, deals however much in ſubſtance; and is leſs capricious, and perhaps leſs ill-natured and ſelfiſh than the deſires of thoſe females, who can be contented enough to abſtain from the poſſeſſion of their lovers, provided they are ſufficiently ſatisfied that no one elſe poſſeſſes them.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a fuller account of Mrs. Waters, and by what means ſhe came into that diſtreſsful ſituation from which ſhe was reſcued by Jones.

THOUGH nature hath by no means mixed up an equal ſhare either of curioſity or vanity in every human compoſition, there is perhaps no individual to whom ſhe hath not allotted ſuch a portion of both, as requires much art and pains too, to ſubdue and keep under. A conqueſt, however, abſolutely neceſſary to every one who would in any degree deſerve the characters of wiſdom or good-breeding.

As Jones therefore might very juſtly be called a well-bred man, he had ſtifled all that curioſity which the extraordinary manner in which he had found Mrs. Waters, muſt be ſuppoſed to have occaſioned. He had indeed at firſt thrown out ſome few hints to the lady; but when he perceived her induſtriouſly avoiding any explanation, he was contented to remain in ignorance, the rather as he was not without ſuſpicion, that there were ſome circumſtances which muſt have raiſed her bluſhes, had ſhe related the whole truth.

Now, ſince it is poſſible that ſome of our readers may not ſo eaſily acquieſce under the ſame ignorance,

and as we are very desirous to satisfy them all, we have taken uncommon pains to inform ourselves of the real fact, with the relation of which we shall conclude this book.

This lady then had lived some years with one captain Waters, who was a captain in the same regiment to which Mr. Northerton belonged. She past for that gentleman's wife, and went by his name; and yet, as the serjeant said, there were some doubts concerning the reality of their marriage, which we shall not at present take upon us to resolve.

Mrs. Waters, I am sorry to say it, had for some time contracted an intimacy with the above-mentioned ensign, which did no great credit to her reputation. That she had a remarkable fondness for that young fellow is most certain; but whether she indulged this to any very criminal lengths, is not so extremely clear, unless we will suppose that women never grant every favour to a man but one, without granting him that one also.

The division of the regiment to which captain Waters belonged, had two days preceded the march of that company to which Mr. Northerton was the ensign; so that the former had reached Worcester, the very day after the unfortunate rencounter between Jones and Northerton, which we have before recorded.

Now it had been agreed between Mrs. Waters

and the captain, that ſhe would accompany him in his march as far as Worceſter, where they were to take their leave of each other, and ſhe was thence to return to Bath, where ſhe was to ſtay till the end of the winter's campaign againſt the rebels.

With this agreement Mr. Northerton was made acquainted. To ſay the truth, the lady had made him an aſſignation at this very place, and promiſed to ſtay at Worceſter till his diviſion came tither; with what view, and for what purpoſe, muſt be left to the reader's divination: for though we are obliged to relate facts, we are not obliged to do a violence to our nature by any comments to the diſadvantage of the loveliеſt part of the creation.

Northerton no ſooner obtained a releaſe from his captivity, as we have ſeen, than he haſted away to overtake Mrs. Waters; which, as he was a very active nimble fellow, he did at the laſt mentioned city, ſome few hours after captain Waters had left her. At his firſt arrival he made no ſcruple of acquainting her with the unfortunate accident, which he made appear very unfortunate indeed: for he totally extracted every particle of what could be called fault, at leaſt in a court of honour, though he left ſome circumſtances which might be queſtionable in a court of law.

Women, to their glory be it ſpoken, are more generally capable of that violent and apparently diſintereſted paſſion of love, which ſeeks only the

good of its object, than men. Mrs. Waters, therefore, was no ſooner apprized of the danger to which her lover was expoſed, than ſhe loſt every conſideration beſides that of his ſafety; and this being a matter equally agreeable to the gentleman, it became the immediate ſubject of debate between them.

After much conſultation on this matter, it was at length agreed, that the enſign ſhould go a-croſs the country to Hereford, whence he might find ſome conveyance to one of the ſea-ports in Wales, and thence might make his eſcape abroad. In all which expedition Mrs. Waters declared, ſhe would bear him company; and for which ſhe was able to furniſh him with money; a very material article to Mr. Northerton, ſhe having then in her pocket three bank-notes to the amount of 90 l. beſides ſome caſh, and a diamond ring of pretty conſiderable value on her finger. All which ſhe, with the utmoſt confidence, revealed to this wicked man, little ſuſpecting ſhe ſhould by theſe means inſpire him with a deſign of robbing her. Now as they muſt, by taking horſes from Worceſter, have furniſhed any purſuers with the means of hereafter diſcovering their rout, the enſign propoſed, and the lady preſently agreed, to make their firſt ſtage on foot; for which purpoſe the hardneſs of the froſt was very ſeaſonable.

The main part of the lady's baggage was already at Bath, and ſhe had nothing with her at preſent,

beſides a very ſmall quantity of linen, which the gallant undertook to carry in his own pockets. All things, therefore, being ſettled in the evening, they aroſe early the next morning, and at five o'clock departed from Worceſter, it being then above two hours before day. But the moon, which was then at the full, gave them all the light ſhe was capable of affording.

Mrs. Waters was not of that delicate race of women, who are obliged to the invention of vehicles for the capacity of removing themſelves from one place to another, and with whom conſequently a coach is reckoned among the neceſſaries of life. Her limbs were indeed full of ſtrength and agility, and as her mind was no leſs animated with ſpirit, ſhe was perfectly able to keep pace with her nimble lover.

Having travelled on for ſome miles in a high road, which Northerton ſaid he was informed led to Hereford, they came at the break of day to the ſide of a large wood, where he ſuddenly ſtopped, and affecting to meditate a moment with himſelf, expreſſed ſome apprehenſions from travelling any longer in ſo public a way. Upon which he eaſily perſuaded his fair companion to ſtrike with him into a path which ſeemed to lead directly through the wood, and which at length brought them both to the bottom of Mazard-hill.

Whether the execrable ſcheme which he now

attempted to execute, was the effect of previous deliberation, or whether it now firſt came into his head, I cannot determine. But being arrived in this lonely place, where it was very improbable he ſhould meet with any interruption; he ſuddenly ſlipped his garter from his leg, and laying violent hands on the poor woman, endeavoured to perpetrate that dreadful and deteſtable fact, which we have before commemorated, and which the providential appearance of Jones did ſo fortunately prevent.

Happy was it for Mrs. Waters that ſhe was not of the weakeſt order of females; for no ſooner did ſhe perceive by his tying a knot in his garter, and by his declarations, what his helliſh intentions were, than ſhe ſtood ſtoutly to her defence, and ſo ſtrongly ſtruggled with her enemy, ſcreaming all the while for aſſiſtance, that ſhe delayed the execution of the villain's purpoſe ſeveral minutes, by which means Mr. Jones came to her relief, at that very inſtant when her ſtrength failed, and ſhe was totally overpowered, and delivered her from the ruffian's hands, with no other loſs than that of her cloaths, which were torn from her back, and of the diamond ring, which, during the contention, either dropped from her finger, or was wrenched from it by Northerton.

Thus, reader, we have given thee the fruits of a very painful enquiry, which, for thy ſatisfaction, we have made into this matter. And here we

have opened to thee a ſcene of folly, as well as villainy, which we could ſcarce have believed a human creature capable of being guilty of; had we not remembered that this fellow was at that time firmly perſuaded, that he had already committed a murder, and had forfeited his life to the law. As he concluded therefore that his only ſafety lay in flight, he thought the poſſeſſing himſelf of this poor woman's money and ring, would make him amends for the additional burthen he was to lay on his conſcience.

And here, reader, we muſt ſtrictly caution thee, that thou doſt not take any occaſion from the miſbehaviour of ſuch a wretch as this, to reflect on ſo worthy and honourable a body of men, as are the officers of our army in general. Thou wilt be pleaſed to conſider, that this fellow, as we have already informed thee, had neither the birth nor education of a gentleman, nor was a proper perſon to be enrolled among the number of ſuch. If therefore his baſeneſs can juſtly reflect on any beſides himſelf, it muſt be only on thoſe who gave him his commiſſion.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.